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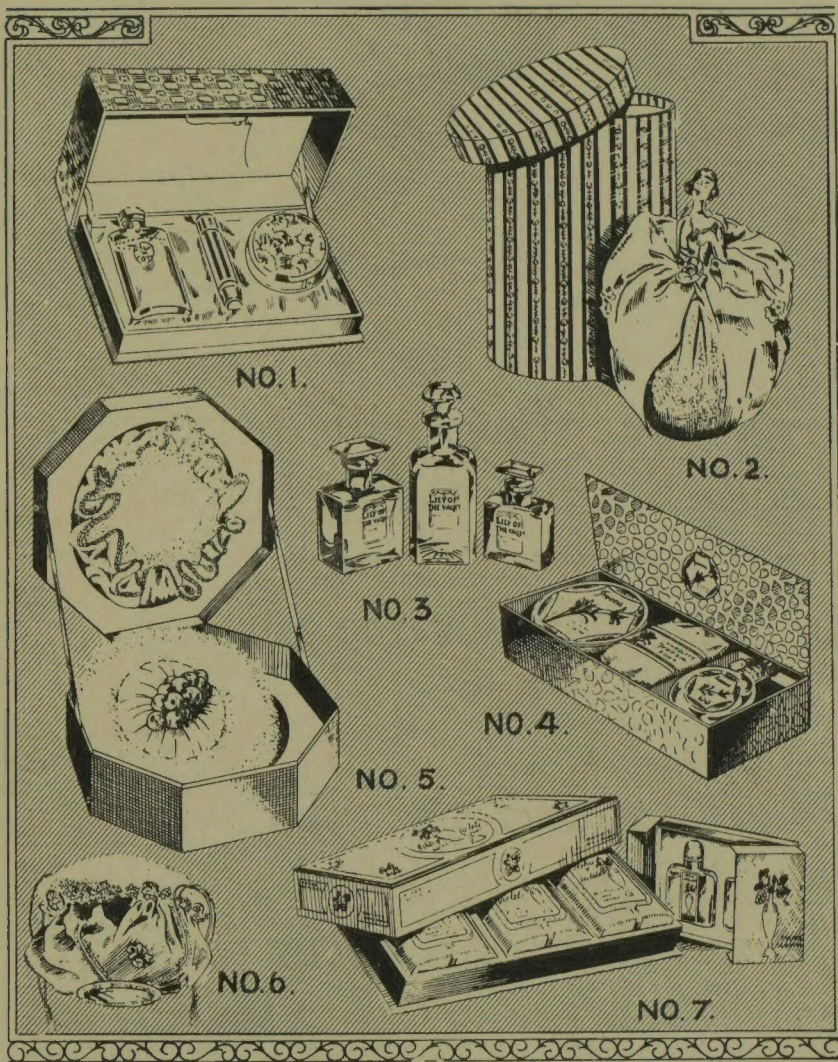
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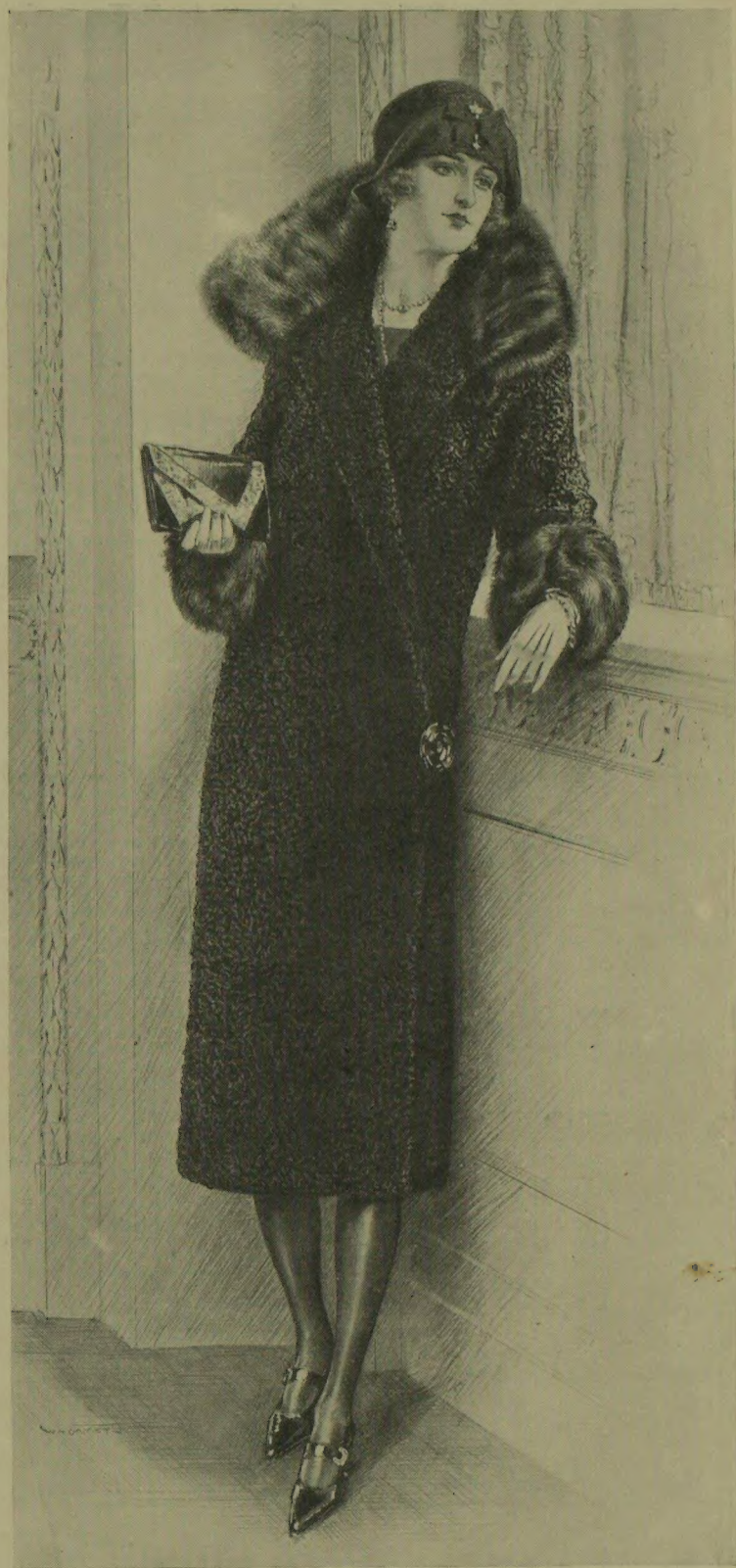
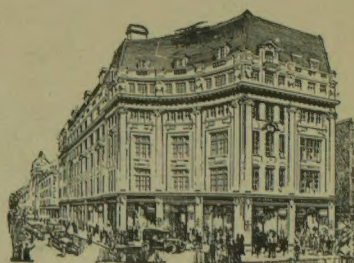
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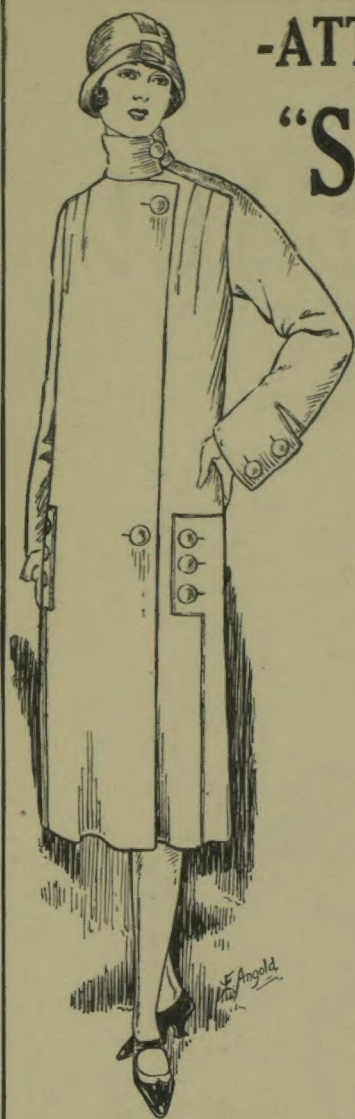
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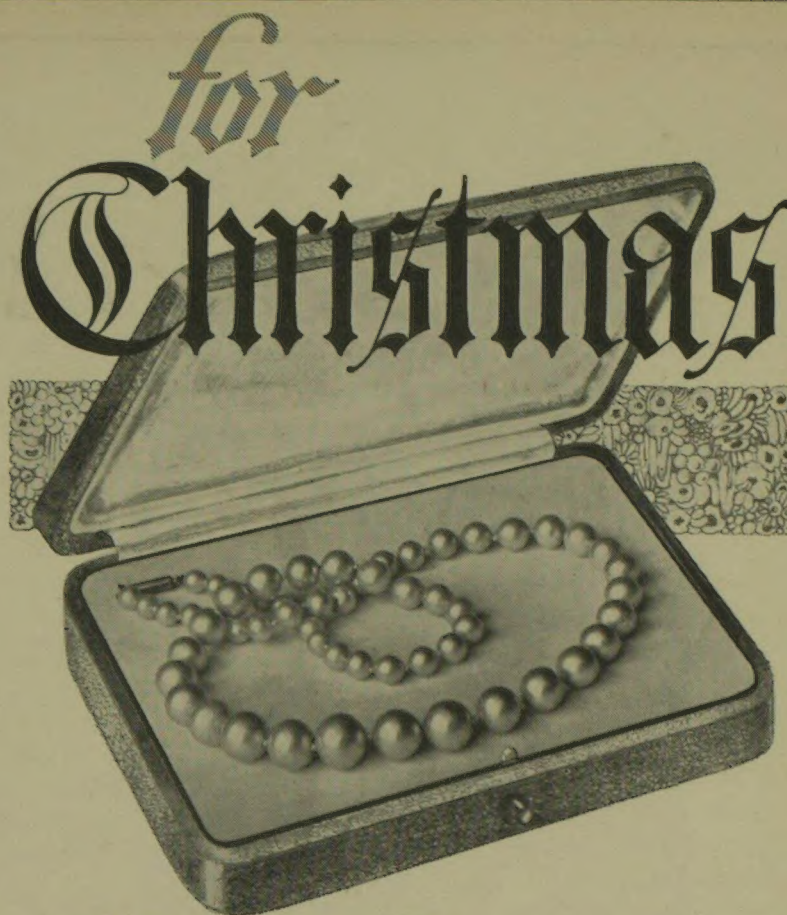
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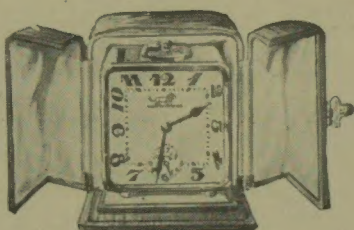


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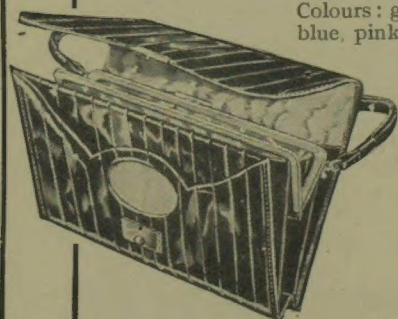
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8.



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What should A do?

The only possible solution is—

LIGHT AN ABDULLA.

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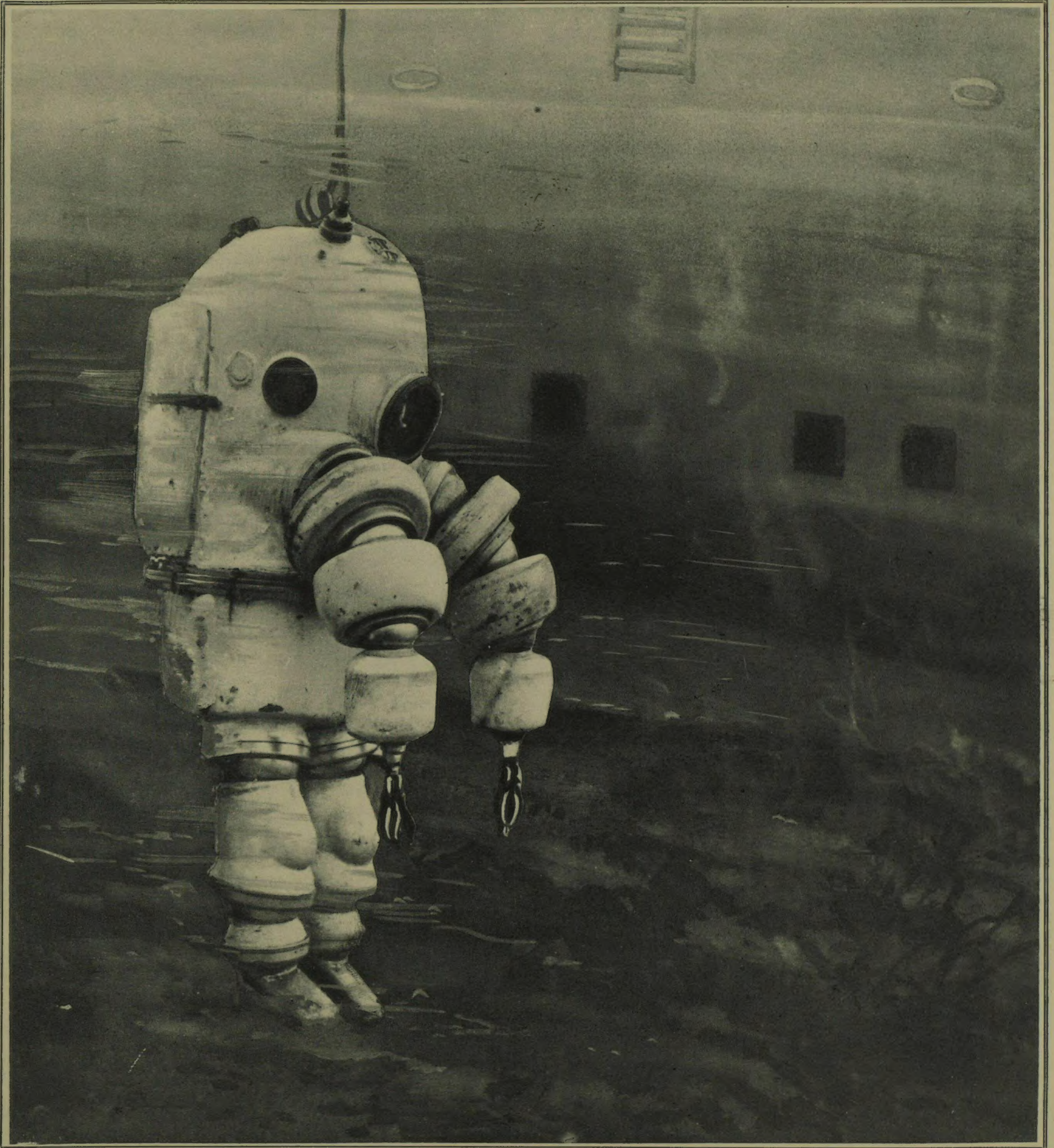
Virginia

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1925.

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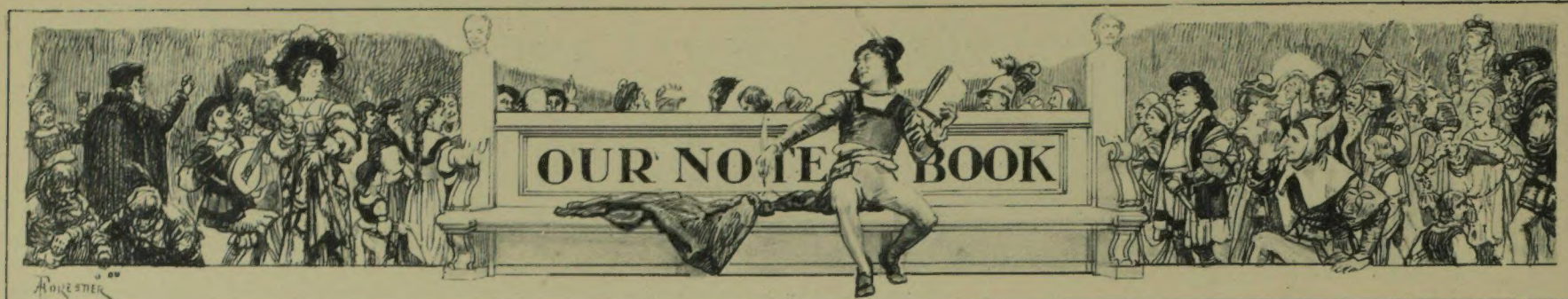


THE GERMAN DEEP-SEA DIVING SUIT BROUGHT FROM KIEL FOR EXAMINING THE LOST SUBMARINE, "M1."

Although hope of rescuing the crew of the lost submarine had been abandoned, salvage work was continued with a view to discovering, if possible, the cause of the disaster. As the "M1" is supposed to be lying at a depth of 230 ft., it was impossible to reach her by means of the ordinary diving apparatus. It was, therefore, decided to accept the assistance of Messrs. Neufeldt and Kuhnke, of Kiel, whose special deep-sea diving apparatus has enabled a diver to work under special conditions at a depth of 500 ft. After telegrams had been exchanged

between the German company and the British Admiralty, Messrs. Neufeldt and Kuhnke decided to place the two existing equipments at the disposal of our Government, and the gear and the operators were rushed across on the British destroyer "Wolfhound." The gear being used in connection with the wreck of "M1" is quite a new model only recently completed, and actually the seventh design worked out by the German company in their endeavours to perfect the apparatus. Details of the mechanism are explained and illustrated on page 1009.

AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY COURTESY OF THE "MORNING POST."



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT has been the great tragedy of our time that people were taught to read and not taught to reason. I am not one of the sentimental reactionaries who say that people must not learn to read because it is so much more important to reason; because that argument is itself an example of bad reasoning. It is not really tenable that a man is inevitably doomed to lose the power of thought by learning the art of writing, any more than by learning the art of semaphore signalling. The modern trouble is that people find it easy to assume that there are regulations about semaphoring; they find it easy to realise, even at an early age, that there are rules for spelling; in the same sense, at least, they can be brought to believe that there are rules for reading; but nothing in heaven or earth or under the earth will really persuade them nowadays that there are rules for reasoning.

First principles are here the first and obvious examples. Not one man in ten throughout the whole nineteenth- and twentieth-century civilisation has had the very vaguest notion that he needed to have any first principles. He often actually imagined that there was something rather scientific and rational and modern about not having any first principles; in the face of the fact that Newton called his masterpiece "Principia," and the very name of "First Principles" was, if I remember right, given to the opening volume in the famous series of Herbert Spencer. For that matter, of course, the modern boy might have learned this basis of reasoning even at the time when he learnt reading. That is, he might have learnt it from the axioms and definitions printed at the beginning of the Euclid he used at school. Yet we hear very little about these elements of intellectual existence even in the nineteenth century, at least in England. Some of the great Victorians seem never to have heard of them; or ignored them in the strangest way.

Thus Matthew Arnold put his complaint against a theologian in the form of saying: "The very thing he sets out with he is unable to prove." That description would apply to the best piece of logic in the world. It would also apply to every piece of logic in the world. It would apply to the logic of Arnold's own complaint. For he is there assuming something—i.e., that it is the duty of people to prove things; and this thing, which he sets out with, he does not prove. What Arnold ought to have said, of course, was: "I do not accept your postulate; and therefore we cannot argue unless you find another postulate which I can accept." But to complain merely of a logician setting out with something unproved is itself a disastrous lapse of logic. How could he ever set out at all, if he was always set back and made to prove his own starting-point? What is needed for that starting-point is not that the point should be proved at the start. It is, ideally, that it should be self-evident; and, practically, that it should be admitted by all parties to the dispute. Probably Matthew Arnold was right in thinking the theologian's point was not self-evident or not admitted; but he was wrong in merely complaining that it was not proved.

There are any number of other cases of this peculiar modern ignorance. People not only do not understand the argument called the *reductio ad absurdum*, but they actually think the argument absurd. They actually think it must be nonsense, because it shows that nonsensical notions lead to nonsensical results. Suppose somebody says: "Every living creature has the same rights as we." And suppose I say: "As you state it, it means that the toadstool you just trod on ought to bring an action in the police-

court for assault and battery." It is highly probable that the other gentleman (from what I know of him) will say: "Oh, of course, if you turn it into a joke—". Or he will say: "It's no good arguing seriously with you, you have such absurd ideas." It is in vain for me meekly to point out that it is *he* who has the absurd ideas. I have done nothing at all except show them to be absurd.

Suppose somebody says: "The economic motive always predominates; and people must buy meat in the cheapest market." And suppose somebody else says, with the utmost politeness, let us hope: "No. People will not always kill and eat their parents; which would be the cheapest method of

is terribly, tragically serious; he is only lamenting, even unto tears, over the idiocy of the theories of the intellectuals; weeping and wailing aloud, perhaps a little wildly, over the madness of man. He is making fun of the materialistic theory of history, not because he thinks he is funny, but because he thinks it is folly. But he cannot convince the fool of its folly, except by working it out to its conclusion, illuminating its own path for it, and in this fashion lighting fools the way to dusty death. Euclid would sometimes end an argument of this sort by deducing that the part was greater than the whole, or that two straight lines could enclose a space. But Euclid was no great success as a wag, and has not left a reputation for uproarious levity. He was seldom supposed to be cracking jokes, even when he was splitting straws; and however he dealt with the half and the whole, he was never told roughly that he was too funny by half.

For this reason the thought even of clever and picturesque journalism is in a curious confusion just now. So far as I can make out, even the most intelligent controversialists start, not with any primary principle which they could state, but with a great motley mass, not only of mere assumptions, but often of mere associations. They start with everything they are used to, without even finding out what it is. It is all a matter of taste and fancy; but the man himself does not even know it is that. He knows nothing whatever about his own opinions. You cannot find out the first principles from which he started, because he apparently never had any. You cannot prove the absurdity of really carrying out his suggestions, because he never does carry out even his own suggestions. You cannot say that he began with a false assumption, because he never began at all. You cannot say that he will end in an impossible conclusion, because he never ends. He is still going on.

Thus we hear the most absurd things said in quite a loud, confident, and bullying tone, by people who are quite unaware that they are unreasonable. Several journalists lately burst out into denunciations of a clergyman because he would not marry an unbaptised person in his church. The journalists were so irrational, and so innocently irrational, that they actually supposed it was the clergyman who was guilty of irrationality. It never seemed to strike them that the man who could not bear to be christened in a church, and could not bear to be married outside a church, was guilty of some irrationality. If it is right to be unbaptised, why is it wrong to be married at a Registrar's? Whether the Church of England is Catholic or Protestant, divine or human, dependent or independent, it obviously has the same rights as are possessed by any twopenny club. And any man would be thought a fool who said: "It's a great shame that I'm not allowed the privileges of the Old Buffers' Club, merely because I refused to go through the superstitious ceremony of being put up for election." Nobody would be allowed to be a Freemason or a Forester or an Oddfellow or anything else upon the extraordinary terms on which this extraordinary bridegroom apparently wished to be a Churchman. And nowhere in the human world but in this strange area of irrationality, by this time amounting almost to insanity, would anyone have achieved such a topsy-turvy contradiction as this version of first and last things. The case of that remarkable young man, or at least the complaint about it in those remarkable leading articles, was really like something out of "Alice in Wonderland," or the land of Lear. What would a reasonable age think of a man who really wanted to be inside a building without ever having entered it?



VICTORIOUS IN THE AUSTRALIAN GENERAL ELECTION: MR. S. M. BRUCE, PRIME MINISTER OF THE COMMONWEALTH AND LEADER OF THE NATIONALIST PARTY.

The General Election in Australia on November 14, which had for its main issue Constitutionalism *versus* Communism, resulted in a victory for the Government over the Labour Party in the House of Representatives, and the Government hoped for a working majority in the Senate. For the first time there was compulsory voting. Mr. S. M. Bruce, the Premier, formed a Coalition Government of Nationalists and the Country Party in 1923, on the retirement of Mr. Hughes. Mr. Bruce, who was born in 1884, is a native of Melbourne. In 1904 he rowed for Cambridge against Oxford in the Boat Race. After serving in the war, in which he was twice wounded, he represented the Australian Commonwealth at the League of Nations Assembly and at the Imperial and Economic Conferences in London. He was Commonwealth Treasurer in the Hughes Ministry in 1921-2.

Photograph by Vandyk.

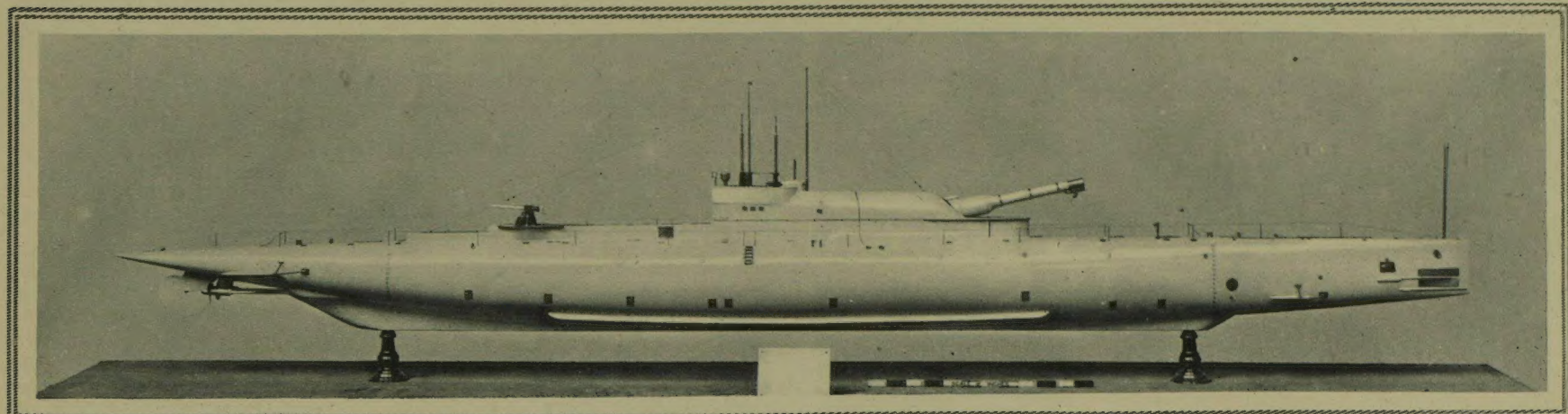
all for getting meat." The first person is almost certain to protest against the frivolity of the second person. He is almost sure to say that his opponent is only trying to be funny. Whereas his opponent

OUR ANAGLYPHS.

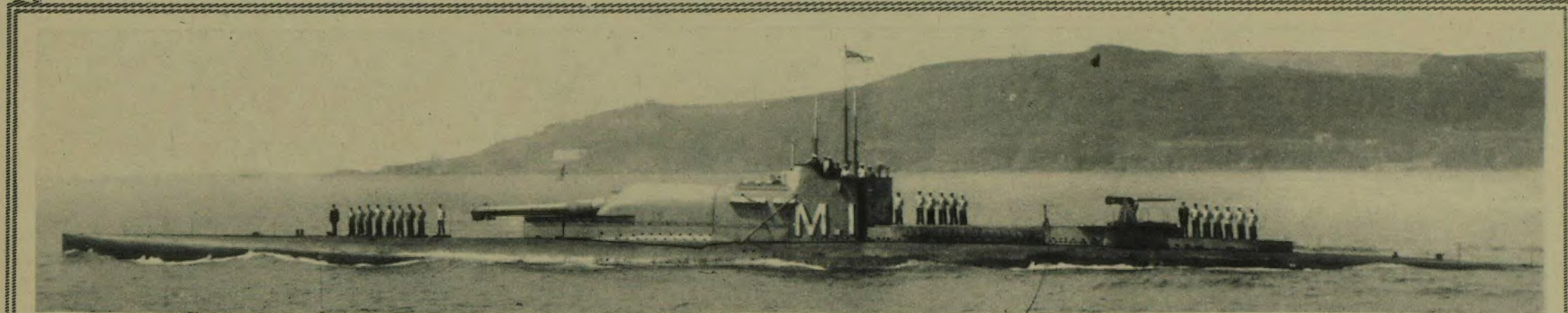
Readers who have not yet obtained one of the special masks for viewing our Anaglyphs in stereoscopic relief may do so by filling up the coupon on page 1034, and forwarding it with postage stamps value three-halfpence (Inland) or twopence-halfpenny (Foreign), addressed to "The Illustrated London News" (Anaglyph), 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2.

OUR FOURTH POST-WAR SUBMARINE DISASTER: THE "M1" MYSTERY.

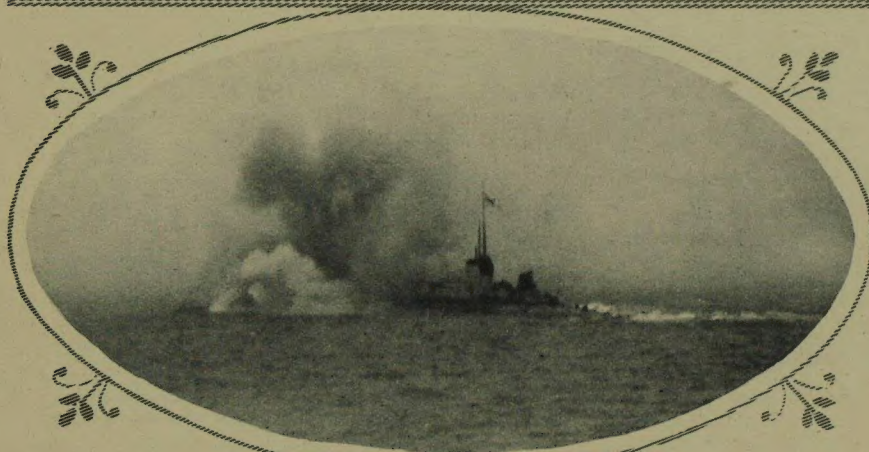
PHOTOGRAPH OF MODEL BY COURTESY OF THE IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM. OTHERS BY PHOTOPRESS, C.N., AND L.N.A.



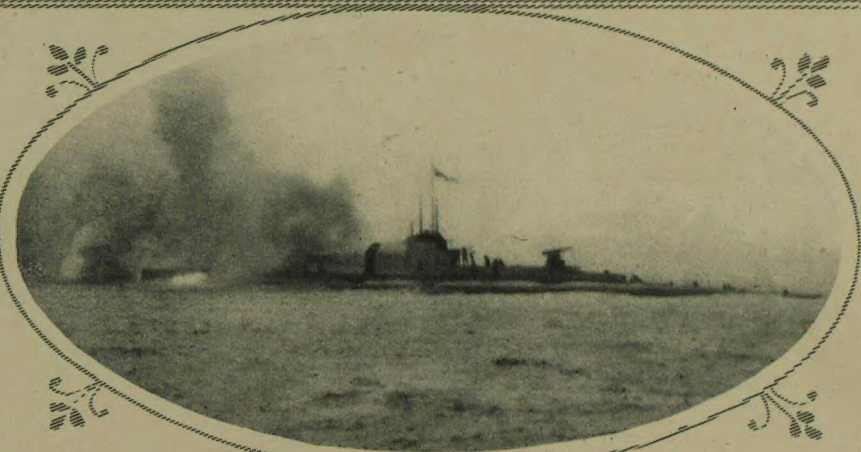
WITH AN ARMAMENT WHICH (UNDER THE WASHINGTON TREATY) WILL NOT BE REPEATED: THE "M1," FIRST OF A GROUP OF THREE SUBMARINES OF UNIQUE TYPE, MOUNTING A 12-INCH GUN, AND ORIGINALLY DESIGNED DURING THE WAR FOR SPECIAL SERVICE—A MODEL FROM THE IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM.



RECENTLY LOST WITH ALL HANDS (FOUR OFFICERS AND SIXTY-FOUR OTHER RANKS) DURING EXERCISES IN THE CHANNEL: SUBMARINE "M1," WHICH WAS SEEN TO DIVE ABOUT FIFTEEN MILES SOUTH OF START POINT ON NOVEMBER 12, AND DID NOT REAPPEAR.



FIRING HER BIG 12-INCH GUN WHILE UNDER WAY: THE LOST SUBMARINE "M1" AS SHE WOULD HAVE APPEARED IN ACTION.



OF A CALIBRE FORMERLY USED IN PRE-DREADNOUGHT BATTLE-SHIPS: THE "M1'S" BIG GUN FIRED WHILE SHE WAS STATIONARY.



HOW AN OIL PATCH BELIEVED TO INDICATE THE SPOT WHERE THE "M1" SANK WAS DISCOVERED: A SEAPLANE SEARCHING THE CHANNEL NEAR START POINT (SHOWN WITH LIGHTHOUSE ON RIGHT).



THE SEARCH FOR THE "M1": H.M.S. "MAIDSTONE" (ON LEFT) THE PARENT SHIP OF THE FLOTILLA, WITH THREE SUBMARINES (TO LEFT), AND A DRIFTER (CENTRE) CONDUCTING OPERATIONS IN THE CHANNEL.

The Admiralty announced on November 12: "During exercises early this morning Submarine 'M1' was seen to dive in a position about fifteen miles south of Start Point. She has not been seen since. Every effort is being made to locate her, and establish communication." Two days later came the distressing announcement: "The Admiralty deeply regret that they can no longer hold out any hope that the crew of 'M1' still survive." The crew consisted of four officers and sixty-four other ranks. This is the fourth disaster to British submarines since the war, the others lost having been the "K5" on January 20, 1921; the "H42" on March 23, 1922; and the "L24" on January 10, 1924. The Chairman of

Lloyd's, Mr. Percy G. Mackinnon, has revived the suggestion made at the Washington Conference that submarines should be abolished. The "M1," originally laid down as the "K18" in 1916, was the first of a group of three of a unique type, mounting a big 12-inch gun, as formerly used in pre-Dreadnought battle-ships. This type of submarine will probably never be repeated, as under the Washington Treaty none but a capital ship may carry a gun of a calibre over 8 inches. During the search for the "M1" a patch of crude oil, such as submarines use, floating on the Channel, was observed from an aeroplane, and was believed to have come from the lost vessel.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

"THE VOICE FROM THE MINARET."—THE LENA ASHWELL PLAYERS.

WE were talking about that most extraordinary thing, the sudden spread of fame or failure of plays. Of course the critics' opinion, in widely circulated papers next morning, has something to do with it. Even more so the evening Press; for, after the day's toil, in railway, bus, and home the paper is perused in the calmness of comfort. Yet that is not what makes or mars a play. It may help either way—to prejudice in favour or against; but it is not a criterion. Thousands—nay, tens of thousands of people whom we meet in the daily walk of life devour politics and sport, but skip dramatic criticism—except on Sundays, when the critics have room for elaborated studies that cannot fail to hit the eye even of the most casual reader. And yet, in the City, in clubs, wherever you go, these very people who never read a notice seem to know all about a great success or a thumping failure—there is something in the air which seems to spread rumour as by magic; and, in the case of success—I have often seen it—there is within twenty-four hours at the box-office a queue of all sorts and conditions of playgoers, the telephone keeps ringing, the libraries are besieged. How does such news flit through the four quarters of London? How is it that in provincial towns, at the seaside, where there are often no dailies, folk say to one another on their shopping rounds: "Have you heard it? There is a fine play at the theatre, I think I will book seats"? There must be some invisible forces at work, magical air akin to magnetism.

Mr. Douglas Gordon, the well-known manager of the Devonshire Park Theatre at Eastbourne, one who knows all about plays and acting worth knowing—and who often sponsors plays to be "tried on the dog," as the technical term goes, previous to their coming to London—offered some interesting remarks when the subject cropped up at a round-table talk. He said that he could almost predict to a certainty the fate of a play before the end of the last *entr'acte*. It is his wont to roam about his house in the intervals, to listen to and gather up what people say; and from their very remarks, from the tone and temper of what they say, he can foretell to a nicety what will be to-morrow all over the town—whether the play is trumps or a wet blanket. He is a strong believer in that peculiar current which I call "mouth-to-mouth" criticism, weird as those rare plants that crop up in the most unlikely places sown by the seeds dropped from birds' wings.

Personally, I often make the same observation, and nothing interests me more than to linger, after

Some of the managers, I am told, have acolytes in the pit and gallery, to give their report of the *Stimmung* of the evening. By what they learn from these observers they even foretell to a fault what the box-office thermometer will record, if not the next day, the day after. George Edwardes in reminiscent mood once told me that when he produced "The

leaps and bounds. "Romance" ran for more than a year; coined money. In contrast, only the other day, one of the masterpieces of modern English drama was revived at an outlying playhouse. The very name of the play is one to conjure with; the original cast was re-assembled, had lost none of its excellence; a run was "as sure as death"; enthusiasm greeted the first night. But, despite play and interpretation, there was no response. The bookings were poor, the first matinée half empty. After seven performances it was withdrawn, and some thirty people, who had rehearsed with a will for weeks, were thrown out of work. Why? Echo answers why? Who can fathom these mysteries? "Vox populi" is as ominous as the voice from the minaret. There is an eerie and uncanny spirit in the World of the Theatre that makes for popularity in aloofness, beyond all control by the power of the Press or the lure of advertisement. It is as mysterious as the unknown.

Time may touch with his corroding fingers the manner of the Ibsen drama, but the spirit of his genius rises inviolate. In the parishes of our civilised life, we still have the compact majority, with its intolerance, its fear, and its narrow outlook. We still have the Burgomasters and a Press that trembles in the face of uninstructed opinion. The Dr. Stockmans must always stand alone. The pioneers of progress marching in the vanguard must inevitably fight against the heavy odds of misrepresentation and mendacity. All this was brought home to us as we sat in the little Century Theatre and watched this brave band of Lena Ashwell Players in "An Enemy of the People." By their sincerity and their intelligent acting, they recreated the fire of the master who first raised his clarion voice in our theatre, a voice demanding freedom from the yoke of tyranny and the toils of oppression. For this is a great play, with a great spiritual driving-force, and no man can watch this triumph in defeat unmoved or uninspired. It was a splendid effort of Mr. Wilfrid Walter, in spite of his treacherous memory and the fact that he has not yet got the measure of the tiny stage. He filled the character with zeal, and his words burned with passionate earnestness. His humour, his solicitude, his deserved contempt, his courage, and, above all, his faith in himself—all these shone clear in his conception. Hardly less admirable was the study of the Burgomaster by Mr. W. V. Garrod, sharply contrasted by its prudential cautious-



A NEW PRODUCTION BY THE RUSSIAN BALLET AT THE COLISEUM: "ZEPHYR AND FLORA"—(L. TO R.) TATIANA CHAMIE, FELIA DOUBROVSKA, AND HENRIETTE MAIKERSKA.

The Diaghileff Ballet gave at the Coliseum, on November 12, for the first time in London, "Zephyr and Flora," a ballet by Leonide Massine, with music by Vladimir Dukelsky and scenery by Georges Braque. The ballet has been remodelled since its production last spring at Monte Carlo.

Merry Widow," and was most anxious as to the result—he having selected Miss Lily Elsie to play the main part with all his advisers and the adapter

warning him—he stood in a dark corner of the pit in the *entr'acte*. The success was never in doubt, but when he heard a small chorus of pit-tites singing the famous valse in perfect unison, he was convinced (he said) that the play meant a fortune, and that Lily Elsie would be a never-to-be-forgotten favourite.

Yet there is another aspect of the case which is of peculiar interest. How does it come to pass that some plays fail on the first night, drag on, and suddenly become a vogue? Of this there are remarkable instances.

First and foremost, "The Private Secretary," which passed unnoticed, lingered, and unexpectedly became the most popular play of the day—a money-maker wherever it goes, even after five-and-thirty years. Next—to pick the most salient examples from a bunch—"Romance." The play was not well thought of; the actress, Miss Doris Keane, was praised to the skies; but the box-office didn't respond. The tale goes that passages were booked and trunks packed to re-ship the company to America. Then the miracle happened. The receipts rose by

ness, its official hidebound horizons, its petty thinking and its fear to challenge the majority. An excellent little cameo, too, that of Mr. Frank Follows as the grasping badger, the Tanner. The Mrs. Stockman of Miss Olive Walter was human in its loyalty and convincing in its hesitation. Indeed, sincerity was the keynote of the performance as it is the *motif* of the play. And I, for one, not only pay my tribute to a worthy performance, but urge everyone who loves the drama to make their pilgrimage to Notting Hill, and they will get their reward.



THE FIRST LONDON PERFORMANCE OF "ZEPHYR AND FLORA," GIVEN AT THE COLISEUM BY THE DIAGHILEFF BALLET: THE DEATH OF ZEPHYR (CONSTANTIN TCHERKAS).



THE NEW DIAGHILEFF SEASON OF RUSSIAN BALLET: (L. TO R.) SERGE LIFAR (BOREAS), CONSTANTIN TCHERKAS (ZEPHYR), AND ALICE NIKITINA (FLORA), IN "ZEPHYR AND FLORA," AT THE COLISEUM.

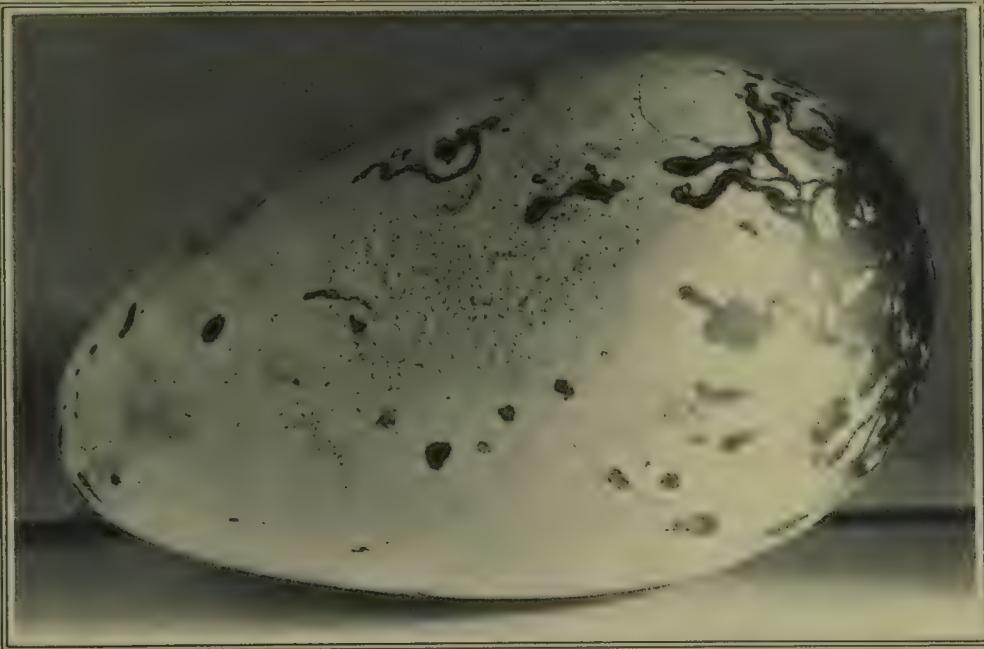
a play, near the exit of the pit and gallery, and to listen to the throng. If there is eager discussion; if the groups disperse leisurely, talking excitedly about the play and its exponents; if the girls babble in exuberance and will not budge until, their autograph book in hand, they have waylaid their heroes and heroines, one knows that to-morrow success will be all over the town. If, on the other hand, the filing-out is rapid to get home, if there is no Tower of Babel, no vociferation, one may be sure that the target has been missed.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEW ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL PRESS, WINTER, DERBY, TOPICAL, AND FLEET AGENCY.



"TAKING THE WATERS" AGAIN AT SADLER'S WELLS: A DISCOVERY OF ONE OF THE OLD WELLS DURING THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE FAMOUS CLERKENWELL THEATRE.



BOUGHT FOR £315 AND NOW TO BE SOLD AGAIN: AN EGG OF THE GREAT AUK (HERE SHOWN IN ITS ACTUAL SIZE—4½ IN. WIDE BY 2½ IN. HIGH).



A STATUE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH AS A WAR MEMORIAL: THE GIFT OF LORD GEORGE HAMILTON AND HIS BROTHER TO HARROW SCHOOL.



A SUGGESTED METHOD OF ILLUMINATING THE CENOTAPH: THE CROSS AT PORT SUNLIGHT LIT BY A SEARCHLIGHT.

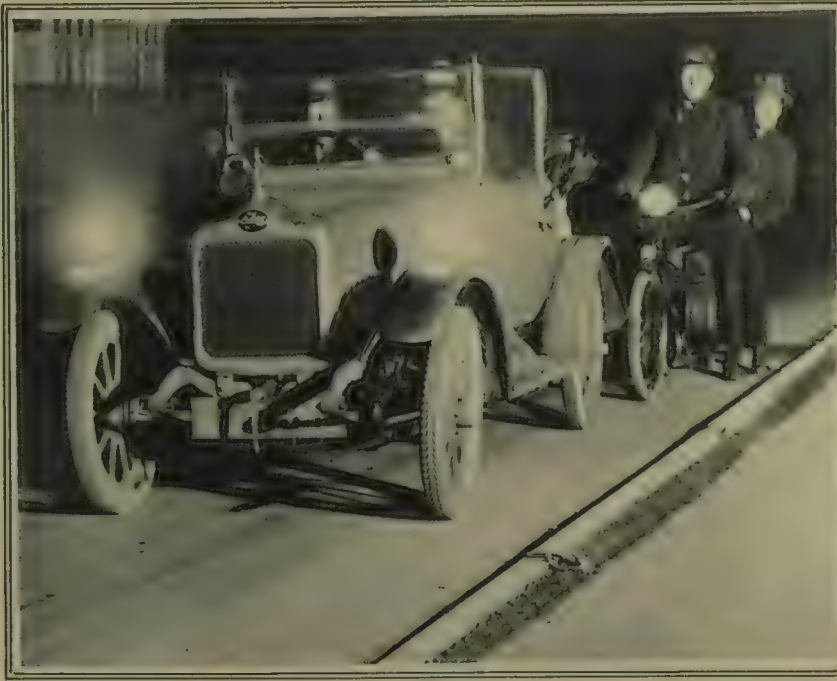


A LAMP THAT DOES NOT CAST A SHADOW: A REMARKABLE NEW INVENTION, VALUABLE IN SURGERY OR ENGRAVING.




THE FIRST ILLUMINATED WHITE LINE FOR THE GUIDANCE OF MOTOR TRAFFIC AT NIGHT: A VAN ON THE NORTH CIRCULAR ROAD AT HENDON.

During the arrangements for the reconstruction of Sadler's Wells Theatre, which is to become the "Old Vic" of North London, one of the old wells has been found.—An egg of the extinct Great Auk, bought in 1894 by the late Sir Vauncey Harpur Crewe for £315, is to be sold at Messrs. Stevens' auctions rooms on December 15.—A statue of Queen Elizabeth has been presented to Harrow School as a war memorial by Lord George Hamilton and his brother, and has been placed on the Tower of the Speech Room.—During Armistice Week the




VISIBLE FROM 200 YARDS AWAY AND AUTOMATICALLY OPERATED AT SUNSET AND DAWN: THE NEW LIGHTED LINE, TO WHOSE LEVEL THE ROAD IS TO BE RAISED.

beautiful war memorial at Port Sunlight was illuminated at night by means of a searchlight.—A lamp of high candle-power, which does not cast a shadow, has been invented by a French firm, and has proved invaluable for surgical operations, engraving, and other close work. A specially toughened glass cover prevents the heat from striking the operator.—The first illuminated white line for guiding night traffic at dangerous corners has been tested on the North Circular Road at Hendon. Power is supplied from the electric main at the roadside.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



MAN, APE, AND TIGER.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

THERE is nothing, perhaps, that affords the average "civilised" man so much pleasure as the contemplation of himself—a portrait of the artist, by himself. Such a one is incapable of introspection. You could not shock him by the presentation of himself as he really is. It would be too incredible to his dull imagination. He is smugly satisfied with his own conception—and there's an end to it. But what manner of man, then, is the real man? There are many ways of demonstrating this, and one is as good as another. Let me venture to present one of many possible aspects.

The world has lately been entertained by a lively discussion on the Evolution Theory in regard to Man, and we have been sententiously assured that it is a most insidiously poisonous doctrine. Such as hold this view scorn the suggestion that the ape and tiger can have any part in our moral and spiritual fibre. Yet all day, and every day, it is manifest that we are deceiving ourselves. We are, as a matter of fact, very much worse than the despised "beasts that perish"; for we are able to distinguish right from wrong. But the lust of life overmasters us. In our blind fear that this life may be endangered we commit atrocities all day long. I have in mind, as I have just hinted, our attitude towards these "beasts that perish." We make a mental reservation that we must see to it that they do perish if there is the slightest fear that our interests are in any way likely to suffer by their continued existence.

Look at our attitude towards them, and you will see exactly our attitude towards our neighbours! The other day I discussed, on this page, the sad case of the cormorant. Man is an omnivorous animal, and

entails the extermination of beast or bird, he cares not—the means justifies the end.

Man, we are told, is a "reasoning animal." It may be so, but he is uncommonly dull-witted. Some mistake this for mere callousness. His reasoning is rarely allowed to carry him far, lest it should lead to



ONE OF THE AUSTRALASIAN ANIMALS WHOSE PRESERVATION IS NECESSARY TO MEDICAL SCIENCE: THE THYLACINE, OR "TASMANIAN TIGER," NOW ALMOST EXTINCT.

some disagreeable truth. And thus it is, again and again, that he over-reaches himself, and finds, when it is too late, that he has slain a friend where he saw only an enemy! It is the death of Gelert again and yet again. In his unreasoning fear that he may be hurt either in purse or in stomach, he signs death-warrants without any formality of trial. The study of Economic Zoology is yet in its infancy. Before it attains to maturity there will be no animals to economise—unless we mend our ways. When we contemplate something more than usually indefensible in regard to the slaughter of animals for our profit, we gloss over our proposals by the sententious announcement that the "March of Civilisation" leaves us no choice—

"I weep for you," the Walrus said;
"I deeply sympathise."

With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size.

But we are not yet past praying for. This much is shown by our awakening desire to preserve the beauties and amenities of the open country here in our England, and in our care for ancient buildings and monuments—the relics of a past stage in our æsthetic evolution. As yet, however, it is an almost hopeless task to kindle the slightest interest in the preservation of ancient animals—the relics of stages in our physical evolution. We are generally agreed that it is our bounden duty to preserve what remains to us of our historical past for posterity. Yet we seem

quite unable to realise that it is even more incumbent on us to prevent "looting" where these living bodies are concerned. The more rare an animal is the better price it will fetch in the market. Or it may be that the last of an interesting species will be wiped out to provide dividends.

We are obsessed with the idea that in this twentieth century we must above all things be "practical." Nothing that lives must be allowed to "cumber the ground." Unless it can be shown to be "useful," directly or indirectly, commercially, we persuade ourselves that we are justified in wiping it out. Thus it comes about that our only hope of prolonging the existence of types threatened with extinction is to show that they can be put to some use. A case in point has just been furnished me by one of the readers of this page, who asks me to plead here for some of these vanishing types.

My correspondent is Mr. Walter Gale, of Melbourne, who sends me a short essay by Professor Colin Mackenzie on "The Medical Importance of the Native Animals of Australia." These animals, he tells us, "are fast disappearing, and in less than twenty years, it is computed, will, in the absence of rigid protective measures, be all extinct. Thanks to poison and the gun, they are rapidly following the fate of the Tasmanians, who were completely destroyed in a period of about forty years, constituting the most colossal crime our earth has known." These people, it may be remembered, were shot at sight, by the earlier settlers, in obedience, to the "instinct of self-preservation." We, who are more "civilised," adopt more subtle methods to the same end.

But Professor Mackenzie realises the hopelessness of achieving this preservation unless he can show that in these creatures we may find most important clues as to the sources of most of the bodily ills which flesh is heir to. The duck-bill platypus, the echidna, the thylacine, kangaroo, bandicoot, koala, marsupial mole, and many others, must be preserved at all costs, not because it is our bounden duty to show the same zealous care for these as we show for ancient cathedrals, pictures, statuary, and the like; but for the sake of the light the study of their bodies will throw on infantile paralysis, appendicitis, broken legs, premature birth, cancer, and so on. We are to be frightened into being good by the apparition of the Bogey-man if we are not.

How much longer shall we be before we realise that the study of natural history for its own sake, the study of science for its own sake, will furnish a more rapid and more thorough insight into the mysteries of life and its ills, as well as its pleasures, than can ever be derived from the study of these things for the sake of "practical ends"? The sooner we realise the importance of the study of life in all its manifestations, the sooner shall we come to understand what we mean by "the Balance of Nature," and the motives which lie behind our actions. Not till then shall we emerge as full-fledged human beings; thereafter we shall be as gods, knowing good from evil. Life is a Sacred Fire. Let us be careful how we quench it.



AFFORDING VALUABLE DATA REGARDING THE DEVELOPMENT OF MAN'S UPRIGHT POSITION: THE TREE KANGAROO.

"The kangaroo," Professor Mackenzie tells us, "affords valuable data in regard to the development of the upright position in man. This photograph of a tree kangaroo illustrates the striking powers of adaptation to changing conditions which some animals display."



POSSESSING PHYSICAL PECULIARITIES VERY IMPORTANT TO THE STUDENT OF MEDICINE: THE OPOSSUM.

"The opossum possesses relatively the largest prostate gland of all animals. It is therefore a creature of great importance to the student of medicine. Its curiously prehensile tail gives the animal a further interest."

he eats fish. So does the cormorant; he has no table manners, and defiantly brings his captures to the surface and ostentatiously swallows them whole, and raw, before our very eyes! This singular piece of impudence sets man thinking. There are so many cormorants about that if this goes on much longer man will have to give up eating fish, for there will be none left. And so, at once, he sets the brand of Cain upon the wretched birds and encourages all who will to kill, till there be no more cormorants to threaten not merely his hold on life, but also his "sport." It is not, however, only a blurred image of famine and death which excites him. The same spirit governs him in regard to his worldly prospects, which are to him the breath of life. Hence, he will exploit the animal kingdom without the slightest compunction to advance his material welfare. If that advance

AMERICA'S "ALSACE-LORRAINE": TACNA-ARICA—AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSIONS.

SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



WHERE A PLEBISCITE IS BEING ARRANGED: SCENES IN TACNA-ARICA, DISPUTED BY CHILE AND PERU.

The Tacna-Arica dispute between Chile and Peru dates from the Treaty of Ancon after the war of 1884, when Chile defeated Peru and Bolivia and occupied the disputed territory on the understanding that after ten years a popular vote should be taken. In 1922 the two Governments appointed the President of the United States as arbitrator. President Coolidge decided that the article in the Treaty providing for a plebiscite was still valid, and entrusted the supervision of it to a mixed Chilean-Peruvian Commission with General Pershing, who commanded the U.S. forces in Europe during the war, as chairman. The Commission went to Arica, the chief port of the province, last August, and

found that the manner in which Chilean control was exercised threatened the Commission's authority. General Pershing has proposed certain measures, including the reduction of Chilean troops, to prevent repression of opinion. Our artist's sketches show typical scenes of life in the disputed district. The subjects are: (1) Llamas as transport animals in the mountains of northern Chile; (2) Types of Chilean soldiery trained and equipped on German lines; (3) Cholas, or Indian women, in quaint costume, in Tacna market place; (4) Ranchers, with their womenfolk on pillions, riding into town for Mass on Sundays; (5) A street in Tacna.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

"The Purest of Human Pleasures": The Garden.

"ITALIAN GARDENS OF THE RENAISSANCE." By J. C. SHEPHERD AND G. A. JELLCOE.*

GOD ALMIGHTY first planted a garden; and, indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures. It is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man, without which buildings and palaces are but gross handiworks." Thus Bacon wrote. Lamentable, in truth, it is that the serpent of the cities should tempt so subtly that endless Edens, no longer guarded by the flaming sword of sentiment, have become as wastes, arid acres of bricks and mortar and sooty slates, dismal miles of numbers and non-meaning names. And well it is that there should be remembrance of more spacious days, such a story as this of the perfection and the passing of the Italian garden, that garden which "reflects the pageant of Renaissance thought: the rapid rise, the sixteenth-century culmination, the decline of over two hundred years." The ideals waxed; then waned; then faded to shadows and, like wraiths, merged into the mists; but they left behind them legacies so lovely that they live again, rosemary by the waters of Lethe.

Recall, then, the glories, how they unfold themselves, take shape and substance, assume a character. Remark the union of Fancy and Design, the artist and the architect made one. Realise that each garden is a law unto itself, yet has to obey the law, to recognise rules, to mould itself according to place and purpose.

First: the site. "Between the artist and his creation there . . . remained the site. This consideration is closely interwoven with the final design. Both the natural advantages, which he seized upon and played with, and the restrictions to which he had to adapt himself, were generally the direct inspiration of his form. The simplest form of composition, the cloister garden, was made up of a single square of pattern and independent of site. Development took place on the principle of a series of rooms of varying shapes, connected by vistas and approaches. . . . Ultimately this development reached a stage of great elaboration, suggesting the layout of a miniature town; long avenues and walks interrupted with open squares, and cross avenues leading to carefully placed climaxes, each considered to the last detail and in their relationship to the whole scene."

But there was much more in it than that. "In practice, sympathy to surroundings, the most important asset to the peace of any garden, was obtained in many ways. The most natural bond was scale. Scale of country varied with every district, and, however unconsciously, exercised unbounded influence. . . . The most general conscious principle suggested that the lines of the gardens should grow less defined as they left the house, like water ripples spreading from a centre, to die away gradually in their surroundings—lines always formal but less and less emphasised. . . . A modified introduction was given by avenues and vistas sent forth from the house, the former to obtain a firm hold on the land and the latter to spread a suggestion of formality. . . . With the lakes the whole aspect is changed. Sympathy was required, not with surroundings of country, but with a flat surface of water, itself a very formal setting. The gardens set out to catch this spirit of water, simplicity, and horizontality, and to reflect it in their lines. There is more of the lake than the land in the unbroken series of terraces that build up from the water's edge to the house of the Villa Carlotta, while the Isola Bella terraces, the one inspired part of this famous garden, rising out of the water in ten successive steps, suggest affinity by resembling a ship's hull bristling with masts and spars."

Further: "In its own turn, a difficult climate, precluding flowers and unprotected grass, and demanding

unlimited cool suggestion, had to be reasoned with and mollified, finally allowing the use of three elements only, evergreens, stonework, and water. These are the essence of all Italian gardens." Another consideration was shelter from the sun. "So dazzling is the light in Italy that the bright colours of flowers are not greatly missed. Glare calls rather for soft, cool tones, and response was found in delicate contrasts of green and grey, used simply or with a variety of shades. . . . The most practical need for the enjoyment of the garden was shade, and this was the reason for elaborating the treatment of trees and hedges. . . . Water was essential to the garden to suggest coolness both by sight and sound."

And there was perspective. "Effect in three dimensions naturally governs the plan of every garden, but often advantage was deliberately taken of perspective to increase the dramatic qualities of a view. Thus, in the vista from the house at Valzambio, the effect of distance is obtained by a gradual closing in of the elements, variety by the subtle breaks in the hedges and their freedom as they merge into the countryside, unity by the ribbon

a hill-top into a Renaissance house: none worthier could have been chosen "to free the imprisoned home and bring it forth to bask in the sun outside."

"The Villa d'Este at Tivoli was built as a great house of entertainment for Cardinal Hippolito d'Este. Though it has none of the refinement of the Villa Madama, the Cardinal succeeded in creating something that for similar drama is unequalled in Europe. The situation gave a steep hillside, a glorious view, and a river to hand at the highest point. It was music of water that inspired the design. The river was spread through the gardens, split into varying notes, and the whole place throbs to the sound, here rising to a thunder, there sinking to a drone."

As to the Villa Pia: "The Vatican gardens as a whole are too austere and dull to be enjoyed as gardens should be enjoyed, but they have in their midst at least one treasure that touches on the more human side of the Papacy. This is the little Villa Pia, built in 1560 for Pius IV. The idea of the Pope, to build himself a summer retreat directly within the shadow of St. Peter's, was interpreted by the architect into a garden house consisting of loggias and rooms opening off a central vestibule. That central vestibule is the

beautiful open-air court of to-day. . . . The whole scheme gives the impression of a place designed solely to capture the air—not only by reason of its open character, but also for the light and graceful form of its architecture."

The Palazzo Farnese, at Caprarola, also had its ecclesiasticism. "Pomp and grandeur cast over it a spirit of reserve that appears to shun what might be regarded as the lighter pleasures of life; while gardens attached to two sides of the pentagon, formal and severe, afford little relief from the general atmosphere of austerity."

The Villa Lante, at Bagnaia, is a perfect thing of the imagination. The Villa Bombicci, near Florence, has the vastness of Michelangelo, with whom it is associated. The garden of the Palazzo Podesta, in Genoa, was

simple and in accordance with town life, with plenty of shade and splashing water. The Villa Bernardini, at Saltocchio, Lucca, was in the midst of a "Siegfried forest." The Villa Marlia, near Lucca, retains the magic of a drama-loving age. Torlonia, "the grand old man of Italian gardens," is as much a home for the lonely soul as for all the crowds that come from Rome. The Villa Gamberaia is "a place for every mood. Hamlet will find an answering chord in the twilight of the bosco, mysterious, elusive, fantastic with the shapes of ilex; the joker can go and joke among the water steps and grotto; and the two can agree to differ in the most delightful of lemon gardens." The Villa Corsi-Salviati, at Sesto, was built with the splendid fancies of Baroque after centuries of slowly increasing importance, "and to-day, from the hot and dusty road outside to the glorious within, is a true Arabian Nights transformation." "The Villa Palmieri, two miles outside Florence, has always been the centre of Romance. Here it was that Boccaccio brought his company of Ladies and Gentlemen—who spared not to say: if any Paradise remained on earth to be seen, it could not possibly be in any other place, but only was contained within the compass of this garden."

So it goes on, this tale of Nature much adorned; a pageant of gardens gay and gardens gloomy; gardens of love and gardens of learning; gardens of peace and gardens of pomp—always revealing the characters of the maker and the master. Messrs. Shepherd and Jellicoe "present" it delightfully, weaving words and devising pictures so illuminating that none can fail to understand the significance of it all: never have plans and photographs been better wedded. Their work is very welcome not only for its fine plates, but for its sympathetic explanations.

E. H. G.



"A TREASURE THAT TOUCHES ON THE MORE HUMAN SIDE OF THE PAPACY": THE VILLA PIA, IN THE VATICAN GARDENS—AN OLD PRINT SHOWING THE FORMER GARDENS.

The Villa Pia was built for Pius IV. in 1560. The print shows it to the left of the small central building.

Reproduced from "Italian Gardens of the Renaissance," by Courtesy of the Authors, and of the Publishers, Messrs. Ernest Benn, Ltd.

of grass, and a climax in the gigantic stairway of the fir avenue climbing the hill beyond."

So to purpose. "The psychological purpose of the garden was to give pure contentment to its owner. As two individual temperaments are never the same, every garden varied according to the light in which this purpose was regarded. The most emphatic and contrasting views of any are expressed by the Villa Piccolomini at Frascati, and the Villa Gamberaia at Settignano. The former has a garden that in a sense approaches nearest the character of a dignified room. Here is no place for the elements of surprise, or wonder, or frivolity, because it ministered repose to a highly developed theological mind that did not require such things. The Villa Gamberaia, on the other hand, sets out deliberately to please and refresh the very weaknesses the other excluded; and is no less great for being so human."

Character: that was the desire, and, with imagination and ingenuity, the architect achieved his end. There are eloquent witnesses to his artistry and skill.

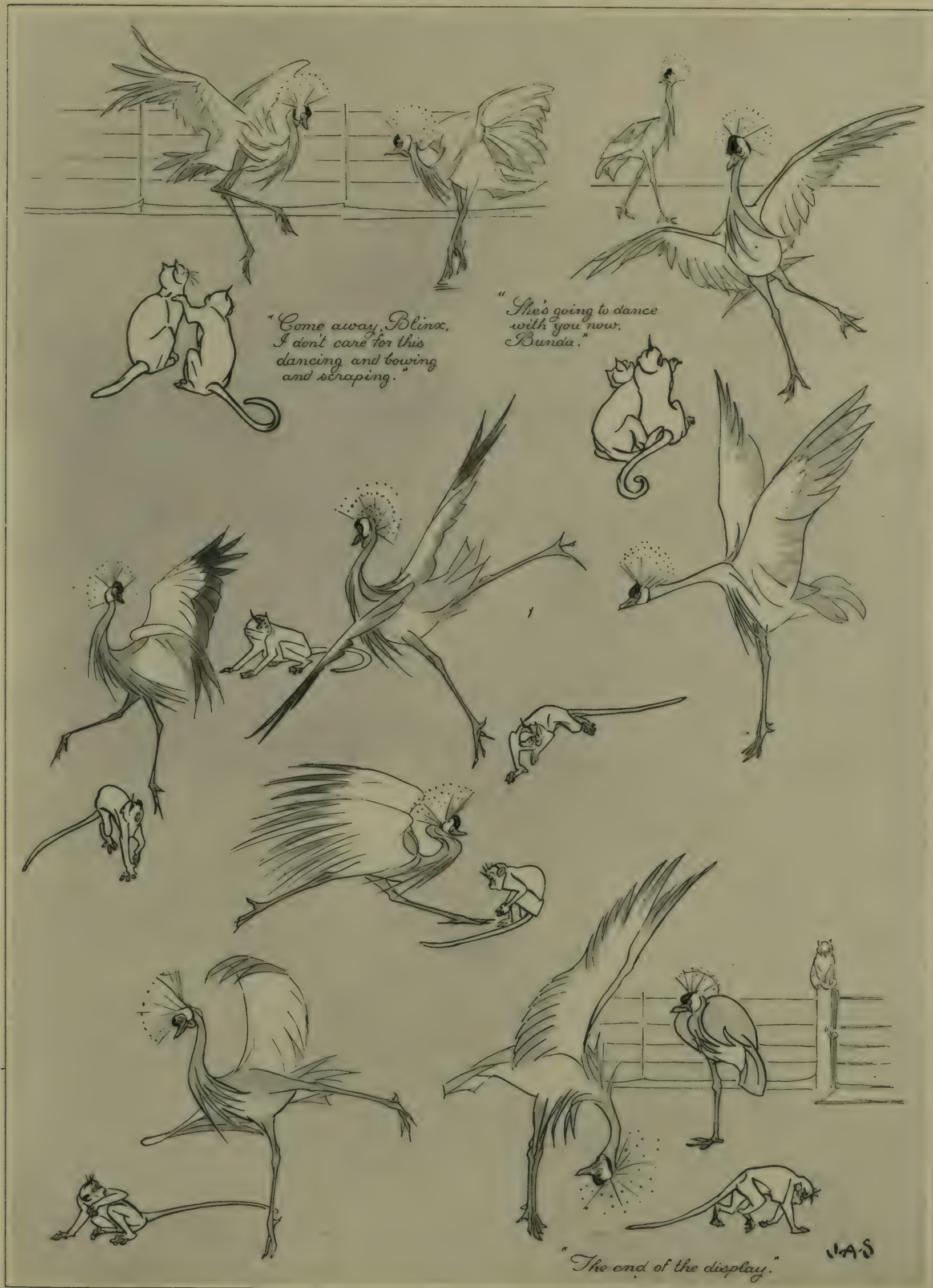
The Villa Medici, at Fiesole, "one of the many country residences of the great Lorenzo, brings home very forcibly the life of entertaining associated with that Florentine school of thought, the Platonic Academy. Such a villa, designed solely to provide luxurious mental refreshment, and placed in the most beautiful situation of any round Florence, could not fail to attract scholars for the interchange and acquisition of knowledge. . . . There is probably as much dignity of learning expressed in the long, simple lines of the terraces cut out of the hill below Fiesole as ever there was in all the cultivated arguments promoted within its precincts."

The Villa Celsa, near Siena, was, it is believed, transformed by Peruzzi, who turned a grim castle on

* "Italian Gardens of the Renaissance." By J. C. Shepherd, A.R.I.B.A., and G. A. Jellicoe. With 92 Plates Reproducing Plans and Photographic Views. (Ernest Benn, Ltd.; 5s.)

BLINX AND BUNDA: A TOUR ROUND THE "ZOO."—No. XXXVII.

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," BY J. A. SHEPHERD. (COPYRIGHTED.)



HOW BUNDA DECLINED TO PLAY "DANCING PARTNER" TO THE "PAVLOVA" OF THE CROWNED CRANE.

The pair of crowned cranes from South Africa must have been to see Pavlova. They spread their wings like a ballerina's skirts, dance on their toes, trip to and fro, take high leaps, and pirouette. "On a fine day at any season of the year," writes Mr. Shepherd in a note on his drawing, "the cranes say,

'Here's a fine day; let us dance.' There was nothing surprising in the crane transferring her attentions to Bunda. I myself have been most embarrassed by displays of various pigeons, and particularly by a Kagu's persistent saluting."

THE VOGUE OF SPORTING PICTURES: A NOTABLE SALE—

BY COURTESY OF MESSRS.



1. BY "THE ARTIST COACHMAN," JOHN FREDERICK HERRING (1795-1866):
"THE MEET"—ONE OF A SET OF FOUR.



3. "LEAVING THE KENNELS": ONE OF A SET OF FOUR FOX-HUNTING
SCENES BY D. WOLSTENHOLME.



5. "BREAKING COVER," BY D. WOLSTENHOLME: A PICTURE BELONGING
TO THE SAME SET AS NOS. 3 AND 4.



2. "THE DEATH": ANOTHER HUNTING SCENE FROM THE SAME SET
AS NO. 1 (DATED 1842-1), BY JOHN FREDERICK HERRING, SENIOR.



4. "GONE TO EARTH," BY D. WOLSTENHOLME: ANOTHER PICTURE FROM
THE SAME SET AS NO. 3 ADJOINING.



6. WINNER OF THE BEVERLY RACE IN 1808: "IPSWELL LASS, WITH
TRAINER AND DOG," BY BEN MARSHALL (DATED 1808).

The work of the sporting artist, whether living or bygone, is now much in vogue. Its popularity was indicated by a notable sale at Christie's, on November 20, of a collection of sporting pictures that belonged to the late Hon. Mrs. Henry Bourke, of Wootton Hall, Ashbourne, Derbyshire. From this collection we reproduce a set of four fox-hunting pictures by J. F. Herring, senior; three from another set of four, by D. Wolstenholme; and one of a race-horse, Ipswell Lass, by Ben Marshall. John Frederick Herring, who became a well-known animal-painter, exhibited at the Academy for many years, and received commissions from George IV. and Queen Victoria, was born in Surrey in 1795 and began life as a coach-painter. He was then a

INCLUDING WORKS BY "THE ARTIST COACHMAN."

CHRISTIE, MANSON, AND WOODS.



7. "FULL
CRY," BY JOHN
FREDERICK
HERRING,
SENIOR:
A FOX-
HUNTING
SCENE FROM
THE SAME
SET OF FOUR
AS NOS. 1
AND 2.



8. "BREAKING
COVER," BY JOHN
FREDERICK
HERRING, SENIOR:
ANOTHER PICTURE
FROM THE
SAME SET
AS NOS. 1, 2,
AND 7.

stage coachman, and for four years he drove the "York and London Highflyer." All his leisure was devoted to painting, and he became known as "the artist coachman." Until 1830 he lived at Doncaster, and he painted the winners of the St. Leger for thirty-three successive years. Later he settled in London, and he died at Tunbridge Wells in 1865. D. Wolstenholme was the name of two English animal-painters, father and son, who exhibited at the Academy during the first half of last century. The father practised at Cheshunt and Turnford; the son, who was born about 1800, in London. Benjamin Marshall (1767 to 1835) painted in London and at Newmarket, specialising in horses. He was occasionally represented at the Academy.

A DISCOVERY AS WONDERFUL AS THAT OF TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB.

A NEW REVELATION OF PREHISTORIC CULTURE IN MORAVIA OVER 20,000 YEARS AGO

A "Summing-up" by M. C. BURKITT, F.S.A., F.G.S.

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In our last three numbers we have given publicity—for the first time on an adequate scale—to the great discoveries of prehistoric remains made on various sites in Moravia, and announced by Professor D. K. Absolon, Curator of the Moravian Government Museum at Brno. His own article, containing full details, appeared in our issues of Nov. 7 and 14. We now give further illustrations and a "summing-up" from the pen of a distinguished British antiquary and geologist, Mr. M. C. Burkitt, who compares the discoveries to those of Western Europe, and points out their immense interest and significance.

FOR the past few weeks readers of *The Illustrated London News* have been initiated into the mysteries of prehistoric man's existence in Moravia long, long ago. We have seen, as it were, the hunter start out in the early morning from his rock-shelter home armed with his stone and doubtless with wooden weapons as well, to hunt the great hairy elephant or the clumsy woolly rhinoceros; the great ox, whose wide-branching horns could still be seen in the forests of Germany in mediæval times; the fearsome cave-bear, or the bison and the musk-ox—not to speak of smaller game, such as ibex, chamois, saiga, Arctic hare, fox, wolf, etc. Or again, as he wandered over the endless loess plains under the then cold, dry skies of Central Europe, there was always a chance of getting reindeer or other stag meat, which would, no doubt, be well received by Mrs. Cave-Man and the rest at home in the rock-shelter. There the cave-man's family lived, surrounded by a goodly array of ivory and antler tools, often splendidly ornamented and engraved. No doubt it was a hard life, and doubtless the womenfolk often wept over the body of some weaker child who could not keep up the struggle

with the rigorous conditions of existence and was consequently not among those "fittest" who survived. Doubtless, too, man did not always win in his fights with the many animals that he hunted. On the other hand, think of the fierce joy there must have been in the shelter-home when, perhaps, he returned with the news that some unusually successful kill had insured a plentiful supply of meat through an otherwise cruel, hungry winter moon! That night fires would be lighted, songs might be sung, no doubt some superstitious rite celebrated, and all would be rejoicing. Who knows whether such a life, with all its extremes from cold, fear, and hunger to warmth, joy, and sudden plenty—extremes which harden a man's nerves and keep his limbs supple—did not contain as much happiness as our modern existence, with its monotony of mechanical comfort?

Having had the privilege of studying prehistoric man's life and ways on the spot in various parts of Europe, including Moravia, I have been asked by the Editor of *The Illustrated London News* to contribute this short article more or less summing up what has been so ably described by my colleagues, Dr. Keith and Dr. Absolon, during the past three weeks, and

perhaps indicating briefly the relation of these important Eastern European finds to the better-known work in the western part of the Continent.

As has been pointed out, the prehistoric homes of Czecho-Slovakia where Palæolithic man lived are mostly situated within Moravia not so far from Brno—the old Brünn. These homes are of two types. The first are known as open stations, though occasionally they are found under a slightly overhanging rock which forms a convenient shelter. The second are found in the limestone districts in the mouths of definite caves—but only in the mouths, for, although Upper Palæolithic man in Western France and Northern Spain sometimes painted the walls deep inside the caves, and so probably penetrated far in for religious or special purposes, he could not live there, as it was both dark, requiring perpetual artificial light, and

they are so numerous—there are the skeletons of more than twenty individuals, men, women, and children—but because the whole ensemble indicates a definite and careful burial in a sort of tomb. This must have been originally an elliptical hollow, some five yards long by three yards wide, dug out of the ground. The floor was covered with a layer of stones, and the walls were faced with large mammoth bones such as shoulder-blades. The skeletons were mostly placed in a crouched position with the knees drawn up to the head, and ornaments were sometimes buried with them. It is interesting to ask ourselves what such a burial signified, and what idea led our prehistoric hunter to give the dead his ornaments? For this tomb is not unique; it is just another example of careful burial such as has been found and studied in France at Cro-Magnon, Mentone, and elsewhere.

Also, we can only speculate as to the exact meaning, but must surely admit that even in those early days some definite cult of the dead seems to have shaped itself in the mind of prehistoric man. At least these folk had not been left on the surface of the ground like the beasts of the field.

We now come to consider the tools that have been discovered and how they compare with other European finds. Although it is difficult to make out any distinct stratigraphy in the loess, the patina of the flints found at Predmost indicates that there was an older series which is of Middle Aurignacian type, and an upper series which comprised the main mass of the material found and corresponds in type more or less with the Upper Aurignacian of France. However, later, while in France the glorious Magdalenian culture was developing—with its varieties of tools, its own style of decoration, and, finally, its typical harpoon—our Moravian Upper Aurignacian, outside the immediate Magdalenian zone, probably continued to develop on its own account, though there are signs in its decorations that it was to some extent influenced by the latter. Influences, too, would be felt from the early Solutrean culture of Hungary, which, developing there sooner than it did in France, probably gave the Moravian hunter his rarely found and not very typical laurel-leaf shaped flint tool.

An interesting point about the tools at Predmost is the enormous quantity that has been found—Dr. Absolon estimates the number at not less than 40,000! Of course, this very important home must have been inhabited by a good many people—that much is clear from the burial—and no doubt for quite a long period of time, but, even so, this immense number is astounding, and must indicate that the community were very prosperous and well-to-do. These flint tools include, as well as the rare laurel-leaf type of tool just mentioned, scrapers, graters, notched blades, etc., showing that we have to deal with one of the many varieties of Upper Palæolithic man whose cultures succeeded each other in Europe. Our culture sequence was first made out in France, and so naturally it is to the rich discoveries of that

[Continued on page 1025.]



GIANT BEAVERS OF EASTERN EUROPE OVER 20,000 YEARS AGO: A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING BASED ON SKELETONS FOUND IN MORAVIA.

In our issue of November 7 Professor Absolon described how he found the bones of a whole herd of fossil beavers, which had evidently perished together in a catastrophe, on the banks of an underground river in Moravia. A complete skeleton of one of these extinct animals was illustrated in the same number.—[Reconstruction Drawing by A. Forestier, from Material supplied by Professor D. K. Absolon.]

damp. Prehistoric man suffered from rheumatism just like the modern European.

Open stations have long been known—in fact, Predmost, which is one of the most important, was first mentioned as long ago as 1571 by the Moravian writer Blahoslav, who spoke of the remains of giants found there. Predmost was thus the first site where traces of early man were recognised, for it was not till a hundred years later that a workman digging at Gray's Inn, London, found what we now call a *coup-de-poing*. Of course, in neither case was the high antiquity of the finds recognised, the Gray's Inn tool having been dismissed as being Roman.

I had the privilege of digging with Dr. Absolon for a short time in just such a site as Predmost near Wisternitz, a village on the side of a low hill to the south of Brno, where the remains of man's handiwork and bones of mammoth occur close to the surface. They lie embedded in loess, which is a queer wind-borne deposit, a chunk of which, when cut out, does not instantly crumble in the hand, and yet is not sticky enough for modelling.

At Predmost the human remains are, of course, for us the most interesting finds, not only because

MORAVIA OVER 20,000 YEARS AGO: PREHISTORIC CRAFTSMEN.

A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING BY A. FORESTIER, FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR D. K. ABSOLON.



HOW THE PREHISTORIC MAN OF MORAVIA MADE HIS IMPLEMENTS AND ORNAMENTS: A "RECONSTRUCTION" PICTURE BASED ON THE REMARKABLE DISCOVERIES ILLUSTRATED IN THIS NUMBER.

In order to assist the imagination of our readers in visualising the life of prehistoric man, as revealed by the wonderful discoveries in Moravia described by Professor Absolon, we give this interesting reconstruction drawing specially made for this paper by Mr. A. Forestier, the well-known archaeological artist. Its details are based on actual objects found, which indicate that the men of Moravia in those remote times had attained a considerable degree of culture,

clothed themselves in skins, and were skilled in arts and crafts. The drawing has special reference to the illustrations given on other pages of this number. Thus the man seated in the foreground holds in his right hand a saw of the type shown in Photograph No. 6 on page 1008; and the standing figure on the right, in the foreground, is wearing a pendant such as that seen in Photograph No. 4 on page 1007.—[World Copyright (including the United States of America) Strictly Reserved.]

TRINKETS, TOOLS, AND WEAPONS OVER 20,000 YEARS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PROFESSOR D. K. ABSOLON, CURATOR OF THE MORAVIAN GOVERNMENT MUSEUM AT



1. WONDERFULLY ORNAMENTED: A MAMMOTH RIB (ABOUT QUARTER OF ACTUAL SIZE), AND (ON RIGHT) A SECTION OF IT (HALF SIZE).



2. INDICATING A NOTION OF NUMBERS: (LEFT) A MAMMOTH-RIB (ONE-THIRD ACTUAL SIZE) WITH WAVY LINE AND TRANSVERSE STRIPES; AND TWO OTHER DECORATED RIBS (HALF ACTUAL SIZE).



7. JEWELLERY OVER 20,000 YEARS OLD: (TOP) DOUBLE BEADS CUT FROM MAMMOTH IVORY; (MIDDLE) PIERCED TEETH OF ARCTIC FOX, WOLF AND HYENA, PEBBLE, AND SHARK-TOOTH; (BELOW) RECONSTRUCTED NECKLET (ABOUT TWO-THIRDS ACTUAL SIZE).



8. FROM A CAVE-WOMAN'S "TOILET-TABLE"; AN IVORY "POWDER-BOX" FOR RED CHALK—FROM THE CAVES (AURIGNACIAN PERIOD).

OLD: THE DECORATIVE ART OF PREHISTORIC MORAVIA.

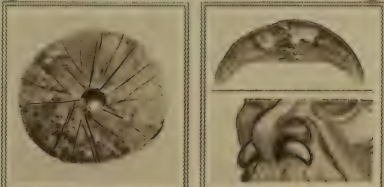
BRNO (BRÜNN). WORLD COPYRIGHT (INCLUDING THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA) STRICTLY RESERVED.



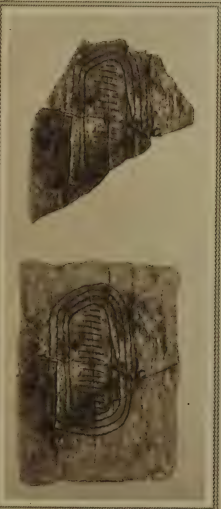
3. ANALOGOUS TO ENGRAVINGS ON MEDIEVAL WEAPONS AND ARMOUR: MAMMOTH IVORY SPEAR-POINTS (ACTUAL SIZE) RICHLY ORNAMENTED—(L. TO R.) FRONT, SIDE, AND UNDERNEATH.



4. AS STILL WORN BY PRIMITIVE CHIEFS: AN ORNAMENTED IVORY PENDANT (JUST OVER HALF SIZE)—FRONT AND BACK VIEW.



5. WITH RADIAL ORNAMENT: A BONE LAMELLA (FROM THE CAVES—MAGDALENIAN AGE). 6. PROBABLY WORN AS SHOWN IN THE MOUTH: A "DOUBLE-TOOTH" OF WOLF TEETH.



9. DRAWINGS SCRATCHED ON BONE AND IVORY: A FRAGMENT (ACTUAL SIZE) AND (BELOW) A RESTORATION.



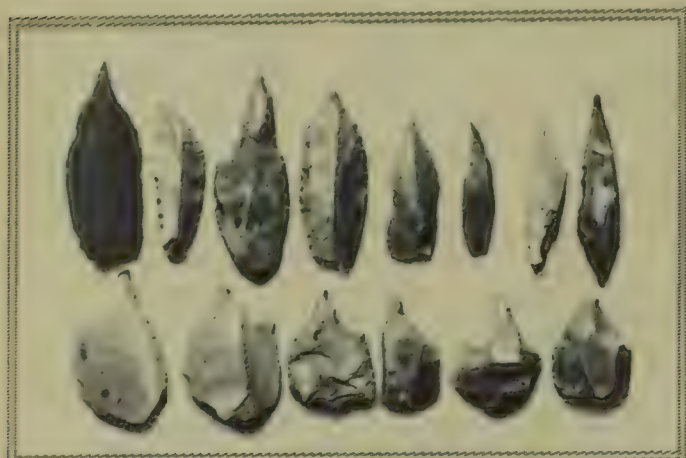
10. A REMARKABLE SPECIMEN OF PREHISTORIC JEWELLERY, AS WORN IN MORAVIA OVER 20,000 YEARS AGO: A NECKLET OF SNAIL-SHELLS (JUST UNDER HALF ACTUAL SIZE) FOUND IN A TOMB OF DILUVIAL MAN.

These remarkable objects, found on various prehistoric sites in Moravia, as described by Professor Absolon in our last two issues, shed a wonderful light on the manners and customs and decorative arts of Palaeolithic man in eastern Europe, at a far-distant period more than twenty thousand years ago. Several of them present a striking parallel with the habits of later, and even modern, times. Thus, we see, from the "powder-box" (illustrated in Photograph No. 8) found in one of the caves of the Aurignacian period, that the men and women of those remote days were accustomed to the use of primitive "cosmetics." The "powder-box," we are told, was used to hold red chalk for rubbing on to the skin. "Just as the Australians," writes Professor Absolon, "paint their

bodies during their ceremonies (corroborees), so did also the diluvial man of Moravia. We have found great quantities of white, yellow, and (principally) red earth, and also little grinding-bowls and 'toilet-stones,' by means of which the coloured mass was ground into powder." Again, the artistic decoration of ivory spear-points (as shown in Photograph No. 3) reveals a very ancient precedent for the decoration of weapons and armour that prevailed in historical times, especially during the Middle Ages. The wearing of jewellery, too, is proved to be a practice of immemorial antiquity, and the necklaces appear to have taken a form very similar to those of to-day, except that, instead of pearls and diamonds, the cave-woman wore strings of shells and teeth.

STONE-AGE TOOLS AND MISSILES: RELICS OF PREHISTORIC MORAVIA.

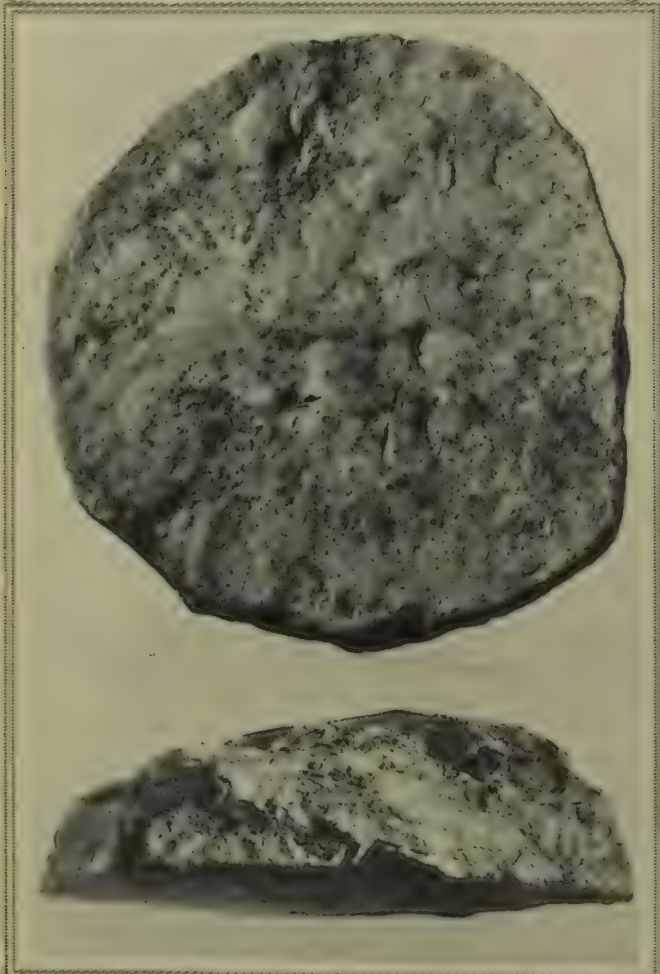
PHOTOGRAPHS BY PROFESSOR D. K. ABSOLON, CURATOR OF THE MORAVIAN GOVERNMENT MUSEUM AT BRNO (BRÜNN). WORLD COPYRIGHT (INCLUDING THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA) STRICTLY RESERVED.



1. STONE IMPLEMENTS USED BY PALÆOLITHIC MAN IN MORAVIA: EXAMPLES OF TYPICAL BORERS (REDUCED IN SIZE).



5. ROUGH STONE IMPLEMENTS WITH WHICH THE PREHISTORIC CRAFTSMEN OF MORAVIA PRODUCED REMARKABLE DESIGNS: GRAVERS, OR BURINS (REDUCED IN SIZE)



7. A MISSILE FOR HUNTING SMALL ANIMALS, OR FOR SPORT: AN ALMOST ROUND DISC (ABOVE) THE FLAT SURFACE; (BELOW) A SIDE-VIEW; (3-5TH ACTUAL SIZE).



2. OF "LAUREL-LEAF" PATTERN: A TYPICAL FLINT IMPLEMENT.



3. NOT OF FLINT, BUT OF QUARTZITE: ANOTHER "LAUREL-LEAF" IMPLEMENT.



4. OF SOLUTREAN AGE: A FLINT "LAUREL-LEAF" IMPLEMENT.



6. EVIDENCE OF THE HIGH ANTIQUITY OF ONE OF THE FAMILIAR TOOLS USED BY THE MODERN CARPENTER: TYPICAL SAWS (SLIGHTLY REDUCED IN SIZE) FOUND ON A PREHISTORIC SITE IN MORAVIA.



8. WITH NOTCHES A TYPICAL SCRAPER (SLIGHTLY REDUCED).



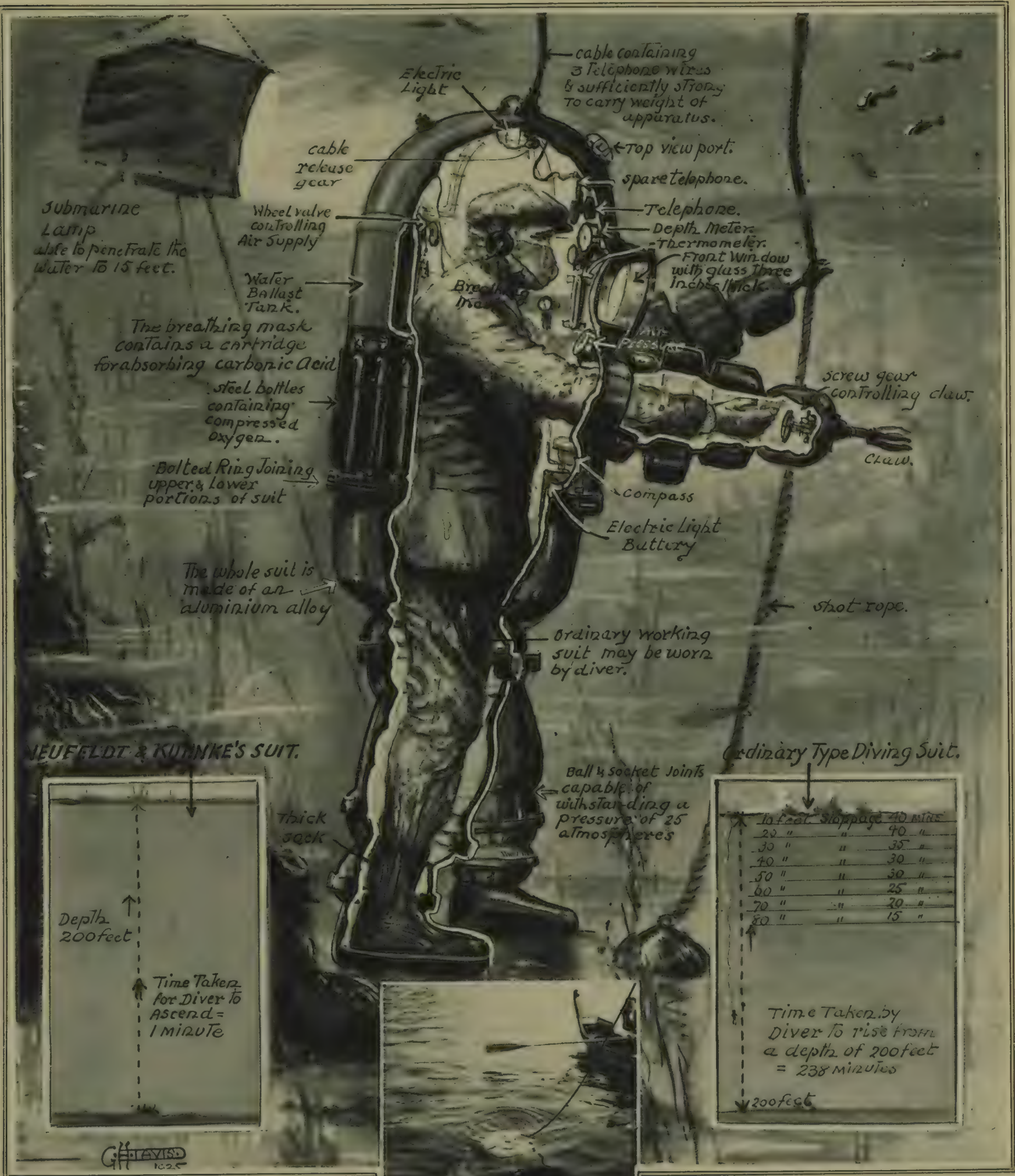
9. POSSIBLY "THE FIRST REAL QUOIT," A RELIC OF PREHISTORIC SPORT: A LITTLE WHEEL-SHAPED DISC (REDUCED TO LESS THAN HALF ITS ACTUAL SIZE) FOUND IN MORAVIA.

On a double-page in this number we illustrate the decorative art of the prehistoric people who dwelt in Moravia more than 20,000 years ago. Here we show typical specimens of the rough tools with which they produced such remarkable effects, together with two disc-like objects which may be relics of prehistoric sport. Describing these various objects, Professor D. K. Absolon wrote (in our last issue): "Stone instruments, such as blades, scrapers, borers, core-like scrapers, graters, or burins, and so on, made of flint, chalcedon, jasper, and pebble, are innumerable. . . . Most of the discoveries belong to the Aurignacian [period].

That is why the instruments take the form of laurel leaves, although they differ with their massiveness from the typical 'laurel leaves' in France. . . . In Vistonice, again, which belongs to the Aurignacian, the striking thing is abundance of saws, the like of which in France belong to the Magdalenian Age. Several times we have found roughly touched-up stone discs (in one case from Predmost it is even a little stone wheel), which the diluvial man threw when hunting for small animals; 'but the possibility is not excluded that he used them for the purpose of sport—as the first real quoit.'

THE GERMAN DIVING-SUIT USED IN THE ATTEMPT TO REACH "M 1."

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, FROM INFORMATION SUPPLIED BY DR. F. W. HACK, OF MESSRS. NEUFELDT AND KUHNKE, KIEL.



ENABLING A DIVER TO DESCEND TO DEPTHS OF SUIT: NEUFELDT AND KUHNKE'S (INSET) A DIVER

IMPOSSIBLE WITH THE ORDINARY TYPE ARMoured DEEP-SEA DIVING GEAR— AT THE SURFACE.

Messrs. Neufeldt and Kuhnke's deep-sea diving gear consists mainly of a rigid suit or case made of an aluminium alloy. The arms and legs are jointed, the joints being made on the ball-and-socket principle, and are able to withstand great pressure up to 25 atmospheres, which is equivalent to a depth below the surface of 750 ft. under test. After the operator—or the diver—has entered the suit, and the whole has been screwed water-tight, he is lowered in his metal case, weighing about half a ton, into the water. The hoisting cable is slipped, and the man, by admitting water to the tanks, rapidly sinks downward to the depths at a speed of about 250 ft. a minute. The only thing connecting him with the surface is the light cable (which contains the three independent telephone lines) which is sufficiently strong to bring him to the surface if required. When the time comes for him to rise, he is hauled upwards by means of the cable,

but in case of emergency he can slip this cable from inside the dress and, by simply turning a valve, compressed air "blows" the water from his tanks, and he shoots surfacwards. In this suit there is a normal pressure of one atmosphere all the time, so it is not necessary to rise by slow stages as with the ordinary type of suit, but he can come up from a depth of 500 ft. in two minutes if required. For breathing purposes the diver does not depend on pipes from the surface. He has a mask which is placed over his mouth and contains a cartridge which absorbs the carbonic acid, so that he is enabled to breathe the same air over and over again. The steel claws are placed round an object and clamped tight by a wheel operated by the diver from inside the arm. It has been proved that the suit can be used by any diver without undergoing physical training before proceeding to great depths.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

WORLD NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY: A CONSPECTUS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



THE FIRST ANGLO-GERMAN "RUGGER" MATCH IN ENGLAND SINCE THE WAR: FRANKFURT V. OXFORD UNIVERSITY GREYHOUNDS, AT OXFORD—A TACKLE BY THE FRANKFURT THREE-QUARTERS



THE FIRST VISIT OF A GERMAN "RUGGER" TEAM TO ENGLAND SINCE THE WAR: A COMBINED GROUP OF THE FRANKFURT CLUB AND OXFORD UNIVERSITY GREYHOUNDS AT OXFORD.



NEAR THE NEWLY OPENED RAILWAY THROUGH THE KHYBER PASS: A PATHAN VILLAGE WITH A NUMBER OF PICTURESQUELY LOOPHOLED WATCH-TOWERS.



"A MARVELLOUS ACHIEVEMENT": THE NEW KHYBER PASS RAILWAY—A VIADUCT, A TRAIN ON A HIGHER LEVEL, AND (IMMEDIATELY ABOVE AGAIN) THE ALMAJID FORT.



HOW MOSCOW CELEBRATED THE EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE "OCTOBER" REVOLUTION IN RUSSIA: A PROCESSION IN RED SQUARE.



THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION CELEBRATIONS: M. TOMSKY, PRESIDENT OF THE RUSSIAN TRADE UNIONS, DELIVERING AN ADDRESS TO THE WORKERS, IN THE RED SQUARE AT MOSCOW.

OF INTERESTING EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

L.N.A., P. AND A., C.N., AND BENNINGHOVEN.



WITH A POSTER (OR BANNER) REPRESENTING "H.M.S. HARDSHIP": BRITISH DEMONSTRATORS IN A PROCESSION AT SYDNEY DURING THE SEAMEN'S STRIKE IN AUSTRALIA.



VICTIMS OF TURKISH DEPORTATIONS: THREE HUNDRED CHRISTIAN REFUGEES AT ZAKHO, IN IRAQ, SAID TO HAVE FORMED PART OF A TOTAL OF 8000 DRIVEN FROM THEIR HOMES.



"GERMANY NEEDS LESS OF CLASS AND PARTY AND MORE OF THE SPIRIT OF UNITY": PRESIDENT HINDENBURG INSPECTING A GUARD OF HONOUR OF THE REICHSWEHR AT STUTTGART DURING HIS OFFICIAL TOUR IN SOUTH GERMANY.



WHERE THE COMMANDER OF THE BRITISH ARMY OF OCCUPATION IN GERMANY WILL TAKE UP HIS NEW QUARTERS AFTER THE EVACUATION OF COLOGNE: THE HOTEL NASSAU AT WIESBADEN.



AT WIESBADEN—TO BE THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE BRITISH FORCES IN RHINELAND AFTER THE EVACUATION OF COLOGNE: A GROUP OF BRITISH BILLETING OFFICERS OUTSIDE THE HOTEL NASSAU.

For the first time since the war, a German Rugby football team has visited this country, that of the Frankfurt Club, which played the Oxford University Greyhounds at Oxford on November 16. The Oxford team won by 4 goals and 4 tries (32 points) to 1 try (3 points). It is only of late years that "Rugger" has been taken up seriously in Germany.—The seamen's strike in Australia was the subject of a significant comment by the Commonwealth Premier, Mr. S. M. Bruce, after the General Election. Mr. Bruce is reported to have remarked: "Mr. O'Neill (a strike official) says the strike is just starting; but the people have said something quite different, and I will shortly say something quite definite about the position."—Writing from Baghdad recently, a "Morning Post" correspondent said: "I have been able to confirm beyond any doubt the truth of the reports about the atrocities committed by the Turks against the Christians in the Goyan district. The plight of the Christian refugees who have escaped to Zakho, in Iraq territory, is hardly less terrible. On

October 26 I visited Zakho. . . . There were about 1500 refugees."—The Khyber Railway was opened on November 2 by Sir Charles Innes, Railway Member of the Governor-General's Council, on behalf of the Viceroy. The Chief Commissioner of Railways, Sir Clement Hindley, spoke of "the marvellous achievement of the engineers, especially Colonel Hearn and Mr. Victor Bayley." The line through the Pass, 26½ miles long, rises by loops and spirals, with lofty bridges and 34 tunnels, and passes through several gorges. It is entirely in tribal territory, and the work was done by tribal contractors and labourers.—At Stuttgart on November 11, in the course of his official tour in South Germany, President Hindenburg said: "Germany needs less of class and party, and more of the spirit of unity."—The Conference of Ambassadors in Paris recently decided that the evacuation of Cologne should begin on December 1. It will probably be completed by January 31. The British troops of occupation will be transferred to Wiesbaden.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARRATTS, CENTRAL NEWS, ELLIOTT AND FRY, KEYSTONE VIEW CO., LAFAYETTE, L.N.A., AND RUSSELL AND SONS, SOUTHSEA.



COMMANDER OF THE ILL-FATED SUBMARINE, "M1": LIEUT.-COM. A. M. CARRIE, R.N.



SECOND-IN-COMMAND OF THE MISSING SUBMARINE: LIEUT. C. A. R. THORP, R.N.



BARRISTER, HISTORIAN, AND PHILANTHROPIST: THE LATE MR. H. S. Q. HENRIQUES, K.C.



NEW KEEPER OF GREEK AND ROMAN ANTIQUITIES: MR. H. B. WALTERS.



AN EX-JUNIOR LORD OF THE TREASURY: THE LATE REV. J. TOWYN JONES.



THE NEW KHALIFA OF SPANISH MOROCCO: KHALIFA MOULEY HASSAN BEN EL-MEHEDY (ON HORSEBACK.)



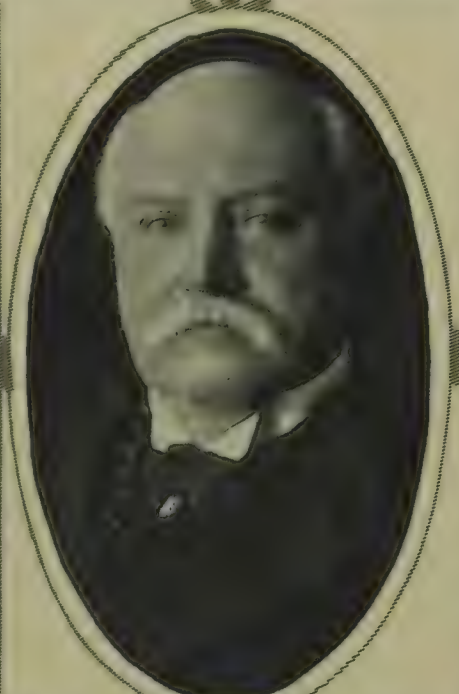
A NEW METROPOLITAN POLICE MAGISTRATE: MR. V. R. M. GATTIE.



A NEW METROPOLITAN POLICE MAGISTRATE: MR. I. E. SNELL.



APPOINTED LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF MALTA: MR. T. A. V. BEST.



A WELL-KNOWN STEEL MAGNATE AND SPORTING PEER: THE LATE LORD LEITH OF FYVIE.



BEFORE THE START OF HIS 8000-MILES SURVEY FLIGHT FROM LONDON TO CAPETOWN MR. ALAN J. COBHAM, THE FAMOUS PILOT (IN THE MACHINE) CHATTING WITH MAJOR-GENERAL SIR SEFTON BRANCKER.

Lieut.-Commander Carrie, who commanded the lost submarine "M1," was a son of Mr. George Carrie, of Wallington. He leaves a widow and a baby son. Lieut. Thorp, the second officer, who was also married, was a son of the Rev. C. F. Thorp. The other two officers of the "M1" were Lieut. T. W. Philpott and Lieut. R. C. Casey.—Mr. H. S. Q. Henriques, K.C., wrote several legal works relating to Jews, and was noted for his social work in the East End as president of the St. George's-in-the-East Jewish Settlement.—Mr. H. B. Walters, O.B.E., F.S.A., has been appointed Keeper of Greek and Roman Antiquities at the British Museum in succession to Mr. A. H. Smith. Dr. Lionel Giles has been appointed a Deputy Keeper in the Department of Oriental Printed Books and Manuscripts.—

The Rev. Josiah Towyn Jones, as a young man, was associated with Mr. Lloyd George in propagating Welsh nationalism. Later he entered Parliament, and was a Junior Lord of the Treasury and Chief Welsh Whip.—The new Khalifa for Spanish Morocco was proclaimed at Tetuan on November 8.—Mr. T. A. V. Best has since 1919 been Colonial Secretary of Trinidad.—Lord Leith of Fyvie, who was made a peer in 1905, began his career in the Navy. Later he lived for some years in America, where he was head of several important steel companies. He was a noted yachtsman and member of the Coaching Club.—Mr. Alan Cobham started from London on November 16 on an 8000-mile flight to Capetown, with a view to establishing a regular air line.



"A NIGHT SCENE IN PEKING."

FROM THE COLOUR-PRINT DESIGNED BY MISS ELIZABETH KEITH AND CUT ON WOOD BY JAPANESE CRAFTSMEN. EXHIBITED AT THE BEAUX ARTS GALLERY, BRUTON PLACE, W. (SEE ARTICLE ON ANOTHER PAGE.)

A REMARKABLE COMBINATION OF WESTERN AND EASTERN ART.

FROM THE COLOUR-PRINTS DESIGNED BY MISS ELIZABETH REITH AND CUT IN WOOD BY JAPANESE CRAFTSMEN. EXHIBITED AT THE BEAUX-ARTS GALLERY, BEDFORD PLACE, W. (SEE ARTICLE ON ANOTHER PAGE.)



"THE
EAST GATE,
SEOUL."



"HONG-
KONG."



"A STREET SCENE IN SOOCHOW, CHINA."

FROM THE COLOUR-PRINT DESIGNED BY MISS ELIZABETH KEITH AND CUT ON WOOD BY JAPANESE CRAFTSMEN. EXHIBITED AT THE BEALN ARTS GALLERY, BRUTON PLACE, W. (SEE ARTICLE ON ANOTHER PAGE.)

THIS MONTH'S GREAT SKY SPECTACLE: PLANETS CONVERGING.

DRAWN BY SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.A.S., F.R.S.A., FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY W. F. DENNING, F.R.A.S., GOLD MEDALLIST (1898), AUTHOR OF "TELESCOPIC WORK FOR STARLIGHT EVENINGS."



NOT THE "STAR IN THE EAST": VENUS AND JUPITER IN CONJUNCTION, AS VISIBLE ON NOVEMBER 26.

Mr. William F. Denning, F.R.A.S., the well-known amateur astronomer who in 1920 discovered the new star in Cygnus, sends us the following note, with a sketch on which the above drawing is based. "During the present month an attractive spectacle will be presented in the south-western sky by the two lustrous planets Venus and Jupiter. On November 7 they were about twenty degrees apart, but will continue to approach each other until November 26, when they will be in conjunction and only separated by a space of 2 degrees 38 minutes of arc. To the naked eye celestial pictures of this kind are as easy to observe as they are gratifying. Venus and Jupiter are the two brightest orbs of our planetary system. . . . Venus will set about 2½ hours after the sun at the middle of

November, and no one can mistake her bright lucid rays as she slowly descends to the S.W. horizon. Jupiter is of less apparent brilliancy, shining with a very steady pale-yellow light which far exceeds that of any of the fixed stars. On the 19th and 20th these planets were near the crescent of the New Moon. . . . A field-glass will reveal four of the bright satellites of Jupiter. A small telescope will show his dusky belts and the gibbous shape of Venus, like a miniature moon when between first quarter and full. The bright star which guided the Wise Men of old to the birthplace of Our Lord is accounted for by some as due to the two planets having approached each other so closely as to appear as one brilliant object. Calculation, however, disproves this theory."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE UNREST IN SYRIA: DAMASCUS SINCE THE FRENCH BOMBARDMENT.

PHOTOGRAPHS NOS. 4 AND 5 SUPPLIED BY P. AND A.



WHERE FURTHER HOSTILITIES ARE REPORTED TO HAVE OCCURRED SINCE THE BOMBARDMENT, IN THE GARDEN AREA SURROUNDING THE CITY: DAMASCUS—A CROWD OF REBEL PRISONERS TAKEN BY THE FRENCH DURING THE DISTURBANCES.



DESCRIBED AS "MOSLEM HOUSES LAID DESOLATE": A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN DAMASCUS AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT.



"A SHELL-HOLE IN ONE OF THE MOSQUES": A SCENE IN DAMASCUS, SHOWING A HOLE IN THE DOME OF THE BUILDING IN THE BACKGROUND.



INDICATING A SPIRIT OF UNREST: A CROWD IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF DAMASCUS REGARDING A FRENCH ARMOURD CAR WITH HOSTILE LOOKS.



CLEARING A STREET OF NATIVE DEMONSTRATORS: FRENCH COLONIAL MOUNTED TROOPS ON PATROL WORK IN DAMASCUS.

France has still a difficult problem to deal with in Syria, where the unrest due mainly to the Druse rebellion has not abated. In a message from Damascus on November 12, the "Times" correspondent said: "All is quiet here. The city has, however, not lost its martial aspect . . . and barbed wire barricades remain. . . . The Damascenes who took refuge in Beirut, are slowly returning. It is officially computed that 25,000 fled during and immediately after the bombardment." Three days later the same writer reported: "In the Ghuta, the garden area of Damascus, so favourable to guerilla tactics . . . Nassib, Bakri, Hassan

Kharrat, and the Druse chief, Mohammed Kiwan, are active. . . . On the 12th, Duma, five miles north of Damascus, was attacked. The French force of 100 men stationed there was isolated, and two bridges on the Baghdad road between Duma and Damascus were cut. A force of Spahis and Algerians, with three armoured cars, was sent to the rescue. . . . It is now perfectly clear that political brigandage is rampant. . . . The French Government must make up its mind either to send a proper army to deal with the situation or make terms with the Druses. There is no middle course."

WITH THE "BETHLEHEM" EPISODE: THE NEW "CHAUVE-SOURIS" PROGRAMME.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE "TIMES."



"EI UKHNEM": THE FAMOUS VOLGA BOAT SONG, WITH THE BOATMEN HAULING THE ROPE AS THEY SING.



A TCHEKHOFF DRAMATIC INCIDENT: "THE SUDDEN DEATH OF A HORSE; OR, THE GREATNESS OF THE RUSSIAN SOUL."



THE BEAUTIFUL RELIGIOUS EPISODE FROM WHICH THE CENSOR'S BAN WAS UNEXPECTEDLY LIFTED: "THE ARRIVAL AT BETHLEHEM"—SHOWING JOSEPH AND MARY (ON LEFT) BESIDE THE CRADLE.

Although the "Chauve-Souris" have a new programme at the Strand Theatre, many of the original items given are still retained, including the famous "Volga Boat Song," which is presented in a striking tableau showing the boatmen hauling a rope as they sing. The scenery is admirable in its effective simplicity, and the number remains one of the most popular "Chauve-Souris" items. Another old favourite is the "dramatic incident," "The Sudden Death of a Horse," a delicious piece of buffoonery. Mme. Platonova, whose bucolic studies are among the most enchanting features of the show, is the eloping wife of the Russian Count. She and her lover beg the driver to urge on his horse, but the wretched animal drops

dead just as the irate husband overtakes the party. He offers one hundred roubles as compensation for the poor nag, but the driver strikes an attitude and refuses, saying he is happy if, owing to the sacrifice of his horse, virtue triumphs. "The Arrival at Bethlehem" was first banned by the Censor, but at the last moment he gave permission for this beautiful episode to be presented, provided it was preceded by an interval, and followed by a serious number. The mediæval scenery and costumes are most attractive, and the simple and beautiful acting of the Russian artists roused great admiration. Mme. Daykarhanova played the part of the Virgin with really exquisite grace and dignity.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

description and amusing incident, of which here is one example—

His blue cape hung about his shoulders kinglily. He was no mere goatherd sung by Theocritus. It was he, it was none other, it was Theocritus himself. Then he broke the silence. Nor was Sicilian the tongue in which he addressed me, nor any mode of Italian whatsoever. "Them goats," he pronounced—never across Brooklyn twanged such impeccable American—"them goats would sure make a ellofa fine turn on the halls, boss, eh? Now if only some guy with pep—"

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe" are the moods induced in a reviewer by his subjects. We leave "Soft Sicily" for the austerer air of our own northern island, and two volumes connected with the Anglican Church, dealing respectively with externals and the inner spirit, "WESTMINSTER ABBEY RE-EXAMINED," by W. R. Lethaby (Duckworth; 21s. net), is an entirely new work by the author of "Westminster Abbey and the King's Craftsmen," now out of print. His numerous drawings of architectural detail, which are also fresh, and not reprints, are clear in their definition, but make no pretence to high artistic quality. The inward side of religion—the Church "not built with hands"—is discussed in "ANGLO-CATHOLICISM" by Sheila Kaye-Smith (Chapman and Hall; 7s. 6d. net). It is not every day that a well-known novelist deserts fiction for theology, but the author

did valuable work during the war, but afterwards her services appear to have been passed over when there was a change of Chief Commissioners and the official Women Police Patrols were established.

Miss Edith Sitwell's essay, "POETRY AND CRITICISM," in pamphlet form (Hogarth Press; 2s. 6d.), is at once an attack on modern critics and a defence of modernist poetry. It consists largely of quotations showing how in the past various poets, such as Keats and Wordsworth, for example, who broke away from tradition, were misunderstood and vilified by critics. It does not follow, however, that every modernist poet who is "slated" by a modern critic is of the calibre of Keats or Wordsworth, or that the slating is unjust. The specimens of modernist verse and prose poetry cited by her suggest that something more than novelty is necessary for literary salvation. Her essay is uniform with two other pamphlets in the same series, "WOMEN: AN ENQUIRY," by Willa Muir (2s. 6d. net), and "IN RETREAT," by Herbert Read (3s. 6d. net), a journal of the retreat of the Fifth Army from St. Quentin in March 1918.

A tranquil contrast to the noise of war is provided by "NEW SILENT FRIENDS," Further Studies in "Everyday" Philosophy. By Richard King (Hodder and Stoughton; 6s. net). This is a fresh collection of the delightfully intimate and gossiping papers for which the author has become very widely known. Originally, I believe, his "silent friends" were books, but they might now be better described as thoughts, for his fertile fancy ranges at large over life in general. He has the happy knack of hitting the mood and interpreting the ideas of the average man and woman. His philosophy is a happy mixture of humour and commonsense.

To hark back to the subject of poetry, introduced by Miss Sitwell's essay, much matter for critical judgment in assessing poets of many periods is provided by a new anthology called "THE SILVER TREASURY OF ENGLISH LYRICS," edited by T. Earle Welby (Chapman and Hall; 10s. 6d. net). Mr. Welby anticipates an obvious comparison with the Golden Treasury by explaining that his book is not "a collection of the second-best," but rather a supplementary collection of the best which Palgrave omitted. An anthologist needs to be at once catholic and free from curious predilections, and I doubt whether Mr. Welby's taste will win the same universal acceptance as Palgrave's. He has, however, done good service in reviving many unfamiliar poems along with certain old favourites. He does not explain the order in which he has placed the pieces; it is evidently not chronological.

I come now to a book which declines to link itself with any other on my list—namely, "THE CANNING WONDER," by Arthur Machen, illustrated (Chatto and Windus; 10s. 6d. net). His title is perhaps liable to misunderstanding. The book, I may say, has nothing to do with the industries of Chicago or with an eminent British statesman. It is the story of a remarkable *cause célèbre* of the eighteenth century. Elizabeth Canning was a London servant-girl who disappeared for a month, brought a charge of abduction against certain women, thus almost causing an old gipsy to be hanged for stealing a pair of stays, and was then herself tried for perjury and sentenced to transportation. She was transported in 1754 to New England, where she married "an opulent Quaker" named Treat, and died without ever revealing how she spent that mysterious month. The illustrations include a portrait of Fielding, but the allusion to him in the text is disappointingly brief.

I must conclude this strange, eventful history by mentioning—more briefly, I fear, than they deserve—a pair of kindred books on the subject of riding—namely, "SYMPATHETIC TRAINING OF HORSE AND MAN," by Major J. S. Paterson, M.C. (Witherby; 12s. 6d.), and "HULLO! Is that How You Ride?" by "Yoi-over" (Witherby; 10s. net). Major Paterson, of the 19th Lancers, was formerly Equitation Instructor at the Equitation School in India. His book is well illustrated with photographs and diagrams, and is dedicated by special permission to the Prince of Wales. The other book is conceived in a rather more light-hearted spirit. "Yoi-over" (for forty years huntsman and whipper-in to many well-known packs) has illustrated his own work with pen-and-ink sketches.—C. E. B.

AUTUMN leaves are still falling thick and fast in the forest of publishers' offices, and the "chorus of indolent reviewers" is kept very busy sweeping them up.

First to fall to my "indolent" broom this week is a big pile from a family tree, namely, "RECORDS AND LETTERS OF THE FAMILY OF THE LONGS OF LONGVILLE, JAMAICA, AND HAMPTON LODGE, SURREY." Edited by Robert Mowbray Howard. With sixty-two full-page illustrations and fifteen full-page Pedigrees (Simpkin, Marshall. Two vols.; 36s. net). On examining some old boxes of manuscripts that had been in his possession for thirty years, the author found in the largest box thirty-four volumes of letters, journals, wills, and pedigrees, and he has since devoted his leisure to arranging them for publication.

Though intended primarily for family consumption, the book has much to interest the general reader. Once safely over a formidable fence of genealogies, he will derive much entertainment from these records, ranging through three centuries, and containing a great variety of incidents and character. Among historical events described are the taking of Louisbourg, Cape Breton, in 1745, the Gordon Riots, "Commodore" Nelson's capture of two Spanish ships in 1797, the French landing in Ireland in 1798, and the fall of Copenhagen in 1807. Among home affairs there is an account of the school rebellion at Harrow in 1808, some allusions to certain ancestors of Viscount Lascelles, and a reminiscence (now of topical interest) in a letter of 1859, where we read: "On Saturday, Marian Alford's great fête at Asbridge—where all the world was—and to which, from the station, Lord Wensleydale and D'Israeli went on the top of a Buss."

For most readers, however, far the most interesting thing in these volumes will be the letters from Byron to Edward Noel Long (1788 to 1809), who was his great friend and contemporary at Harrow. It is not stated whether these Byron letters, and some reminiscences of him, written by Edward Long's younger brother Henry, are now published for the first time. If so, they form a noteworthy addition to Byroniana. In one letter, about his book "Hours of Idleness," Byron names the originals of several characters in the poem "Childish Recollections," where Edward himself figured as Cleon. Next, in 1808, he expresses his fury at the *Edinburgh Review* and tells Edward: "I have sent to Mr. Tuiddie demanding whether he is the Author of the article in question or not, and if he refuses a satisfactory answer, my second, Davies, has a challenge to deliver. We shall probably meet near Harrow, as if I fall I should like 'to die where I was roused'; and if Mr. Tuiddie takes his departure, I shall breakfast with Harry Drury instead of Pluto."

Henry Long, then a schoolboy at Harrow, describes in his recollections how Byron often visited his old school and always gave him a tip of five pounds or so, rather to the disapproval of Henry's papa. Later glimpses of Byron occur at Florence, Venice, and Athens, where he practised a system of starvation, chewing tobacco and eating almost nothing, and falling into trances that produced "delightful visions."

Our next book takes us from Jamaica across the Caribbean to the Northern shores of South America. "SUNLIGHT IN NEW GRANADA," by William McFee (Heinemann; 10s. 6d. net), is the story of the realisation, thirty years after, of a boy's dream-plan to visit Bogota. "I have striven," says the author, who dates his preface from Westport, Conn., "to breathe life not only into the figures that pass over the pages, but into the landscape. . . . and it has been my plan to set out something of a case for the Latin-American, to get past all the narrow and rancorous criticisms of the standardised Nordic mind, to try to see a little way into the vivid, passionate, generous soul of the Latin, and report what happens there." New Granada, it may be added, is now known as Colombia, which Mr. McFee has discarded as a "meaningless political name." I was under the impression that it had something to do with Christopher of that ilk. The book is not illustrated, and the author is scornful of "those who depend on photographs for their memories."

Sunlight also pervades the genial atmosphere of "SICILIAN NOON," by Louis Golding (Chatto and Windus; 7s. 6d. net). This is a charming book of essays and travel sketches in Sicily, alternating between felicitous



THE LAST BRITISH CELEBRATION OF ARMISTICE DAY IN COLOGNE, BEFORE ITS EVACUATION: THE PARADE OF TROOPS IN THE DOM SQUARE OUTSIDE THE CATHEDRAL (SEEN IN RIGHT BACKGROUND).

The Armistice Day parade of the British Army of Occupation in Cologne was doubtless the last that will take place there, as it was recently stated that the evacuation of Cologne would probably begin on December 1, the date fixed for the signature of the Treaty of London arranged at Locarno. In the Dom Square, on November 11, 3000 British troops and several hundreds of British civilians observed the Two Minutes' Silence. There was a roll of muffled drums, and colours were lowered while massed buglers sounded "The Last Post." A short service was conducted by the Chaplain-General of the Forces. In the afternoon a Cross of Sacrifice was unveiled in the British Military cemetery.—[Photograph by Topical.]

has shown a strong religious tendency in several of her stories, such as the "Tramping Methodist," and that tendency has no doubt been strengthened by her recent marriage to a clergyman. This exposition of High Church principles will probably win more readers than a professional treatise.

With Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith's book may be grouped those of three other notable women. I could sometimes wish other autobiographers were as brief as Miss Jane Harrison, the well-known authority on classical archaeology, and could compress their memories into such a handy and pocketable little book as "REMINISCENCES OF A STUDENT'S LIFE," with six illustrations (Hogarth Press; 5s. net). On the other hand, I feel that she might well have expanded her life story, for it is very interesting and wittily written. She has known many famous people, and has also travelled in Greece, Russia, and Denmark. But Miss Harrison is evidently not of the stuff of which voluminous compilers are made, for she tells us that Burne-Jones "wrote me many letters with whimsically illustrative drawings. I am sorry now that I tore them up."

"THE PIONEER POLICEMAN," by Commandant Mary S. Allen, O.B.E., edited and arranged by Julie Helen Heyneman, Illustrated (Chatto and Windus; 10s. 6d. net), is a history of the Women Police Volunteers organised in 1914 by the late Miss Damer Dawson. The volunteer policewoman, known in the slums as the "Lidy copper,"

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"A GENTLEMAN IN MURREY VELVET COAT."

SAID TO BE THE FIRST PORTRAIT BY A PRE-REYNOLDS BRITISH PAINTER PURCHASED BY THE NATIONAL GALLERY :

"A GENTLEMAN IN MURREY VELVET COAT," BY JOSEPH HIGHMORE (SIGNED AND DATED 1747) JUST ACQUIRED.

The National Gallery's new acquisition is of special interest, because (as stated by the "Morning Post") "this is the first time that the Trustees at Trafalgar Square have purchased a portrait by a pre-Reynolds painter." (*i.e.*, British.) Joseph Highmore (1692-1780) was the son of a London coal-merchant, who apprenticed him to an attorney, but he renounced law for art, and studied under Sir Godfrey Kneller at the Painters' Academy in Great Queen Street. He became well known as a portrait painter, and executed several portraits of

royalties, including one of the Duke of Cumberland for George I. He gave his "Hagar and Ishmael" to the Foundling Hospital. Highmore was a friend of the novelist Samuel Richardson (probably his schoolfellow at Merchant Taylors). His portrait of Richardson is in the National Portrait Gallery, and a few years ago his twelve paintings to illustrate "Pamela" were acquired for public collections—four each for the National Gallery, the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge, and the National Gallery of Victoria at Melbourne.

HEADED BY PRINCESS ARTHUR: "HAPPY-NEW-YEAR" BALL PATRONESSES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HAY WRIGHTSON, YEVONDE, HUGH CECIL, BASSANO, VANDYK, HOPPÉ, BERTRAM PARK, SWAINE, AND LAFAYETTE.



THE LADY MURIEL PAGET.



THE COUNTESS OF
BESSBOROUGH.



THE VISCOUNTESS
ERLEIGH.



THE COUNTESS OF
ANCASTER.



THE LADY ZIA WERNHER.



MME. MERRY DEL VAL, WIFE OF
H.E. THE SPANISH AMBASSADOR.



H.R.H. PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT



THE MARCHIONESS OF
TITCHFIELD.



THE LADY DOROTHY
D'OYLY-CARTE



THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE
AND MONTGOMERY.



THE VISCOUNTESS WIMBORNE.



LADY DESBOROUGH



THE VISCOUNTESS MAIDSTONE.

"The Happy-New-Year Ball," which is fixed to take place on the last night of 1925, at the Albert Hall, bids fair to be one of the most brilliant gatherings of the winter season. It is in aid of two splendid charities—the Middlesex Hospital, which everyone is anxious to help; and the British Empire Service League, of which H.R.H. the Prince of Wales is patron—and it has the support of a very large number of distinguished men and women. H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught is the President of the Ball, and H.R.H. Princess Arthur of Connaught is the Chairman of the Ball Committee. This committee is an exceptionally important

one, and contains the names of well-known people from the social, political, theatrical, and artistic world. The organisers of the dance guarantee that the entertainment will live up to its name, and it is certainly likely to create a record of enjoyment even for Albert Hall balls. The tickets, which are priced at two guineas for the first two thousand, are already going very well, and intending purchasers should apply at once in order to be certain of obtaining them: better be early than too late! They may be had from the offices of "The Illustrated London News," 172, Strand, London, W.C.2.

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Fashions & Fancies



This beautiful evening ensemble was sketched at Aspreys, New Bond Street, W. The frock is of cherry georgette with a fluted drapery in front, bordered with the same cherry and silver brocade which fashions the cloak trimmed with fur.

Novelties for Christmas.

The days are flying past with alarming rapidity, and already the shops are filled with gay frivolities for Christmas. It is, above all, the children's season, and this year every store is a happy hunting-ground for little people of all ages. In the great bazaars they will find submarines to take them trips to Santa Claus, Punch and Judy shows and concert parties awaiting their good pleasure, and voyages to Toyland—there is no end to the glorious times ahead! And the toys themselves are more wonderful than ever. To the ever-fascinating "Zoo"—of soft plush and furry animals have arrived the kangaroo with a tiny one in its pouch, and the opossum carrying its offspring on its back; while rabbits and monkeys are mounted on invisible wheels, so that with a slight push they will run about twenty feet by themselves.

And then, most amusing of all, are the new "musical chairs"—comfortable wickerwork affairs large enough to hold a child, which, when sat on, play two tunes with great

vigour and melody! Supposing the modern small girl is not too sophisticated to play with dolls, there are the captivating members of the "Mabel Lucie Attwell" family, which are unbreakable and full of mischief.

Fancy Dress—and a Date to be Noted.

The coming season promises so many gaieties that the shops are making their plans well ahead. And, although there are still several weeks before the great "Happy New Year" costume ball takes place at the Albert Hall on New Year's Eve, it is in everyone's thoughts, and, as a result, fancy dresses are much in evidence. For an event such as this, the costume must be perfect in every detail, and many beautiful fantasies have been designed for it. The ball is in aid of the British Empire Service League and the Middlesex Hospital, and tickets can be obtained from the secretaries of those great charities. As they are going with surprising rapidity, no time should be lost before making application.

A New Salon for Distinctive Frocks.

It is, of course, a foregone conclusion that frocks and wraps from the new department at Aspreys, New Bond Street, W., will be as perfect as the "Articles de Luxe" for which this firm is so renowned. And so they are, but the idea that prices are correspondingly high must be dispelled. For instance, there are fascinating stockinette jumper suits from 5½ guineas, one faced with crêpe-de-Chine and decorated with an embroidered motif, and another with the skirt stencilled in three shades in a fashionable "kinetic" design. Then perfectly tailored wrap-coats of new speckled tweeds and homespuns woven with effective borders can be obtained for 10½ guineas, and hats of velours are from 35s. 6d. There are, too, many lovely evening frocks, including the attractive model of cherry-coloured georgette and brocade pictured on the left, completed with a wrap to match.

Fascinating Accessories.

Every woman sighs for luxurious accessories from Aspreys such as those pictured above. The perfume is Aspreys' Nuit d'Orient, and of the vanity-cases one is in inlaid enamel and silver-gilt, and the other in royal-blue and black enamel and silver-gilt. The opera-glasses in a velvet bag are of enamel and mother-o'-pearl. By the way, wonderful little opera-glasses in mother-o'-pearl and aluminium, with double extension handles, can be secured for £2, an exceptional opportunity. It is quite impossible in a short space to do justice to the beautiful things to be bought at Aspreys, and I advise everyone who is seeking attractive Christmas gifts to write for a copy of their fully illustrated catalogue, which will be sent gratis and post free.

Decorative Cushions, Lamp, and Lights.

The woman who loves artistic surroundings must certainly visit the department at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W., where were sketched the decorative group below. On the left is one of those fascinating dolls which lounge gracefully on pouffes and sofas, while in the centre is a striking cushion of red velvet panelled with Chinese embroidery and leopard-skin. The tall mirror of black wood decorated with



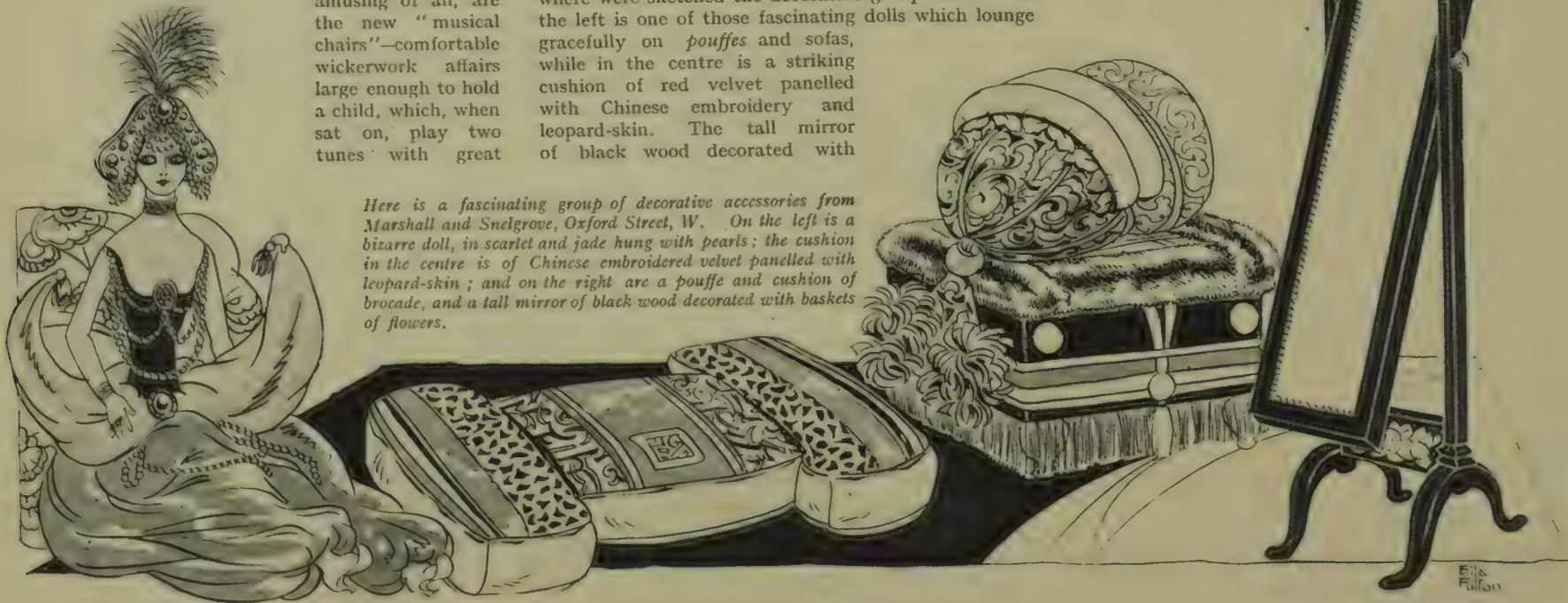
A group of fascinating luxuries from Aspreys. The perfume is Nuit d'Orient; the opera glasses are in mother-o'-pearl and enamel; while the vanity bags are in silver-gilt and enamel in many beautiful colours.

baskets of fruits is made specially for the bedroom of a small flat. Next to it is a pouffe of brocade bordered with shaded fur, and a cushion of gorgeous brocades. There are plenty of smaller and equally artistic accessories. Quaint owls and monkeys with electric lights inside are obtainable for 15s. 6d., and perfect reproductions of large Grecian urns are 18s. 6d. Wooden lamps with painted vellum shades, available for 25s. complete, and a bevelled mirror of gilt decorated with raised flowers, costing 21s., make splendid Christmas presents; while the woman who takes a pride in striking table decoration will find irresistible the curious deep-sea monsters and coral strands in red Venetian glass available for 15s. 6d., destined to lie in artistic bowls.

Furs for 1925.

It is only the most inexperienced purchaser of furs who chooses them without the aid of a reliable expert. Consequently, the illustrated brochure, "Furs for 1925," issued by Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, W., will prove an immense help to everyone, for throughout its pages are examples of the reliable furs and perfect workmanship always to be found at this house. It will be sent gratis and post free on request. Mink, Persian lamb, and broadtail are the three fashionable furs this season, and there are many beautiful models in these pelts. Less costly are the coats of moleskin trimmed with fox, and of black musquash, while a long coat of silky brown musquash can be secured for 39 guineas. For neckwear, Russian and Canadian sable, stone and pine marten, are much in vogue, worn with one or two skins, while cross and silver foxes are also favourites. For trimmings, sable-dyed squirrel, grey kid, and skunk are still much in evidence. It must be noted that renovations are also carried out by this firm, and before discarding old furs the advice of their expert should be sought.

Here is a fascinating group of decorative accessories from Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, W. On the left is a bizarre doll, in scarlet and jade hung with pearls; the cushion in the centre is of Chinese embroidered velvet panelled with leopard-skin; and on the right are a pouffe and cushion of brocade, and a tall mirror of black wood decorated with baskets of flowers.



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THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

THE Exhibition of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers is one of great interest. In spite of Lord Birkenhead's assurance that there were no antics in art on the walls or exhibited in the galleries, a fair amount of amusement was extracted by private reviewers. One puzzled-looking gentleman affected to believe that he had inadvertently strayed into the Humour Exhibition. A lady said that the Chinese Merchant apparently weighing about thirty stone and sitting on nothing was so placed because the artist had no seat which would bear his weight; again, someone was heard to murmur that she was not attracted either to the females or the fishes. These were the frivolous remarks; there are some fine pictures hung, and many were enjoying them. There was almost a clash between two ladies on a settee. One said to another, evidently by way of being pleasant to a stranger, "I do wonder what people see in Epstein's things." "I am a great admirer of Epstein"—very frigidly. "What beauty do you find in his work?" "It would be quite useless to try to make you understand the beauty of his work!"—quite Arctic in tone. The duologue was not resumed. The much-discussed sculptor was himself present in the afternoon with his wife and two very handsome Indian ladies. His overcoat was of a check in brown and tan so large and insistent as to be almost as arresting as some of his work. Lord Birkenhead showed his versatility by making an excellent speech on a subject of which he declared he knew little—possibly that was the modest reason why he kept his eyes persistently on the ground while he made it. Lady Birkenhead was looking very well in dark emerald-green and wearing a hat to match, also a long, skunk-trimmed Persian lamb coat. Lady Eleanor Smith was there, and her pretty little sister, Lady Pamela, who seemed to find her father's interesting speech on the long side. Three Duchesses were doing the pictures very conscientiously—Katharine Duchess of Westminster, the Duchess of Wellington, and the Duchess of Atholl. Naturally, many of those at the private view were foreigners, and the general conversation gave one some idea of the talk at the Tower of Babel. The galleries occupied by the exhibition were crowded.

As the New Year approaches, more and more people are settling to dance it in at the Happy New

Year Ball at the Albert Hall for the British Empire League and for the reconstruction fund of the Middlesex Hospital. It is a night when friends like to dine



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE ALBERT HALL BALL IN AID OF THE ROYAL NORTHERN HOSPITAL: H.R.H. WITH THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND (RIGHT) AND VISCOUNTESS EDNAM IN THE ROYAL BOX.

The Prince of Wales attended the carnival ball held on November 12, at the Albert Hall, to raise funds for the Royal Northern Hospital. The ball was a great success. Among the members of the Committee who received the Prince on his arrival were the Duchess of Sutherland and Viscountess Ednam. The Albert Hall, we may note, will be the scene of another notable function of a similar character—the "Happy New Year" Ball, to be held on December 31, in aid of the Middlesex Hospital and the British Empire Service League.—[Photograph by C.N.]

together, and after dinner to welcome the infant year in some auspicious way. People are in festive mood, and the great fancy-dress ball at the Albert Hall will be an appropriate festival at which to start the New Year merrily. I hear of several surprises, and fancy costumes "the best ever" are being thought out. A necessary precaution is to secure tickets from the B.E.L., 130, Baker Street; the Middlesex Hospital, Mortimer Street; or Mr. Sherwood Foster, 15, Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.1, as there is already a demand, and there will be a rush for them.

The Duchess of Portland has done a far more beneficial work for the country in putting the Ivory Cross on the basis of a very large organisation than is generally known. It has been going on its way for many years, and is now widespread over the country, and is well administered. The Duchess spoke at a meeting held at Lady Cory's house in Belgrave Square to hear a report of progress by the committee as to the sale of tickets for performances by the Stock Exchange Dramatic and Operatic Society for one week, beginning on the 30th, of "The Belle of New York," at the Scala Theatre. All tickets sold through the Ivory Cross will go to that society without any deduction. The work is done for the most part by dental surgeons generously giving part of their time to seeing and treating ex-Service men and others, and setting them up with what is necessary for their health in the way of teeth. The Duchess spoke her own personal experiences of the havoc wrought by neglected teeth. The Marchioness of Headfort made a business-like chairman; Sir John Martin Harvey testified to the good done by the Ivory Cross to poor members of the dramatic profession; and the Duchess of Portland expressed gratitude to the Press, as nothing can be done without publicity.

The ball for the Northern Hospital, postponed until the 12th because so many people felt that the 11th should be observed as sacred, proved very successful. It was assisted by the presence of the Prince of Wales, who sat with friends in a florally decorated box in which poppies were conspicuous, and which was done by an ex-Service officer who has turned florist and greengrocer. A feature which pleased everyone was the dance by Anton Dolin, who, despite his name, is a good Britisher. The music, composed by a friend of his, was played by fifty musicians, twelve playing trumpets; and Sir John Lavery designed the dress

[Continued overleaf.]

MONTE CARLO

as a
CENTRE OF ARTS

Calm, tideless sea, and sapphire-blue sky; a radiant sun splashing the most wonderful gardens planted with monster palm trees and cacti-plants, white villas clustering all round, and, as a background, the mighty Alps, capped with snow; such are the attractions which Dame Nature has conferred on the Principality of Monaco.

The authorities in charge of the world-famous Casino have added to all this the most attractive programme imaginable. The Theatre Season opened on Nov. 14th with comedies to be given until January 24. We are to have Russian Ballets, and, of course, Grand Operas. A great deal of interest is centred on the Comedy Season, which Mr. René Blum, the ultra-Parisian Director, has managed to stage. There are to be no less than six "creations," and for the particular satisfaction of English visitors, "The Ideal Husband," the witty production of Oscar Wilde, and our own Bernard Shaw's masterpiece, "Joan." Two new super-films will complete the Comedy Season, full programme of which is as follows:—

MONTE CARLO THEATRE.

Direction : RENÉ BLUM.

WINTER SEASON 1925-1926. From November 14th, 1925, to January 24th, 1926.

LES BLEUS DE L'AMOUR ("Creation")

Musical Comedy in Three Acts, by Romain Coolus.

Couplets by Mme. Blanche Alix and M. Henry-Jacques.

Music by M. Victor Alix.

LA BAYADÈRE.

Operetta in three acts, by M. Pierre Veber.

Lyrics by Messrs. Bertal and Maubon.

Music by M. Emmerich Kalman.

For Mlle. Spinelli's Performances.

LE DOMPTEUR ("Creation.")

A three-act Comedy by Messrs. Alfred Savoir and Jacques Thérý.

LA VIVEUSE ET LE MORIBOND ("Creation.")

A Play by M. François de Curel, Member of French Academy.

Staged by M. André Antoine.

"MONTE CARLO," produced by Mercanton, from one of Phillips Oppenheim's novels, featuring Betty Balfour, and actually taken in the Principality. This is the first time in the history of Monte Carlo that permission has ever been given to film the world-famous Casino.

For the performances of Louis Jouvet's Company, from Théâtre des Champs Elysées.

BERTRAND DE BORN ("Creation.")

A four-act play in verse by M. Charbonnel.

Inedited partition by M. Francis Casadesus.

For the performances of Mme. Suzanne Desprès and of M. Romuald Joubé.

PEER GYNT.

Dramatic Poem in five acts by Henryk Ibsen.

Partition by Grieg.

Performed by the Théâtre de la Porte Saint Martin's Company, and its Scenery.

For the performances of M. André Brule and of Mme. Madeleine Lely.

ON NE BADINE PAS AVEC L'AMOUR.

A three-act Comedy by Alfred de Musset.

Partition by Camille Saint-Saëns.

UN MARI IDÉAL ("Creation.")

A four-act Comedy by Oscar Wilde.

Translation by Messrs. Savine and Guillot de Saix.

For the performances of Mme. Ludmilla Pitoëff and M. Georges Pitoëff.

LES TROIS SŒURS ("Creation.")

A three-act piece by Tchekov.

Scenery, costumes and staged by M. Georges Pitoëff.

SAINTE JEANNE.

A chronicle Play in seven scenes by Bernard Shaw.

DESTINÉE ("Creation.")

Film by M. Henry Roussel.

Inedited Musical adaptation by M. André Gailhard.

Orchestra under the bâton of the Author.

MONTE CARLO ("Creation.")

Inedited Film taken from the novel of Phillips Oppenheim.

Filmed by Louis Mercanton.

The Direction of the Theatre of Monte Carlo has reserved the absolute exclusivity of these performances for the Riviera.



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FULL SIZE



OLD VIRGINIA TOBACCO

P.1222

EASTERN ART REVIVED BY A BRITISH ARTIST : KEITH "JAPANESE" COLOUR-PRINTS.

(See Illustrations on Supplement Pages.)

OUR readers will notice that in this number we reproduce several colour-prints of an Oriental character with a wonderful richness of design and colouring. As they represent something unique in art and not hitherto seen in this country, an explanation of their genesis may be of interest.

Everyone knows the fame of the Japanese woodcuts of the eighteenth century. The masters of that time carried colour-printing to such a high level of perfection that to this day they stand unrivalled. Their art was the culminating point of a long tradition which, gradually becoming more and more perfect both in design and in workmanship, seemed at last as if it could find no further direction in which to develop, so that towards the beginning of the nineteenth century it languished, and has declined and almost died since then.

The mantle of these masters has fallen on the shoulders of a young English artist, Miss Elizabeth Keith, who seems, partly through intuition and partly through skill, to have rediscovered their forgotten secrets, and, worthily gathering together the scattered fragments of their glorious tradition, revived the lost art in our own time. It was a curious combination of artistic insight and of technical skill that was required. Miss Keith, a European coming fresh to the East, recognised in it the land of romance Hiroshige and Utamaro had shown; but, being Western, she felt she could not adequately depict it with all its Eastern glamour without borrowing the essentially Eastern means of expression that colour-prints made from wood blocks could lend her.

The art of carving the numerous blocks, each one of which contributes a separate colour to the print, is still traditional in Japan. The craftsmen are highly skilled workers. They are marvellous carvers and printers, but they are not designers, and it is to the lack of this element of design that one must attribute the moribund condition into which colour-printing has fallen. Miss Keith is a born designer; she supplies the missing element, and, thanks to the charm of her artistic vision and to the perfect craftsmanship of the Japanese working under her constant supervision, she has, during the last four years, produced a remarkable series of about fifty prints that are certainly the most outstanding examples of the modern revival of colour-printing in any land.

Elizabeth Keith is of Scottish birth, but she had

an early art training in London before proceeding to the Far East ten years ago. She is fascinated by Oriental life and landscape, and her sketches, mostly in water-



THE BRITISH ARTIST WHOSE REVIVAL OF THE JAPANESE COLOUR-PRINT IS ILLUSTRATED IN THIS NUMBER: MISS ELIZABETH KEITH.

We reproduce in colour in this number several examples of Miss Elizabeth Keith's beautiful "Colour-Prints of the Far East," now on exhibition, for the first time in England, at the Beaux Arts Gallery in Bruton Place. An article on her work also appears on this page. Miss Keith, who during the last ten years has become one of the best-known Englishwomen in Japan and China, started with water-colour sketches of Japanese, Ainus, Chinese, Koreans, and Pacific islanders. Four years ago she began designing colour-prints, which she has brought to such perfection as to constitute a revival of a great Japanese art that had fallen into decline. Her designs are admirably adapted both to harmonise with the Oriental spirit and to bring out the special effects that can be produced by colour-printing. Japanese craftsmen are employed to cut and print from the blocks. Miss Keith is of Scottish birth, but she received her art training in London.

By Courtesy of the Beaux Arts Gallery.

colours, faithfully depict their strange beauty and the quaint customs of its inhabitants. Ainus, Japanese, Chinese, Koreans, and the tribes of the Philippines have been portrayed in their own haunts. Their remoteness from modern life has lent a peculiar charm to them and their surroundings.

During the war Miss Keith was in Japan, and conceived the original idea of making, for the benefit of the Red Cross, cartoons of many of the most prominent people in Tokio. Her book, "Grin and Bear It," was a huge success, and its kindly humour and clever draughtsmanship gained for her many friends and admirers—indeed, few Englishwomen are as well known in the Far East as Miss Keith. Her colour-prints are much admired and highly prized by all the Orientals—in fact, these prints have won immediate recognition wherever they have been shown. They are now being exhibited, for the first time in Europe, at the Beaux Arts Gallery in Bruton Place.

The prints that are reproduced in this number are on exhibition at present, and can be bought at the Gallery. F. L.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.—(Continued from p. 1022).

for the dance, which was due to Mrs. Auberon Kennard, a member of the committee.

The two daughters of the Hon. Cecil and Mrs. Baring are engaged—Miss Daphne to Mr. Arthur Pollen, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hungerford Pollen, and grandson of Sir Joseph Lawrence, Bt.; and Miss Calypso to Mr. Guy Liddell, son of Captain Augustus Liddell, and grandson of Colonel the Hon. George Liddell, late of the Scots Guards.

Princess Louise Duchess of Argyll keeps her figure and her looks. A man who had not seen her Royal Highness for some years until he did so at Mrs. Travers Lewis's afternoon party for her Homes for British and American Girls in Paris—as she is "Ada Leigh," the founder of these homes—said of the Princess, "How pretty she is!" He was right; she is, and she has the sweetest of manners—that which proceeds from a noble nature. Not many days before, she had been to tea with Mrs. Travers Lewis and had taken her £100, for she has long known and understood the value of these homes to girls in Paris with no one to look after them. After over fifty years they are in dire need of repair, for which £2000 is required, and Mrs. Travers Lewis hopes for that sum as a birthday gift. She is now eighty-six, and has worked all her long life in this cause. A. E. L.

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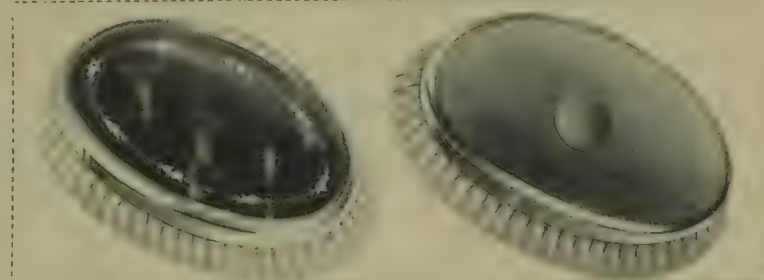
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Motor Taxation
and the Road
Fund.

The statement that the Chancellor of the Exchequer intends to filch ten millions from the Road Fund in order to bolster up other schemes for which there is a difficulty in finding money by legitimate means, has caused something like consternation among the motoring organisations. At a recent conference of the bodies concerned, a resolution was passed to the effect that: "This conference of organisations, representative of owners, users, and manufacturers of all classes of motor-vehicles, views with the greatest concern the suggestion of the Chancellor of the Exchequer that a portion of the revenue from motor taxation should be diverted from the purposes to which it is at present devoted and to which it was pledged by the Finance Act (1909-10) and later enactments of successive Governments. In the opinion of this conference, any such diversion of the moneys of the Road Fund would hamper seriously the progress of highway reconstruction, development, and maintenance."

I quite agree with the terms of the resolution—any such diversion would indeed hamper and retard highway reconstruction. But it seems to me there are other considerations which the resolution does not take sufficiently into account. In the first

place, the point is altogether ignored that, when the present tax was imposed, it was not contemplated that a greater net sum than eight millions a year was to accrue. There was a distinct, if only implied, understanding that when the amount received exceeded eight millions there would be some relief to the car owner. I think that this is a point that ought to be stressed to the utmost, and it should be made as clear as possible to the Chancellor that, in face of this promise, the motoring community does not intend tamely to submit to being specially taxed for any purpose but that of the highways, and that, if it is paying more than can legitimately be used for that end, it must be relieved and the money required for other purposes be found from general sources. It must be borne in mind that the motor-car is not taxed as a luxury—at least, not officially. It is taxed because it is alleged to do damage to the roads, and to provide funds for making good that damage. It is not taxed to provide money for schemes of social reform.

A Question
of Tactics.

There is another aspect of this matter which may as well be looked at while we are about it. There is always the possibility—it has already been openly hinted at—that the Chancellor, if he finds the "Hands off the Road Fund" cry too much for him,

will impose still further taxation on the motor-vehicle in order to obtain the ten millions he is said to want. In that event, what are the motoring organisations going to do about it? They appear, by the terms of the resolution I have quoted, to accept tacitly the proposition that the tax should remain at its present figure. In other words, they seem to agree that next year a sum of twenty millions—which is what the tax is expected to realise—will be needed for road reconstruction and maintenance. That is to say, they accept it that this is the amount which is legitimately due from the motor owner. Now, if I have stated this correctly, what is going to be the answer to the super-tax on cars which, as I have said, has been mooted? It appears to me that at present there is no answer, except that the motoring community will not like it, and we know in advance how much weight that will have when the Finance Bill is under discussion. The point that emerges is that we have now got to decide which we would rather have, should the contingency arise—the raid on the Road Fund or the super-tax. As a question of tactics, I should say we are likely to do better to allow the raid—always under protest, of course. Not that I would counsel immediate surrender to the threat, but I do think the alternatives should be very carefully considered and a policy formulated.



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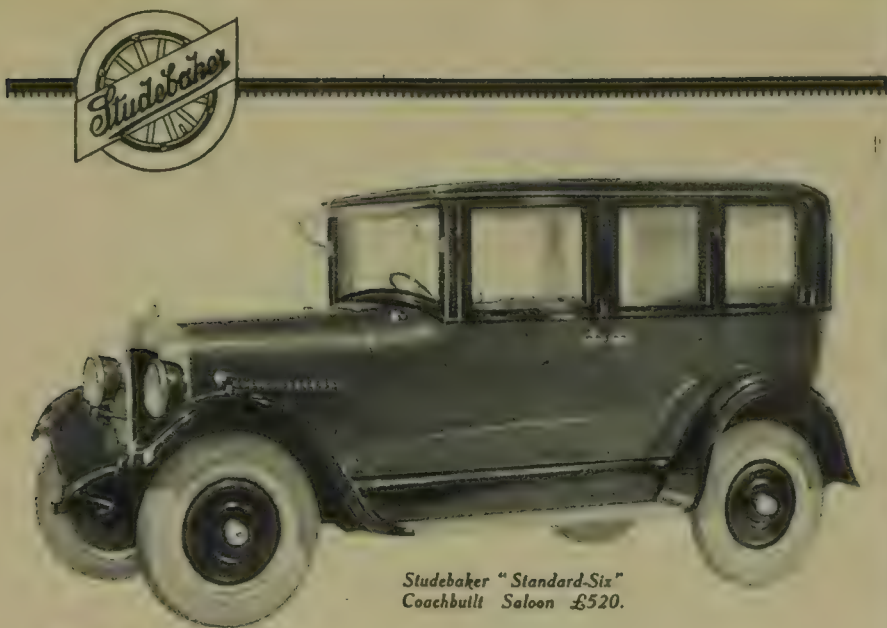


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Shortly before the Show I referred at some length to the new Daimler models, particularly with reference to the vast improvements which have been made in the Daimler-Knight sleeve-valve engines. At that time I had only been able to make very short road trials of the four new cars, but since then I have made a long and fairly exhaustive test of one in the shape of the new "Twenty." Of course, one takes for granted the excellence of construction of the Daimler, while its graceful lines and general appearance of aristocratic derivation are familiar to every motorist. Hitherto, one has been apt to regard the Daimler as being essentially a town carriage, lacking somewhat in the "life" and speed which one associates with the fast touring car. If there ever was anything in this idea, it is quickly dissipated by a trial of one of the new Daimlers. I chose the "Twenty" as the first to be put through its paces because I regard it as a car which comes in between the smaller 15-h.p. type and the 25 and 35-h.p. models, from which one can reasonably expect a high figure of performance. My idea was that, if there was to be found anything lacking, it would be in the intermediate type, which could claim no allowances on the score that it is "only a little one." Well, there was nothing lacking. Taking silence and dead smoothness of running as read, because they are inseparable from the sleeve-valve motor and the Daimler, I was surprised at the liveliness and "pep" of the new motor. Its acceleration was wonderful—equal to that of many of the best poppet-valve engines I have handled, and much better than most. The power transmitted was extraordinary, and, coupled with the well-known capacity of the sleeve-valve engine for hanging on to its work at low engine speeds, gave the car a wonderful hill-climbing capacity. The four-wheel brakes were as near perfection as these things can be, and, combined with the markedly good acceleration of the engine, enabled a very high average speed to be maintained without the least danger. Another very good feature was the ease of control. The gears were about the easiest to change I had had anything to do with for a long time, while the gear-box was remarkably silent. The maximum speed of the car, with a heavy saloon-limousine body, I found to be about 65 m.p.h. I think it would have been rather better than this had I had a real opportunity of testing the car all out, but the roads over which I carried out my trial did not allow of any higher speed. Altogether, I was immensely pleased with the car, which I think is one of the best I have handled.

W. W.



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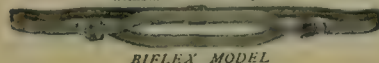


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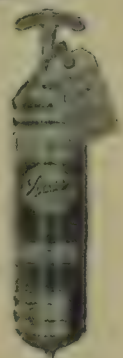
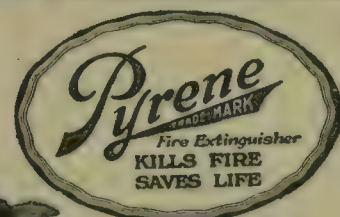
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A DISCOVERY AS WONDERFUL AS THAT OF TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB.

(Continued from Page 1004).

country that we turn for comparison. But it must be remembered that the days are past when prehistorians could consider the sequence was the same all over the world, or even all over Europe. There was probably nearly as much differentiation in mankind in Upper Palæolithic times as there is to-day, and it would not be easy, for example, to classify the industries and cultures of China to-day in terms of British civilisation. This is perhaps an exaggeration, but it is important to remember that, though, owing to its favourable climate, etc., Western France developed to an unheard-of extent an Upper Palæolithic series of cultures which astound us to-day, elsewhere folk continued to develop on their own account, even if influenced more or less by the superior culture of the West. Thus prehistoric man at Predmost in Moravia may well have been cousin to Upper Aurignacian and even Magdalenian man of France, but to a great extent he seems to have followed his own line of development. This is seen clearly when we come to study the marvellous and extraordinary series of bone tools that have been discovered. Readers of *The Illustrated London News* have already seen pictured some of these beautiful finds, and prehistorians will at once note among them many strange forms never seen in the Aurignacian, Solutrean, or Magdalenian of France or North Spain. Again, the decorative art is for the most part quite different—although, as has been suggested, the occasional occurrence of early Magdalenian motifs shows that connection between the two cultures existed. This probability is explained when we realise that loess lands are open lands without forests: communication between prehistoric peoples was always possible over loess lands. It is only on clay lands, where forests grow, that intercourse was difficult. As a matter of fact, from Eastern France to far east of Moravia there is more or less continuous open country all the way, and nothing would have prevented the Magdalenian hunter from wandering



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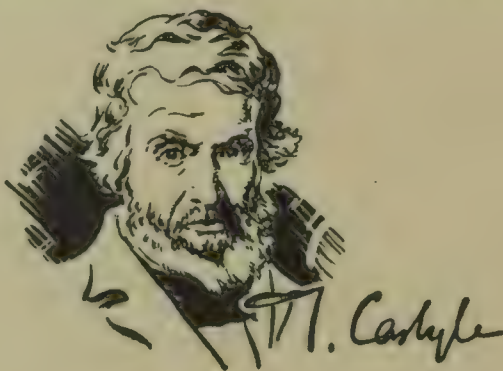
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Through the appeal issued on Armistice Day last year, the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson Hospital (the first founded and staffed by women for women and children) raised £30,000 for its extension fund. It is desired to raise the further £45,000 needed by the end of this year. In 1924 there were 1497 in-patients and 10,447 new out-patients treated at the hospital. It now has 300 cases waiting to be admitted as compared with 200 last year.

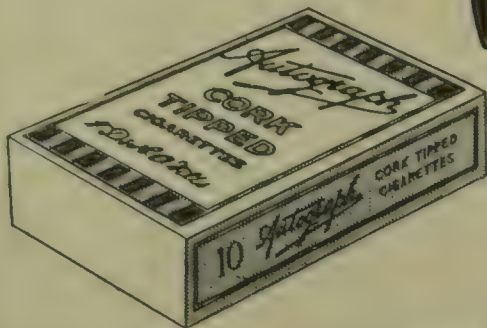
eastwards during the short hot summer and meeting the adventurous explorer who, cradled perhaps at Predmost, had all his life wanted to hunt towards the setting sun. However, as has been said, the usual style of decoration is quite different from any found in France. But for one or two small sculptured animal figures, there is no naturalistic art. Its place is taken by geometric patterns and a more or less conventionalised design of the human figure, the whole being executed with fine clearly-drawn lines. It has been suggested that the Maglemoze culture of Denmark and the Southern Baltic shores—the earliest human culture in those parts—was an offshoot from that of our Palæolithic folk of Eastern Europe, who were finally driven north-westwards by Neolithic immigrants from Central Asia. The few examples of Maglemozean decorative art that have been found do not by any means contradict this theory.

It is sad that in the forest-covered limestone districts there are no cave-paintings, as in France and Spain, to fascinate and awe us. We can light our acetylene-lamps and penetrate deep into the heart of the mountain, and explore through the halls and corridors of long natural caves often hung with wondrous, delicate stalactites, but no paintings or engravings emblazon the walls. Palæolithic man sometimes lived in the mouths of these caves—"homes" have been found and industries collected, though much still remains unexplored in Moravia—but his magic rites did not take him into the dark and silent depths behind, as was the case with his Western contemporaries. Well, never mind; we have been in the presence of a very virile group of Palæolithic hunters who have left a very interesting series of tools. And, even if the palm must still go to the Magdalenians of France, we can yet take off our hats to these fine old fellows who, in spite of a rude existence, yet decorated their finely wrought tools so that to-day we admire and wonder at them. It is only to be hoped that Dr. Absolon will not rest on his laurels, but will tell us more about these early hunters; the caves and open stations are around him, and are only too ready to yield their secrets to his careful hand.



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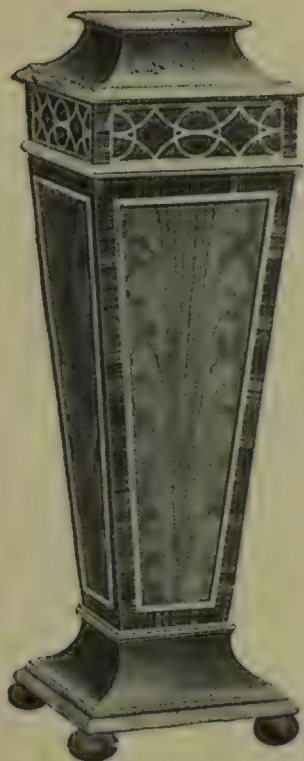
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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

THE PROBLEM OF CHORAL SYMPHONIES.

WHEN a composer writes a choral symphony, he does so in the face of all tradition, because no choral symphony has yet succeeded in satisfying the critics and amateurs of music that the form is not a hybrid one and, at best, susceptible only of giving imperfect satisfaction. The first of all choral symphonies was, of course, Beethoven's "Ninth," and the famous German critic, Herr Bekker, in a most interesting book on Beethoven, has shown that this symphony was an amalgam of several totally different works. Beethoven had contemplated writing a Symphony in D minor, a Bacchic Symphony, and a setting of Schiller's "Ode to Joy." All these three projects finally resulted in the "Ninth Symphony." The Bacchic conception dissolved into the rhythmic ecstasy of the Scherzo, and the setting of the "Ode to Joy" dwindled to a few fragments from Schiller's poem given to the Quartet of Solo Voices and the Chorus in the last movement.

Great as the "Ninth Symphony" indisputably is, no one pretends to think it formally satisfactory, and one may maintain this opinion even when one thinks, as I do, that, on the whole, it is the greatest thing in music the world has so far given us. One of the most discussed and adversely criticised sections of the "Ninth Symphony" is the introduction to the choral movement. It is a connecting link, but a connecting link whose purpose is too obvious. Another objection is that the *lessitura*—that is, the average level of register for the voices—is too high, and compels them to shout hard and to go flat.

Actually, at the performance under Mr. Albert Coates at the London Symphony Orchestra's concert,

the Sheffield Festival Choir did not go flat, and gave far the finest rendering of this extremely difficult part that I have ever heard. This Sheffield Choir has the most magnificent full, ringing tone, a richness of pure sound and certainty of intonation such as no London or Southern choir possesses; and

course, not surprising that, in one sense, it did not stand it at all. Beethoven's "Ninth Symphony," for all the long period of incubation it went through, and in spite of its being an amalgam of different projects, is a work of burning vitality and inspiration. Nowhere does it give the slightest impression of being what the French call a "machine"; that is to say, a piece of headwork, intellectually contrived, cold at the heart and bloodless. But this, in spite of all sorts of minor merits, is the impression made as a whole by Mr. Holst's "First Choral Symphony." Even in the very use of that word "First" we may, if we are prophetic, detect the cloven hoof, for it suggests that here we have the first fruit of a deliberately calculated policy on the part of Mr. Holst. It suggests that Mr. Holst has set himself the task of writing, perhaps nine Choral Symphonies, and that this is the first of them.

Alone and in itself this would not be proof of the mechanicalness of Mr. Holst's "First Choral Symphony." Great creative artists in the past have made these enormous plans and, in part, carried them through successfully and without loss of vitality and spontaneity. There are in literature the examples of Balzac with his "Human Comedy," and of Milton with his "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained"—gigantic works planned long before their execution even began. There is, in music, the example of Wagner, the composition of whose

"Ring" extended over about fifteen years. But there is always a tendency for the inspiration to flag, although in most cases this flagging is concealed by increased technical virtuosity. Thus, for example, no one could claim that "Paradise Regained" was the equal of "Paradise Lost"; nor has "Götterdämmerung" the freshness and

(Continued overleaf.)

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there can be no doubt that, when sung by such a choir, Beethoven's Choral Symphony absolutely "comes off" and gives the auditor one of the most thrilling and invigorating experiences in all music. It was, therefore, a severe test that Mr. Gustav Holst's "First Choral Symphony" had to stand when put into the same programme as such a work, and it is, of



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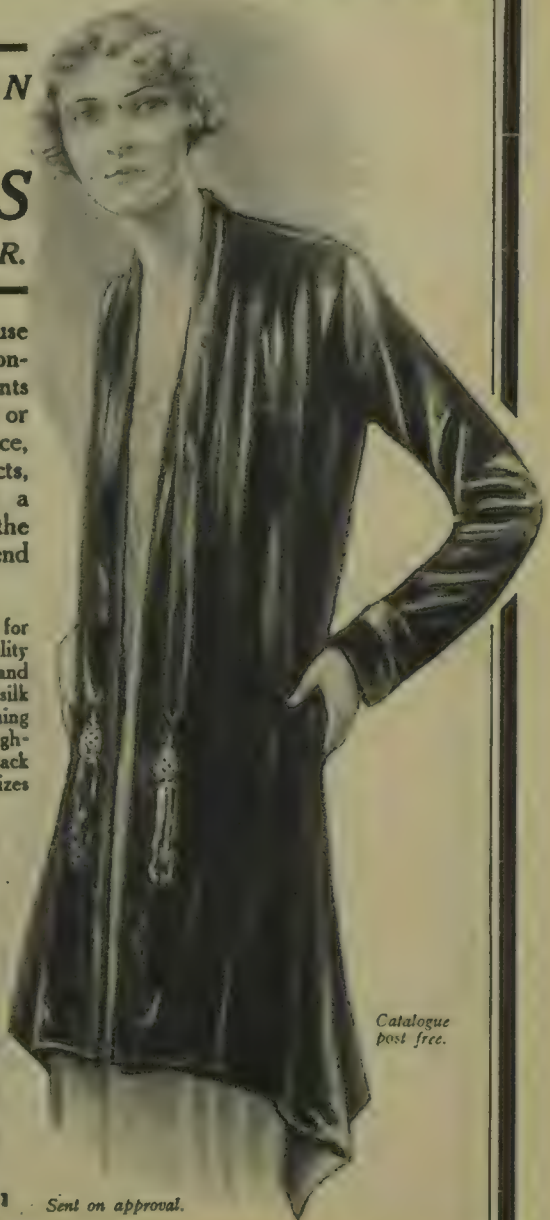
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But it is a grave sign when the first and opening number of a gigantic *opus* betrays those signs of cold virtuosity whose appearance we have learned to fear in the last and culminating part, and this is why the machine-made quality of Mr. Holst's "First Choral Symphony" is such a disturbing omen. It is therefore with the gravest misgivings that we have to turn away from the impression made by Mr. Holst's Choral Symphony as a whole, and seek out its good points where we can find them.

In the first place, Mr. Holst, in using extracts from poems by Keats and the whole of Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn" as his text, set himself an extraordinarily difficult task technically. From this he has emerged triumphantly, for he has succeeded in setting the "Invocation to Pan" and the famous "Ode on a Grecian Urn" without distorting their prosody. The choir's enunciation of the "Ode" does justice to its rhythmic scheme, and the word accents are not displaced forcibly in order to fit in with the musical accents. This is an achievement of which few musicians, past or present, can boast; but when we have said this we have said almost all. Take, for example, such a stanza as—

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard

Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;

Not to the sensual ear, but more endeared,

Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone!

Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;

Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,

Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve; She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,

For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Now, it is obvious that to match such verse with music calls for prowess of the very highest in a musician. Ethereal tones, mystical harmonies,

enchancing musical images are demanded from the composer if his work is to live up to that verse, and is not to be merely an insignificant accompaniment to it. But in all this Mr. Holst grievously fails. He has tact and a sense of prosody, and he does not wilfully or stupidly ignore the movement of the verse. On the other hand, he adds nothing to it; he does not



THE FIRST BIG DEMONSTRATION OF THE NEW FRENCH TANGO IN ENGLAND: THE ASSEMBLAGE IN THE BALL-ROOM AT THE EMPRESS ROOMS IN LONDON.

A French Tango Competition for amateurs—the first big demonstration of the new dance held in this country—took place at the Empress Rooms on November 2. There were 116 competitors out of 500 expert dancers present. The first prize, a motor-car, was won by Colonel H. Streatfield and Miss Marjorie Jackson.

recreate the poem in music; he merely lets his choir intone it, and there is nothing in this section of his Symphony which prevents our saying that the music seems absolutely superfluous.

Nor does the mere intoning of this magnificent ode make its effect as a deliberately conceived part of the whole Symphony, which is the only other conceivable way in which its treatment might be justified. I dwell upon this section of the Symphony

because it is by all odds the most important. The opening introduction, "The Invocation to Pan," is a good example of Mr. Holst's power of attaining a certain effective orchestral sonority; the Scherzo and Bacchanale are evidence—if more evidence were wanted—of the rhythmic sense which he displayed in his earlier orchestral work, "The Planets"; but nowhere do we find a sign of that musical imagination which the treatment of such verse demands from a composer. Also, it must be admitted that, leaving aside entirely the question of setting music to words, of writing "Choral" Symphonies, the gift of pure musical imagination is essential to a composer who is to attempt to reach the highest levels of his art. And it is just here where Mr. Holst's Choral Symphony so conspicuously fails. His admirers must therefore be content to wait and hope that in Mr. Holst's next work he will give us something more than musical tact and technical virtuosity. We are quite satisfied that he has these qualities, and we are now eagerly waiting to see if he has any others. In the meantime, the problem of how to write a Choral Symphony that will be completely satisfactory remains unsolved.

W. J. TURNER.

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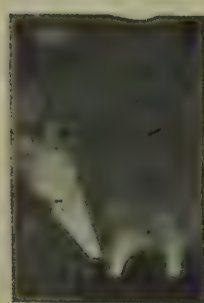
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THERE is no winter in Bermuda—dream Tisles in a crystal sea, whose ever-changing tints vie in beauty with those of the flowery banks. Where blue-birds sport amid oleanders, and coral strands of delicate pink and white glisten in eternal sunshine.


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The cure for dazzle. Do not wait for legislation, fit this switch and be safe. Supplied in black plated finish.
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THIS lamp is designed for fitting on the near side of a motor car and has a universal fixing bracket enabling the beam of light to be thrown to the edge of the road. Do not risk a bent mudguard, dented radiator, or worse. Fit a Rotax Foglight and drive in safety.
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I.L.N., 21.11.1925.



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are regarded with something like horror by many men, because they associate warmth with great weight—weight liable to be almost doubled if the coat gets wet.

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BURBERRY OVERCOAT

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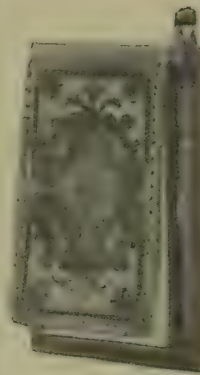
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Every Wednesday,
ONE SHILLING.

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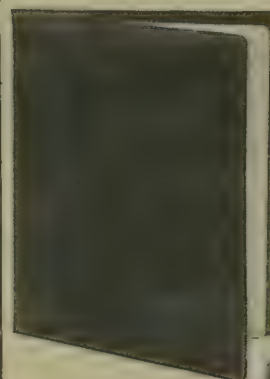
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For generations Cuticura Soap and Ointment have afforded the purest, sweetest and most satisfactory method of promoting and maintaining a healthy condition of skin and scalp. Tender-faced men find the freely-lathering Cuticura Shaving Stick a necessity. Cuticura Talcum is an ideal powder, cooling and refreshing.

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The Tobacco
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A rich brown biscuit
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Each
GREYS
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As it Penetrates
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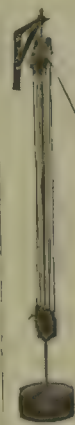
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STIFFNESS
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2/- & 4/- PER BOTTLE.

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IT may suggest paradox, but none the less it is a curious fact that artificial light is absolutely disastrous to anything artificial in the colouring of the hair. Inecto is unique in its capacity to impart the exact colour, texture and tone of living Nature. In the all-revealing glare of electric light, hair tinted by Inecto is the more remarkable for its luxuriant youth. Eliminating greyness,

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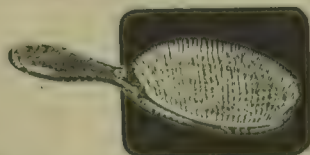
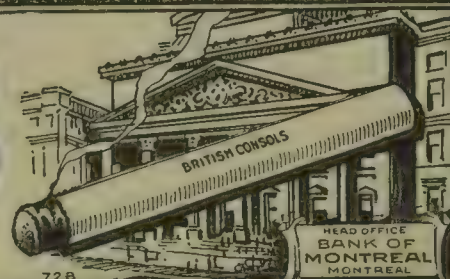
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Supplied by Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers also obtainable in Satinwood 14/6, Ebony 15/6, Horned oak col. 18/6, Lapis Blue, Jade Green 25/-. Grained Ivory 21/-. Tortoiseshell (Imt.) 25/-

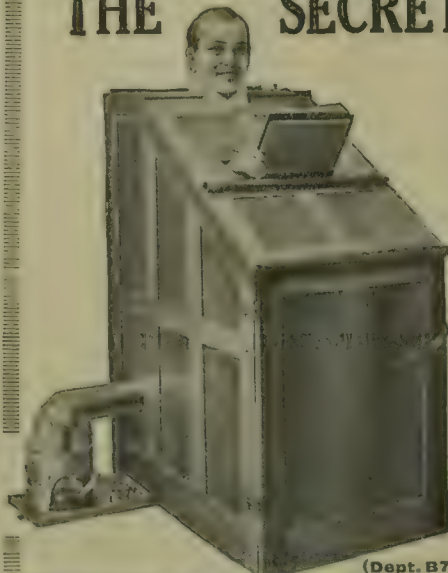
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The first step—and the most important—towards securing what is more precious than gold is perfect action of the millions of pores in the skin with which our bodies are covered. The pores are nature's provision for discharge of poison-laden matter and worn-out tissue, the elimination of which is absolutely essential to perfect health. There is no better means of keeping the pores open and cleansed of impurities than by regular use of Thermal (Hot-Air and Vapour) Baths. Soap and Water cleanse the outer surface of the skin only. Thermal Baths stimulate the pores into vigorous healthful action, increase the circulation, tone up the entire system, and produce that delightful feeling of invigorated health and buoyancy.

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of tough, yet very porous wood treated by a patent process they ensure perfect insulation with maximum porosity & give resilient support to the plates

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Gives quick relief from Asthma, Catarrh, Colds, etc.
4/6 a tin at all chemists.

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**'CHOCOLATE
ECLAIRS**
2^d are an old favourite
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Be careful
how you treat
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FOR grey or faded hair—those emblems (often premature) of departing youth—the combing through of Hindes Hair Tint is the safe, certain, always satisfactory treatment.

The highest medical opinion attests the harmlessness of Hindes Hair Tint. Over a million women users prove its perfect reliability.

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FOR GREY OR FADED HAIR
2/6 the Flask.

Of all chemists, stores and hairdressers,
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For washing
Hair Brushes.

SUTTON'S

For Removing
Stains.

Cloudy Ammonia.

Sole Makers: G. F. Sutton Sons & Co., King's Cross, London, N.7



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HARD TENNIS
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presents a faultless playing surface at all times. The cost of upkeep is very small, and proof of its reliability is found in the choice of this particular court for

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BRITISH LAWN TENNIS
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Features do not change their contour, nor hair its colour—eyes remain always blue or brown. Yet the loveliest woman knows that there are days when she is at her best, others when she is inexplicably less beautiful. A clear, glowing complexion is the secret—the secret of beauty triumphant.

Olva will help you to your ideal of beauty. The fine oils of palm and olive have nourishing and cleansing properties of marvellous efficiency, and in Olva—the British Palm and Olive Oil Soap—they are at their best. Make a gentle lather with Olva—a rinse in warm water—a splash of cold—that is the simple Olva way to beauty.

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One tablet only to each applicant

OL 124-125

GOOD NEWS FOR THE 'SHINGLED' AND 'UNSHINGLED'!

AND WEAK-HAIRED MEN TOO.

Sensational Result of "Harlene-Hair-Drill" Free Gifts Campaign.

THOUSANDS DAILY RUSH TO SECURE FREE "HAIR-HEALTH" PARCELS.

SEND FOR YOUR FOUR-FOLD "HARLENE-HAIR-DRILL" OUTFIT TO-DAY.

THE enormous enthusiasm aroused by the Great "Harlene-Hair-Drill" Gifts Campaign to allow women to "dress their hair as they please" remains unabated.

Thousands of women—and men, too—are daily writing for the 4-fold Hair Beauty Gift Parcels so freely offered to all.

Ladies, whether shingled, bobbed or un-bobbed, are amazed and delighted to find that, commencing with their free supplies of the "Harlene-Hair-Drill" preparations, their hair quickly takes on a healthier, brighter look and is marvellously improved when finally dressed.

Men, as well, whose hair is beginning to show signs of "ageing" prematurely are greatly encouraged by the look of youthful smartness which the daily 2-minutes' "Hair-Drill" so rapidly produces.

A FREE GIFT TO ADD TO YOUR FASCINATION AND CHARM.

There is no need for anyone anywhere to wonder what the great "Harlene - Hair - Drill" secret of Hair Health and Beauty really is, for arrangements have already been made to meet the advance hair-fashion demands, and now no less than One Million 4-Fold Hair Beautifying and Hair-Growing Gift Parcels are planned for Free Distribution, and every reader—men as well as women—is invited to write for the special parcel of free preparations that awaits him or her.

Here is a brief description of the wonderful Hair Health and Beauty Gift Parcel that awaits you. Simply send your name and address and you will receive:

1. A special Trial Test Bottle of the world-famous "Harlene"—the one true, veritable elixir vitæ of the hair. This wonderful amber-gold liquid contains the very elements that represent hair strength and vitality. Gently massaged or "hair-drilled" into the hair-roots

All that scientific knowledge and practical experience in the study of the hair and its troubles can possibly give is contained in the "Harlene-Hair-Drill" Free Gift Parcel that awaits your acceptance. "Harlene" has stood the test of the best part of half a century, and is to-day, because of its unfailing success, more popular than ever. To PROVE its value you are invited to test it with other valuable "Hair-Drill" preparations FREE.



it feeds and nourishes each tiny shaft so that both men and women find their hair gaining an amazing and perfect health.

2. A supply of the delightful "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, itself a tonic to the hair. It gives a wonderful fragrant creamy lather which, when rinsed from the head, leaves the hair beautifully clean, fresh, and with a "snap" and brightness really splendid in its effect. "Cremex" prepares the hair for the "Hair-Drill" treatment.
3. A Free Bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives a final touch of "dressiness" to the hair. "Uzon" is especially valuable to those whose hair and scalp are inclined to over-dryness.
4. A Free Copy of Hair-Drill "Manual of Instructions" which contains so much valuable advice on the preservation and regaining of hair health in men, women and children.

From the very first day, as the wonderful "life elixir" of the hair—"Harlene"—is massaged into the scalp and hair roots so the hair begins to pick up new life and vitality and, as

your daily, enjoyable "Hair-Drill" is continued, so the most difficult hair troubles are conquered.

If your hair is now healthy this 4-Fold Gift will enable you to preserve and add to its health and beauty. If, however, you are troubled with

- Falling Hair, as shown by the tell-tale Brush and Comb.
- Powdery Scurf falling on Shoulders.
- Splitting Hair.
- Hair that is Dull, Heavy or Lifeless.
- The Commencement of Baldness at the Temples or in Patches on the Head.
- certainly you should send for this Free Gift at once.

"HAIR-DRILL" FOR MEN.

The gift is open for men to freely accept as well as women. Every man knows that to keep a well-groomed, smart, "not-too-old-at-any-age" appearance, it is necessary to pay attention to the appearance of the hair. If you are in any way worried as to its condition, send for your special "Harlene-Hair-Drill" Parcel at once.

When, after the Free Gift, you have proved to your own complete satisfaction that "Harlene" does grow Hair and conquer hair troubles, then you can always obtain further supplies of these wonderful preparations from Chemists and Stores in any part of the world. "Harlene" at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 9d. per bottle, "Uzon" Brilliantine at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle, "Cremex" Shampoo Powders at 1s. 6d. per box of seven shampoos (single packets, 3d. each), and "Astol" for Grey Hair at 3s. and 5s. per bottle.

"HAIR-DRILL" MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

The manufacture of all the "Hair-Drill" preparations has been carefully standardised, and supplies purchased at the shops are guaranteed to be of the same high standard of quality as those distributed in the Free Gift Parcel. If for any reason whatsoever any person is dissatisfied with the preparation purchased, or the results obtained from it, the full price will be refunded if application is made direct to the Head Office within one month of purchase. With this GUARANTEE you are fully protected.

POST THIS FREE GIFT FORM.

Detach and Post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd., 20, 22, 24, 26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Growing Outfit, as announced. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing to my address.

I. L. News, 21/11/25

NOTE TO READER.

Write your FULL name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")

N.B.—If your hair is GREY enclose extra 2d. stamp—6d. in all—and a FREE bottle of "Astol" Hair Colour Restorer will also be sent you.

IMPORTANT TO THE GREY-HAIRED!

IF your hair is Grey, Faded, or quickly losing its Colour, you should try at once the wonderful new liquid compound, "Astol," a remarkable discovery which gives back to grey hair new life and colour in a quick and natural manner. You can try "Astol" free of charge by enclosing an

extra 2d. stamp for the postage and packing of the "Harlene - Hair - Drill" parcel—i.e., 6d. stamps in all—when, in addition to the splendid Four-fold Gift described in this announcement, a trial bottle of "Astol" will also be included absolutely free of charge.



WITH PRESENTATION PLATE.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



Christmas
Number. 1925

No. 4518A. Vol. 167. November. 1925.

Published at 172 Strand London W.C.2

24

Abdulla
The Flag of Truce



ABDULLA SUPERB **CIGARETTES**



The Illustrated London News

Christmas Number.



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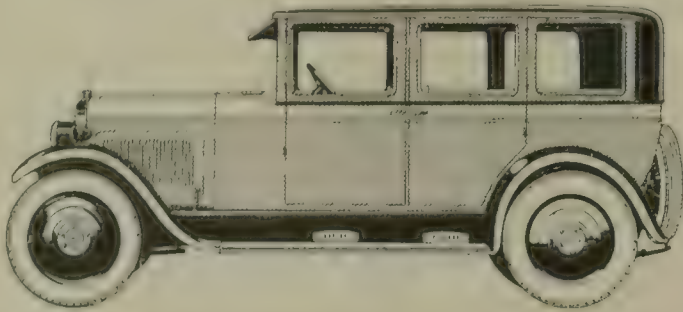
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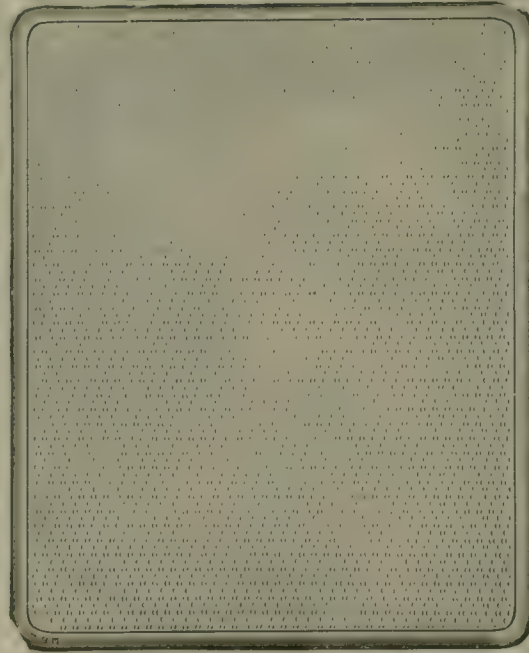
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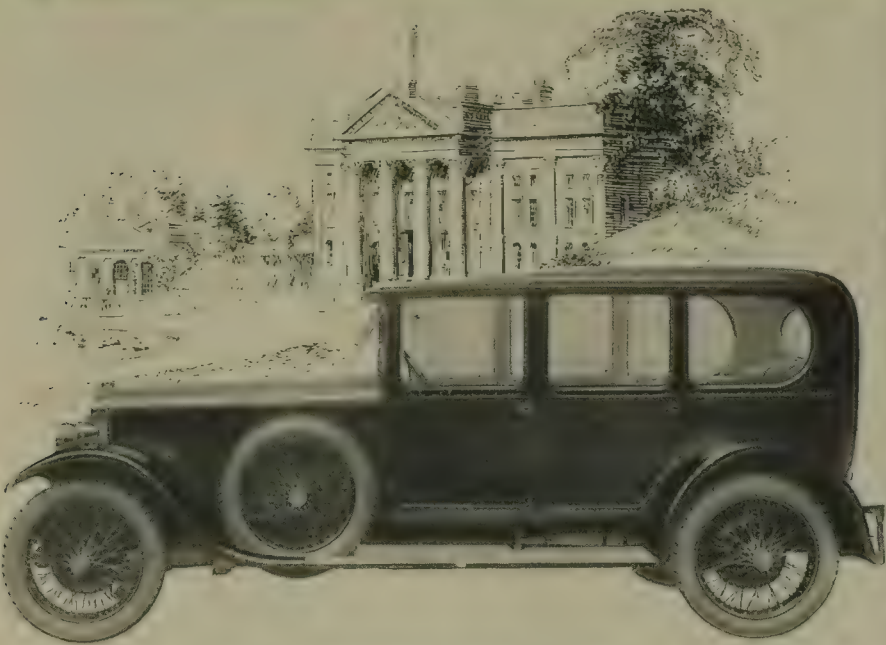


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SUMMARY OF CONTENTS.

COVER DESIGN. A Painting by MARCEL BLOCH.

A charming picture by a French artist of a little Victorian lady in her blue poke bonnet and crinoline, her neck encircled with fur and her hands in a big fur muff, as though setting forth to church on Christmas morning.

PRESENTATION PLATE.

A splendid three-quarter-length portrait of the Prince of Wales by John St. Heller Lander, entitled "Royal Friends." This picture was specially done for *The Illustrated London News*, and shows our sporting Prince in a "Fair Isle" sweater and a cap, holding his favourite Cairn terrier.

WHERE THE PLUM-PUDDING WENT TO. A Drawing by LAWSON WOOD.

A jovial picture of a British "Bobby" who has evidently been heartily celebrating the festive season.

THE CHRISTMAS PRESENT. A Salon Picture by C. MARTIN PRÉGNIARD.

The number opens with this beautiful colour-plate reproduced from Mme. Martin Prégniard's picture exhibited in the Paris Salon under the title of "La Divinité Amie."

ALPHA AND OMEGA. A Reproduction in Colours from a Painting by DAPHNE ALLEN.

A very beautiful picture by Miss Daphne Allen, who, it will be remembered, became known a few years ago as a child artist of remarkable ability. Her work, which deals principally with religious subjects, first appeared in a book called "A Child's Visions." The picture we reproduce illustrates a passage from "Revelation," which is quoted underneath it.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY FAMILY LIFE FROM OLD MASTERS.

This is a set of three reproductions which are interesting not only as the work of Old Masters, but also from their subjects, which illustrate the family life of the 18th century, a century whose dramatic and literary productions are so popular to-day.

THE PUPPET FLORAMOR. A Story by DOROTHY MARGARET STUART. Illustrated by G. A. MOSSA.

A fantastic little story of the tragic love-affair of the Marquis and the puppet-show assistant, who declares his love through the medium of his marionettes.

A CORNISH CHRISTMAS NIGHTMARE. A Drawing by S. H. SIME.

This characteristic drawing of S. H. Sime, who is so well known as a master of fantasy, is inspired by a Cornish rhyme in the form of a supplementary verse to the Litany.

CHRISTMAS IN ITALY. TREE BURNING "TO WARM THE INFANT JESUS." A Drawing by REGINALD CLEAVER.

Christmas customs and traditions are almost universal, but the tree-burning "to warm the Infant Jesus," which Mr. Reginald Cleaver here illustrates, is surely one of the most picturesque. It is a Christmas Day custom of certain villages on the Lake of Como.

CAPTAIN SPARHAWK. A Story by MILDRED CRAM. Illustrated by WARWICK REYNOLDS.

A stirring and somewhat sinister story of "black magic" and adventure in the Caribbean Sea. It tells of Captain Sparhawk's efforts to protect Mary Carford from her husband's cruelty, and to overcome Carford's practices of "voodoo," or native witchcraft.

SCENES FROM BIBLICAL HISTORY. Four Full-Page Colour Plates from Pictures by EDMUND DULAC.

The well-known artist, Mr. Edmund Dulac, here gives us, in characteristic and beautiful colour-plates, his conception of certain famous Biblical incidents—"The Expulsion from Eden," "The Flood," "The Doom of Lot's Wife," and "The Death of Samson." This series is to be continued in the current issues of *The Illustrated London News*.

A TOY HARLEQUINADE. A Reproduction in Colour of a Painting by JEAN COTTENET.

This picture, reproduced in colour, appeared in the Paris Salon with the title "L'Heure Espagnole." The toys have come to life, and Columbine has deserted both Harlequin and Pierrot for the more solid attentions of a Teddy Bear.

"MEMORIES." By JOHN GALSWORTHY. Illustrated by MAUD EARL.

All dog-lovers—and, indeed, all lovers of dumb animals—will appreciate this reprint of Galsworthy's delightful "Memories" of his black spaniel. "Chris" captures all hearts from his first arrival, "soft, wobbly, and tearful," from the train at Waterloo. It is charmingly illustrated by Miss Maud Earl, the well-known animal painter.

THE CHILD WHO DIDN'T BELIEVE IN FAIRIES.

A Double-Page Colour Reproduction of a Picture by ELEANOR BRICKDALE.

Poor Tinker Bell would appeal in vain if all modern children were like this little girl, who refused to believe in fairies. Puss in Boots is seen in an attitude of pleading at her side, and many other fairyland favourites are doing their best to prove their existence, as she sits on the hearth looking for faces in the fire.

TYBURN TREE. A Double-Page in Colours by E. H. SHEPARD. With Verses by BARBARA BINGLEY.

The daintiness of Shepard's art is an asset of any Christmas Number. In this instance, he illustrates the love-story of a highwayman, and the grim but picturesque details of his last ride to Tyburn, as told in verse by Barbara Bingley.

THE SIGHT OF THE EYES. A Story by AGNES MUIR MACKENZIE. Illustrated by W. R. S. STOTT.

An uncanny tale, about a man haunted by a pair of eyes, which leaves one puzzled and doubtful even after a rational explanation of the phenomenon.

DRESSING DOLLY FOR THE CHRISTMAS PARTY.

A Reproduction in Colours from the Pastel by MISS CUMBRAE STEWART.

This attractive picture was shown at Miss Cumbrae Stewart's exhibition at the Beaux Arts Gallery, and was entitled "Childhood."

JUST LIKE OLD TIMES FOR NOAH. A Picture in Colours by LAWSON WOOD.

Children are usually very particular about practical details, and two small people are here providing their Noah's Ark with a realistic deluge.

BARBARA ROSTER-WEYMOUTH. A Story by ETHEL HOLDSWORTH. Illustrated by STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.

This is a love-story with a distinctly original touch, about a village girl born with a spice of artistic genius in her composition, and the two rivals—artist and yokel—who decide by fisticuffs whether her fate is to be an artistic career or a life of rustic toil.

RED RIDING HOOD AND THE GRINNING WILLOW. A Coloured Painting by VITALIS MORIN, with Verses by D. M. S.

A charming illustration to a favourite fairy tale. The verses, entitled "Chaperon Rouge, Run Home," are the warning of the grinning willow-tree to Red Riding Hood.

GRISELDA; RIQUET WITH THE TUFT; and JACK AND THE BEANSTALK. Three Full-Page Colour Plates by FELIX DE GRAY.

We give again, as in our last Christmas Number, some of Mr. Felix de Gray's charmingly decorative illustrations to familiar fairy tales.

AMID SNOW AND ICE: CHRISTMAS AMONG BRITISH GAME BIRDS. Reproductions in Colours from Water-Colour Drawings by J. C. HARRISON.

"Partridges in the Snow" and "Jack Snipe" are two typical examples of Mr. J. C. Harrison's excellent bird studies, and they are exceptionally appropriate to the present Christmas season.

CHRISTMAS A HUNDRED YEARS AGO. Verses by DOROTHY MARGARET STUART. Illustrated by C. E. TURNER.

Miss Dorothy Margaret Stuart and Mr. C. E. Turner have collaborated in this set of verses and colour drawings to recall in a delightful way the spirit of old-time Christmas a hundred years ago, along with the costumes and social customs of the period.

THE WHITE BISHOP'S MOVE. A Story by E. WINCH.

Even to-day, slave-dealing is not quite extinct. This story tells how a colonial Bishop manages to frustrate the plans of a slave-dealer in the Sudan, and so "saves thirty souls."



Just one bite!

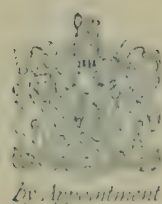
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ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS
CHRISTMAS NUMBER.



THE CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

FROM THE PAINTING ENTITLED "LA DIVINITÉ AMIE," BY MME. CLOTILDE MARTIN-PRÉGNARD, EXHIBITED IN THE PARIS SALON
(SOCIÉTÉ DES ARTISTES FRANÇAIS) 1923.



"ALPHA AND OMEGA."

"I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day, and heard behind me a great voice, as of a trumpet, saying, I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last: . . . And being turned I saw seven golden candlesticks; and in the midst of the seven candlesticks one like unto the Son of man, clothed with a garment down to the foot. . . . His head and his hairs were white like wool, as white as snow; . . . and his feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace; . . . And he had in his right hand seven stars; . . . and his countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength."—*Revelation 1., 10-16.*

Eighteenth Century Family Life from Old Masters.

FROM THE PAINTINGS BY J. S. COPLEY, R.A. (1737-1815) (BY COURTESY OF CAPTAIN OSBERT SITWELL) AND GEORGE ROMNEY (BY COURTESY OF THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND)
OWNER'S COPYRIGHT RESERVED IN EACH CASE.



BUILDING CARD
CASTLES:
"THE SITWELL
FAMILY, 1787,"
BY
J. S. COPLEY, R.A.

The Sitwell family, of whose eighteenth century forebears this picture gives an interesting glimpse, is notable to-day for a trio of distinguished poets and writers—a sister and two brothers—namely, Miss Edith Sitwell, Captain Osbert Sitwell, and Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell. They are the children of Sir George Sitwell, Bt., of Renishaw Hall, Derbyshire, and grandchildren (through their mother) of the first Earl of Londesborough.



A ROUND
DANCE:
"THE GOWER
CHILDREN,"
BY
GEORGE ROMNEY.

This beautiful Romney belongs to the Duke of Sutherland. Gower is the family name, derived from Sir Thomas Gower, who was made a Baronet in 1620. His descendant, the second Earl Gower, who succeeded in 1754, became Marquess of Stafford in 1786. The latter's son, the second Marquess, had married in 1785 Elizabeth, Countess of Sutherland, and was created Duke of Sutherland in 1833.

Eighteenth Century Family Life from Old Masters.

FROM THE PAINTING BY HENRY WALTON (1745-1813). REPRODUCED BY C. STEWART OF THE OWNER, CATHART O'LEARY STEWART. (OWNER'S COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



BUYING CHERRIES FROM A STREET VENDOR:
"THE FRUIT BARROW (THE WALTON FAMILY)," BY HENRY WALTON.



It may have been the absence of her husband that made the Marquise so melancholy.

THE PUPPET FLORAMOR

by

DOROTHY MARGARET STUART

Illustrated by G. A. MOSSA

IT may have been the absence of her husband that made the Marquise so melancholy; on the other hand, it may have been the prospect of his return. For the siege of La Rochelle, though long-drawn-out, was not particularly perilous to the besiegers. Nabot the dwarf had his own opinion, which he imparted to no one.

It irked Nabot not a little when his lady paid no more heed to his quips than to the hoarse screeching of the gaily coloured birds round her favourite fountain. Wherefore, when he happened to hear, during one of his sorties from the castle, that a troop of performing puppets had arrived at the village inn, he hurried to the presence of the Marquise to tell her what he had heard.

"We are all puppets, my good imp," said she, when he had told her. "Though not all of wood."

"Then," squeaked Nabot, with a grimace of disappointment, "these wooden kinsfolk of ours are not to be bidden to the castle?"

She answered with an impatient flick of her half-furled fan.

"Why, then," cried Nabot, "I see before me a most wonderful sight."

"What sight, dwarf?"

"Nothing more or less than a child who has broken all its old toys and yet would play with no new ones."

"A broken toy," said the Marquise, "may hurt the hand that breaks it. As for these great dolls of yours, think you I have seen none such?"

"Assuredly, Madonna, you have seen none such. I, who was the Grand Duke of Tuscany's dwarf ere I was yours, have seen none. They are as large as life. And the puppet-master has a voice one cannot forget."

"I have heard few voices that I would fain remember," mused the Marquise.

"But none like this man's, Madonna. Nor have you seen puppets like his. I saw them. The ostler let me stand on his shoulder and peep through the trap-door of the loft over the barn. I saw a fat, fat crone. And a scowling fellow in a plumed hat. A youth, with a nose like the Grand Duke's nose. And a pink lady with yellow hair. All larger than life, Madonna."

At that the Marquise smiled—faintly, indeed, but Nabot had not seen her smile at all since word came that the siege of La Rochelle was like to be raised ere long.

Next day there was a sudden commotion behind the hastily rigged cotton curtain in the loft above the inn barn. Melchior, the puppet-master, was in search of his man. Wooden hands waggled and wooden heels clicked as he thrust his way past the dangling figures to the corner where Tissart, his assistant, enjoyed the inestimable privilege of a truckle-bed to himself. Upon that bed Tissart happened to be seated, with a book upon his patched knees.

"Tissart," cried Melchior (he pronounced it *Tithard*, but some people believed him when he said he was not a Jew). "Pig of a poet, wake up! We are to play at the castle to-night. Do you hear?"

"I hear," said Tissart.

"We will play 'Floramor et Clélie.' You must get ready some new verses, sweet verses, such as ladies love. Do you see?"

"I see," said Tissart, not troubling to lift his eyes from his book, which, oddly enough, was Theocritus in the original Greek.

Melchior scowled down his nose. (It was a Babylonian nose, but a few simple souls believed him when he said he was a Moldo-Wallachian Christian), and wished he dared utter the angry words that climbed to his lips. But he dared not.

Without the aid of Tissart to furbish up faded old comedies, he, who had no learning and less invention, would have been in sorry case; lacking the voice of Tissart to speak the lines of the hero and heroine, he, whose guttural lisp was suited only to the heavy father or still heavier mother-in-law, would have had to relinquish his puppet show and revert to his original calling of old-clothes-monger. It was in the exercise of that calling that he had acquired, some three years previously, his family of almost life-sized marionettes. A chance conversation with young Tissart, then a starveling student at the Sorbonne, selling his threadbare doublets to buy Greek texts, had led to their setting forth, together with a donkey-cart full of clattering, jangling dolls, to trudge the remoter provinces of France. Just what had happened about that time to make Tissart abandon his academic career, Melchior never knew. It was probably nothing more sinister than an access of stark poverty. Tissart, for his part, was vaguely aware that the Jew had been unfortunate



"Pig of a poet, wake up!"

enough to attract the unfavourable attention of certain of Richelieu's secret agents, and had therefore every reason to wish to absent himself from Paris awhile.

The Semitic instinct for stagecraft stood Melchior in good stead when he took the road; but for the skill to concoct sweet rhymes and the accents to utter them he was wholly dependent upon Tissart. It was the younger man, too, who by deft readjustments of wire and string could make the puppets strut and gesticulate with new energy and grace.

"*'Floramor et Clélie,'*" repeated Melchior, after an angry pause. "The doublet I bought of that lacquey at Tours will not be much too large for Floramor. It is blue. You remember, Tissart?"

"I remember," said Tissart.

This time he deigned to raise his eyes. Most men have some unsuspected foible, and Tissart's was a secret passion for fine clothes. Though slight and not over-tall, he had a good figure, well planned and well poised. This he knew. And he envied the puppet Floramor that beautiful blue doublet worn not long since by one of King Louis' lords.

"Clélie will do well enough," lisped Melchior, ticking off his remarks on his tawny fingers. "And I can curl the plumes of the Duke her husband with his own lath dagger. *Belle-maman's* coit needs washing. The wench at the inn might wash it for a kiss from you, Tissart."

"Thank you," said Tissart drily. "Not from *me*."

"Then, at least," urged Melchior, "you will lend me your comb. Floramor's wig is in a devil of a state."

Tissart closed his Theocritus with a sigh, and extricated from the wallet where he kept his few books and still fewer shirts and ruffles a forlorn fragment of a comb, whereupon Melchior proceeded to sleek the black hempen locks of the puppet Floramor. Just lately Tissart had taken an unreasoning dislike to that particular puppet, in whose profile he thought he discerned a weird resemblance to that of its proprietor. He watched bitterly while the blue doublet was buttoned round its timber torso, and sighed again as the Mechlin ruffles were knotted round its rigid neck.

That night the puppet play of "*Floramor et Clélie*" was duly and most successfully performed at the Château de Maugency. Tissart spoke from behind a green-painted cloth, while Melchior, in the shadow of a great gold-coloured curtain, pulled the wires that made the mannikins move. The wires worked well. Tissart's voice came to the ears of the Marquise in clear and haunting cadences as he recited the half-wistful,

half-playful little poems he had written to celebrate the loves and sorrows of the two star-crossed marionettes. The voice which had so impressed Nabot when he heard it at the inn had been Melchior's; but the Marquise, thinking otherwise, marvelled that the dwarf should have had wit enough to perceive the charm of the voice that she herself now heard.

Floramor, brave in his too-large doublet of blue slashed with crimson, was bowing to Clélie, wooden fingers pressed on wooden heart. To the right and left of them stood the jealous Duke, Clélie's husband, and the many-chinned ventripotent *belle-maman*. It was just then that Tissart noticed a small gash in the painted cloth, and bethought him that if he ducked his head he might have a peep at the Marquise. Her chair was set three steps above the floor-level, and at first he could only see her hands, idly folded on her silken knee. Tissart had never seen such hands before, though he may have dreamt of them. Long, small hands, as warmly white as the outer petals of a rose which blushes softly at the core. There were rings upon them, set with quivering emeralds and iris-tinted pearls, but rings could add nothing to the beauty of Marguerite de Maugency's most beautiful hands. Then Tissart ducked his head a little lower and saw her face. Of such a face as hers he had not dreamed.

The play proceeded. The puppets spoke, now in the hoarse lisp of Melchior, now in the fluting voice of the poet. The puppet Duke plunged his wooden dagger with a fine flourish into the ribs of the puppet Floramor. The last lines of the epilogue were drowned in a crash of applause. But something had happened to Tissart. For the moment he knew as little as the puppet Floramor what it might be. Later, sitting alone on his truckle couch among the dangling dolls, he knew. But upon that perturbing knowledge he was not allowed to meditate long. Melchior, abandoning his more luxurious repose in the second-best bed-chamber of the inn, clambered up through the trap-door and burst rudely in upon his reverie. Great news! He, Melchior, was to wait upon the Marquise the next morning. They were to give their show again at the castle the next night, and yet again the night after that. Here was Tissart's cue. Now let him ply his music!

Oddly enough, the puppet-master returned from the castle in no very amiable mood next day. Not that the Marquise had changed her mind. Two more performances, perhaps more than two, were to take place. But, strange to say, the Marquise had not believed Melchior when he mentioned, incidentally, that he was a Moldo-Wallachian Christian. She had observed in Italian to her dwarf that in that case Moses and Aaron were Moldo-Wallachian Christians also. Being, like most of his race, a man of many tongues, Melchior had understood. And that was vexation number one. Vexation number two: the Marquise had perceived at once that *his* was not the voice that had charmed her ear, and that he knew no more about Strephon and Tityrus and Dirce than he knew about the Seven Sages of China. Therefore—there was an ugly glitter in the puppet-master's eye as he said it—therefore must Tissart betake himself to the castle forthwith, bearing all the texts of all the comedies that the puppets could play. They were to be read aloud to the Marquise, an act at a time, by Tissart.

"Thank you," said Tissart. "Not by *me*."

"Not by *you*, you miserable ragamuffin?" roared Melchior, aghast.

"Nay, you have spoken the word," retorted Tissart, hoisting up first one lean elbow and then the other, to show how the bone had pierced the sleeve. His employer suddenly began to cringe.

"Sweet Monsieur Tissart, I have some skill with my needle. Sweet Master Tissart, thread is not dear. Leave it to me. I—I will pay for the thread. The lady loves poetry. Think how easy it will be for you to content her—you whose head is stuffed with it!"

"Not in this coat," said Tissart firmly. "Nay, not if it were darned with threads of purple and gold. But there is an alternative. Floramor's new doublet. It is much too large for *him*, but it would be only a little, if at all, too small for me."

"Floramor's new doublet," echoed Melchior, disconcerted. "The blue one?"

"It is a pity," mused Tissart, seeing that the fellow would yield, "it is a great pity that Floramor's shoes are too small. One of mine lacks a heel, and the other gapes at the toe. But I can borrow the roses from the shoes of *belle-maman*. They are very large, like her."

So it befell that Nabot the dwarf, curled up in the silken shadow of his mistress's train, recognised the raiment of the puppet Floramor on the thin shoulders of the poet Tissart. Not so the Marquise. Or, at least, not then. Tissart himself interested her too keenly for her to be conscious either of the splendour of his doublet or the dejection of his shoes. She had half-feared that the contrast might be painful between the voice she had heard and the face she had not seen. One long glance was enough to reassure her.

Attended only by Nabot, who ambled beside her on the gentle mastiff that was his usual mount, she led the wondering Tissart to her curtained bower on the terrace above her favourite fountain. The romanesque walls of Maugency, red-hued and far-flung, loomed on the horizon like an ominous sunset frozen into stone.

Only Nabot was near when Tissart read aloud to her the plaintive lyrics and the pretty pastoral fancies with which he had embroidered the faded woof of "*Floramor et Clélie*" for her delight. After an hour the dwarf was despatched upon his mastiff to bid the major-domo send a collation to the bower. Presently lacqueys came, bearing wine in goblets of golden glass, pomegranates and peaches in silver-gilt vessels, and sugared almonds heaped high in a nautilus shell that stood on a slender

stem of silver. Tissart, having not the faintest doubt that he was in heaven, wondered if he were also dead. When, at the hour of parting, she bade him come again on the morrow, he decided that he was still among the living, and that it was, after all, worth while to be alive.

There were just six plays in the repertory of Melchior's dolls, and for a week one of them was acted each night at the Château de Maugency. Each day Tissart had spent an enchanted hour or two with the Marquise on the terrace above the fountain. Nabot was always with them, but Nabot was not always awake. The dwarf swore that the sound of the poet's voice made him drowsy. On the seventh night the Marquise decreed that "Floramor et Clélie" should be played again. It was on the seventh day that, recognising the form and colour of Tissart's beloved doublet, she took to calling him by the name of the puppet Floramor.

"Could you not write a new play, all new and all your own, Floramor?" she asked him, while they sat watching the silver shuddering of the fountain below the terrace.

"Madame la Marquise," he made answer, "it is written already. It was begun on the day that I first saw this your garden. I finished it at dawn to-day."

"Your puppets must play it here," said the Marquise.

"Madame la Marquise, that could never be."

The silence that followed was broken only by the soft, steady snoring of Nabot the dwarf.

"Madame," began Tissart desperately, "you do not ask me why it could never be, and for that I thank you. To-night for the last time the puppets will play for you, and I shall speak behind my painted screen. To-night the puppet Floramor shall quote three poor stanzas from the

play that you can never hear. Three stanzas that begin and end with the same phrase."

"Tell me," said the Marquise, "so that I may know when the time comes."

"*Puisque l'amour le veut,*" stuttered Tissart, in a voice she would not have recognised as his. "And, Madame, when you have heard, if you are even a little—ah, so little—pleased, Floramor, he who is no puppet, will be, for that little hour, a King."

"A King in motley, Floramor; a King for less than an hour! Still, even so, it is something to have been a King. And when I have listened thrice to all the old plays, you will let me hear your new one, Floramor."

"Madame la Marquise, that could never be."

He had risen, and when she rose also he took three quick backward steps to widen the space that parted them.

"Tell me why, Floramor," she said pitilessly.

"Because Floramor is a puppet, a poor thing of wood and wire. He must remember that he is a puppet. He must remember that he is not a man."

"It seems, then," she said softly, "that even a puppet can feel."

"He can, at least, suffer, Madame."

"Suffer, and yet not love?"

"He might love, Madame—a puppet like himself."

With a queer, stiff gesture she raised both her arms and held them out to him, as the puppet Clélie held out her wooden arms to the wooden Floramor. "A puppet like himself, Floramor," she whispered. "A puppet like himself."

He flung up his hands blindly, and stood as if he were trying to ward off an invisible avalanche that threatened to crush him to death. He



Floramor was bowing to Clélie, wooden fingers pressed on wooden heart.

said no word, but she could hear him breathing fast, and she almost thought she could hear the tortured striving of his heart.

Her arms dropped slowly to her sides again. Presently there was a deep yawn somewhere near her golden-shod feet. Nabot was waking up. When he was wide awake he saw, in the distance, a man in a blue silk doublet stumbling in blind haste through the clipped yews towards the postern-gate.

"Why," croaked he, "there goes Floramor."

"The puppet Floramor," murmured the Marquise.

He heard the thick tears in her voice, and said nothing. Only to himself he said, "She has hurt her hand in breaking that poor toy."

Since the puppet-show had tarried at Maugency the hatred of the puppet-master for his hireling had grown more and more intense. In one of their brawls over the blue doublet Tissart had let fall a foolish threat that he would tell the Cardinal's agents something that they would be greatly interested to hear. It was a shot in the dark, but it went home. From that hour Melchior hated Tissart with an insane hatred born of envy and fear. And all the bounties showered by the Marquise on the dumbfounded poet were so many envenomed arrows in the breast of the Moldo-Wallachian. He was taken aback when

thrilling with despair, rang from behind the green curtain, the mannikin swung round and clattered down upon its knees, not at the feet of Clélie, but at the foot of the shallow steps before the gilded chair of the Marquise.

Melchior gave an audible yelp of rage. Nabot laughed. But the Marquise did not even smile.

*"Puisque l'amour le veut
Je serai moi..."*

There was little merit, and less originality, in the poor poem which Tissart repeated to the Marquise through the plaster lips of the puppet. The image was well worn, the idea very far from new. But into the writing and into the uttering of it he had put all the pent-up, passionate despair of his heart.

What had happened to the Marquise? Was there really witchcraft about? She had raised her beautiful hands to the dusky folds of her hair; she had lifted the circlet from her own brows, and, bending low from her throne, she solemnly crowned the puppet Floramor. Into the angle of his wooden arm she thrust the fan-stick that was so strangely like a sceptre.

Her guests wondered if she had lost her wits. "By reason of sorrow at this long absence of her lord," whispered one to another, with a



With a queer, stiff gesture she raised both her arms and held them out to him.

Tissart received with outward unconcern the information that the performance of "Floramor et Clélie" would be their last at Maugency. Was it possible, thought Melchior, that when he left that pleasant spot his hireling proposed to remain behind! It seemed inconceivable. And yet one never knew. The Marquise was manifestly mad. And such a change had come over the looks of the crew while meagre and colourless poet that Melchior sometimes wondered whether witchcraft were not at the root of the change.

That night, which was to be their last at Maugency, the puppet-master noticed that Tissart was more than usually nervous, and that his sheaves of manuscript escaped thrice from his shaking hands to flutter about the floor behind the painted cloth.

Presently a rustle of silks, and a groaning of heavy chairs thrust into place, told them that the company had assembled and the play might begin. Tissart did not peep through the friendly gash to which he had bent his head so often. If he had, he would have seen, as Melchior saw, that on the dusky folds of her hair the Marquise had set an emerald-studded coronet strangely like a crown, and that there was a long fan-handle strangely like a sceptre in her nervously-stirring right hand. While Melchior gazed at her, Tissart was busy with the wires that governed the movements of the puppet Floramor. The first episode in the next act would be the declamation of the poem, *Puisque l'amour le veut*, and the poet had his own idea as to the attitude in which the puppet should be made to repeat his lines.

The scene began. The puppet Clélie stood smiling and inane. As Tissart began to speak, Melchior jerked the strings that ought to have precipitated the puppet Floramor at the wooden feet of his beloved. But what had happened to the puppet Floramor? As Tissart's voice,

queer smile. Nobody looked so unconcerned as Nabot the dwarf, but to himself he was saying: "A broken toy may hurt the hand that breaks it."

When once the puppet had been haled beyond the painted cloth, a violent scene was enacted between Tissart and Melchior. But both men, excited though they were, remembered to keep their voices low.

"Pig of a poet, let go!" gurgled the Jew, gripping the loins of the puppet Floramor.

"The crown is for me," gasped Tissart, white as death. "The sceptre is for me! Ask her. . . . She will tell you that it is so!"

"You are mad," grunted Melchior. "You or she . . . the pair of ye. Let go!" There was a sound of rasping and rending, and the doll, breaking asunder at the midriff, collapsed, a clattering bundle, on to the floor between them. "Ten thousand devils!" moaned the Jew. "Now we cannot finish the play!"

"We can," said Tissart, in a new, quiet voice. "We must. Do you your part, and I will do mine. I will be Floramor."

"You! You are too tall. A man cannot be stabbed to death by a doll."

"I can seem to fall upon the blade," returned Tissart, fixing the coronet of the Marquise firmly on his brown hair. "See you that it is in the right position, with the point upward. Then it will snap beneath my weight as I fall."

"You are mad," reiterated Melchior. "If the Marquis return, we shall all be whipped at the cart-tail. Let be. You shall not again wear the doublet of Floramor."



The mannikin swung round and clattered down upon its knees, not at the feet of Clélie, but . . . before the gilded chair of the Marquise.

"What?" hinted Tissart, swiftly buttoning the blue doublet over his only presentable shirt. "What—must I then tell the Cardinal all I know?"

If it had been the burning vest of Nessus the Jew could not have relaxed his hold on it more rapidly than he did at the sound of this implied menace. With a muttered curse in a language which was certainly not that of the Moldo-Wallachian Christians, he began to hack and hew the warped and dislocated wires protruding from the limp carcass of the puppet.

Tissart, meanwhile, with the aid of a coil of spare wire and string, was hurriedly fixing loops and cords to his own ankles and wrists.

"Lend me that sharp knife of yours," he said to Melchior.

"I need it more than you do," retorted the Jew, with conviction.

With deft, desperate fingers, Tissart attached the knotted ends to Floramor's special bunch of wires and called to Melchior to come.

"Do you not see," growled Melchior, "that I am busy tying the dagger into the puppet Duke's hand?"

"I see," said Tissart, as usual, without looking round. "Are you sure that it is point upwards?"

"I am sure."

"Come then. You must hold the strings, but you may not tug at them. To-night the puppet Floramor can walk alone."

"He is mad," thought the Jew. "And everyone must see it."

A hush, followed by a low hum of surprise, greeted Tissart's appearance when the next act began. On his head was the circlet wherewith the Marquise had crowned the puppet Floramor; in his left hand he held the plumeless fan-stick that was so strangely like a sceptre. Walking in jerks, and moving his arms stiffly from the sockets, he approached the blankly smiling Clélie, whose yellow wig hardly reached the level of his chin.

The Marquise watched him like a woman in a dream.

Then Melchior tugged at the wires, and from behind the golden curtain slowly and unsteadily emerged the puppet Duke, with a dagger in his fist that seemed oddly bright for a dagger of lath. For the second time that night Tissart spoke his poem, the only fragment of his only play that human ears were ever to hear. He held out his arms to the puppet Clélie, but his eyes never wavered in their gaze towards the pale

face of the discrowned Marquise. Nearer and nearer came the ominous figure of the puppet Duke, its cork-heeled shoes tapping lightly on the floor.

Still speaking Floramor's lines, still mindful that he must move as though governed by the wires in Melchior's hand, Tissart swung stiffly round and confronted the marionette.

"Ah, traître!"

Melchior's guttural lisp faltered a little as he spoke the words assigned to that avenging form—

"Ah, traître, c'est ainsi que je vous trouve enfin!"

It was a grotesque spectacle, the duel that followed between the marionette and the man. Only at the very end, when he swayed and fell with all his force upon the upturned blade, did Tissart cease to gaze earnestly towards the gilded chair of the Marquise.

A moment after he had fallen, he rolled over on his back, and his hands and feet jerked once or twice, with a hoarse jangling of wires. There was a murmur of applause, but no Melchior stepped forward to bow his thanks.

Then the Marquise rose, followed only by Nabot the dwarf, and, descending the steps of her daïs, she stood within a few paces of the prostrate stroller.

"Let Floramor rise," she said.

But Floramor did not rise.

Suddenly, with a low cry, she dropped on her knees beside him. Only Nabot was near enough to hear what passed.

Tissart opened his eyes and saw the Marquise. Melchior's knife was hidden in the folds of the blue doublet, but across the gaily coloured slashings on the left side was crawling a stain of deeper crimson.

"Floramor," sobbed the Marquise. "Speak to me!"

Tissart obeyed, and his words were the last in the tragi-comedy of the puppet Floramor.

"Puisque l'amour le veut," he said, and, so saying, died.

"Decidedly," thought Nabot the dwarf, as he listened to the muffled sobs of the Marquise, "decidedly she hurt her hand in breaking that poor toy." THE END.



A CORNISH CHRISTMAS LITANY.

FROM THE DRAWING BY S. H. SIME.



From Ghoulies and Ghooeties,
Long-leggety Beasties,
And Things that go Bump in the night,
Good Lord, deliver us!

Old Cornish Litany.

Christmas in Italy: Tree-Burning "to Warm the Infant Jesus."

DRAWN BY REGINALD CLEAVER.



A CHRISTMAS MORNING CUSTOM BY THE LAKE OF COMO: BURNING A "TREE" OF EVERGREENS AND FLOWERS, TO WHICH ALL THE CONGREGATION CONTRIBUTE.

"Quaint and often charming traditions, customs, and ceremonies," writes Mr. Reginald Cleaver in a note on his drawing, "are to be found everywhere, but nowhere are they more abundant than in Italy. An Italian commune, or district, almost always has its own festivals to observe, and unique functions usually distinguish them. Or again, a world-wide fête will be kept or solemnised in a manner, or with additions, entirely local. As an instance, for Christmas Day in the villages within a certain

area on the Lake of Como, a tree is built, supported on three poles in tripod fashion. It is made of evergreens and flowers—bay, olive, myrtle, laurel, late roses, and so forth, to which all contribute. After the first Mass—at about 6.30 a.m.—it is set on fire, and as the congregation leaves church it blazes up, and they watch it burn. Traditionally, the tree is built and burnt 'to warm the Infant Jesus.'"



Captain Sparhawk

A COMPLETE NOVEL IN LITTLE.

By MILDRED CRAM, Author of "Stranger Things," "The Tide," etc.

Illustrated by WARWICK REYNOLDS.

THE island of Saint Hubert, a British possession, lies in the almond-green water of the Caribbean, and is one of the Windward Isles. A pin-point on the map, it surprises the traveller by its bulk. Ships ride at anchor in its harbour like toy ships before a colossal back-drop. Its people are black, graceful, lazy, and superstitious. They speak the concise English of Piccadilly.

When Joel Sparhawk first caught sight of Saint Hubert he experienced a pleasant tingle along his spine. It was vaguely, disturbingly familiar, this place. And he found it desirable beyond any island he had run across in all his complicated wanderings. He brought his ship, the *Conch*, smartly across the bar and anchored off the Custom House. From the bridge, then, he stared and stared at Saint Hubert, his senses caressed by the lovely contour of the island, fold upon fold of emerald green. He stared at the dazzling white walls of the town, breathed in the warm, damp scent of vegetation, listened with a certain stillness of his heart to the humming voices of negroes down in the fruit-boats that had swarmed out to the *Conch*.

What a place, he told himself, to cast anchor in when he had taken his final voyage—in say, roughly, twenty-five or thirty years! One of those square houses with a bit of a garden would be a cozy haven for a retired wanderer! He pictured to himself the simple rewards of a lifetime of service. He contemplated, without irony and without rebellion, thirty years of taking the *Conch*, or a steamer like her, out from New Orleans to the Lesser Antilles and back again with alternating cargoes of hardware, tinned goods, cloth, furniture, travelling salesmen, and fruit. Without a quiver of resentment he saw nothing better for himself than retirement on the meagre pension awarded its officers by the Triple Star Line; the last ten or fifteen years spent in a Paradise. . .

He scanned the hot, dusty, blazing square through his glasses: instantly the details, the actors, sprang into focus. He saw the market, the blacks squatted about their prismatic baskets of heaped fruit. He saw the peeling façade of the hotel—Joe's—with towering, frayed banana trees in the courtyard. He saw the double row of palmettos before the Consulate, and the loungers on the wharf, and then, sweeping up, the flanks of Mount George, villas half-hidden in vegetation, and the military road, like a white tape, clear to the top and over. . . .

If Joel Sparhawk had known what lay in store for him at Saint Hubert, he might not have gone ashore; he might even have applied for another ship and another port of call. But he was a man devoid of that particular brand of imagination which foresees the unforeseen. He was captain of a six-thousand-ton cargo-steamer, and as such not given to forebodings. He was a sane, healthy, successful man who stood six foot two in his stockinged feet, and had never had a nightmare, or seen a ghost, or been afraid of the dark. Therefore, the thing that happened to him was all the more peculiar.

He went ashore with his head bared to the sun. When the launch slid in at the wharf, he leaped ashore like a man who has come home. The Customs formalities were soon over; after an exchange of dry, brief courtesies, he hurried off to present himself to the local representative of the Line. This man's name was Pease; like Sparhawk, he was a Yankee, a transplanted New Englander who had taken deep root in the rich soil of the Islands. Over a glass of rum, he gave Sparhawk the little gossip of the town. Through latticed blinds the sun sent hot shafts, like quivers from a great bow. A rumble of carts in the street was removed, pleasant, like the drone of bees. And Sparhawk, sprawling in a chair, with his fingers closed around the cool stem of the glass, heard nothing until Pease said: "The *Conch's* sister ship, the *Ariel*, is due to-morrow morning. Delayed a week by an epidemic of some sort at Port-au-Prince. D'you know her commander?"

Sparhawk shook his head, coming slowly out of his dream to realities.

"Of course not! I'd forgotten for the moment that you are new to the Line. His name's Carford. He's got a pretty wife who lives

here in Saint Hubert—Mary Carford. You ought to meet her. Not that she adds much to the gaiety of the island! She's too quiet for my taste. Carford's what the British call a bit of a boulder. An excellent officer, understand. I haven't a word to say against him. . . ."

Sparhawk excused himself as soon as he decently could. He wanted to sniff and taste this delectable place. The sun was low. The negroes were on their way home from market, balancing prodigious loads on their heads or driving top-heavy donkeys up the steep and narrow streets. . . . Sparhawk went back to the *Conch* and dressed with rather more care than usual, as if he were preparing to meet, not an island, but a desirable woman. At six o'clock he presented himself at Joe's, and was given a table in the courtyard, a table reserved by the astute Portuguese for impressionable visitors, since it commanded a view of the harbour. Sparhawk found himself taking part in the only gaiety Saint Hubert had to offer. By turning his head one way, he could see that quaint and colourful gathering of seamen, Colonials, tourists, and odd numbers; and by turning it the other, he could look down across a jumble of roofs to the *Conch* at anchor, strung with lights, as if some of those incredible stars had tumbled out of the sky to deck his ship. He was, all in all, in an expansive mood, a mood women sense and take advantage of, since the barriers are down when a man opens his heart to a new joy.

Mary Carford may have known that here was a man ready to her hand. But it is more likely that Sparhawk's mood of glad acceptance penetrated her indifference. She was like a woman in a trance. Life flowed about her, and she saw, heard, nothing. Her very gestures were somnambulist; when she lifted her hand it was as if her fingers were attached to an invisible weight. When she entered the courtyard of Joe's house, Sparhawk saw her. And immediately, without preface of any sort, he loved her. Loved her, as he had loved Saint Hubert, at first sight; she was the woman he had been "living toward," he put it quaintly to himself in that moment of recognition. She had shaped herself out of his dreams. She had materialised out of his desire. Always, from boyhood, he had pictured just such a woman, misty, delicate, with eyes like—like sapphires. . . .

He jumped to his feet and signalled to Pease, who accompanied her, that he was alone and very desirous of company. A moment later, he had them at his table—the representative, Mrs. Carford, and a Doctor Friedman and his wife, people he politely acknowledged, but forgot at once.

In his excitement, he ordered wine for them all. And Mary Carford drank, slowly, with her calm eyes on him. She said very little. He gathered that she was a daughter and grand-daughter of sea-captains, and that she, too, loved the Islands.

Since her husband was not there, and would not be there until the morning, it was easy enough to forget his existence. Sparhawk was too much a man of his own particular sort to let the others see what was going on within him. But it was characteristic that none of the obstacles presented themselves. This was to be a night of nights.

After dinner, Pease, with a trace of mockery, surrendered Mrs. Carford to Sparhawk, and the others drifted away. Sparhawk found himself walking at her side through the shadowy streets. Her arm brushed his. Starlight, blue, phosphorescent, struck through the sharp-bladed palms and patterned her white dress. And presently they came to a gate set in a white wall. "I live here," Mary Carford said.

Sparhawk followed her through the gate and up a gravelled path beneath an arch of trees. He could hear the light tapping of her shoes, her breath, quick and shallow, as if she were afraid. . . . At the steps of the house, she paused and gave him her hand. "I live here alone. . . . no servants. . . . Would you mind coming in while I light the lamps?"

He felt an uncomfortable tightness in his throat. "Of course," he said politely, and their hands fell apart. She turned away with a little shiver of apprehension, and laughed. "I'm always afraid when I open the door. . . . the house is very old. . . . sometimes I'm not sure that I am, really, alone. Do you believe in ghosts?"

"No."



Sparhawk, sprawling in a chair, with his fingers closed around the cool stem of the glass, heard nothing until Pease said: "The *Conch's* sister ship, the *Ariel*, is due to-morrow morning."

She opened the door, and the darkness of the room within seemed to swallow her up. Her voice was muffled, different, with a note of panic: "Have you a match?"

Sparhawk struck a light and followed her. In the small, circular glow of a lamp, he saw her again, and she was as pale as her dress. "I'm always afraid," she said again.

"There's no one here, Mrs. Carford, beside ourselves."

"My imagination . . ." she began.

"Nothing else! You mustn't be afraid. There's absolutely nothing to be afraid of."

She shivered, and her lips twisted into a smile. "I know. I'm a fool. But often, at night . . . look!" She opened a door and he had a glimpse of a white bed beneath a towering canopy of netting.

"I sleep here. But I leave this door open, and that lamp burning, because I hate the dark. My husband comes to Saint Hubert once every month. The rest of the time he is away—at Port-au-Prince, Martinique—miles and miles away. For weeks at a time, I am without word from him. And do you know what happens? Sometimes I see him, standing there by the table, looking in at me!"

Sparhawk felt a sudden pity, because he thought he understood.

"And I call out 'Philip!' I get out of bed and walk toward him. I notice whether or not he is wearing uniform, whether he has been—whether he is well. . . ." She hesitated, and Sparhawk remembered that Pease had described Carford as "a bit of a bounder."

"Well? And he isn't there?"

"He isn't there, Mr. Sparhawk! I speak to him, and he simply isn't there. The door will be shut and locked, exactly as I left it when I went to bed. . . . It is enough to drive me—mad!"

Sparhawk shook his head and smiled at her. His pity and his love made him incoherent. He stood there staring at her, listening to the throbbing of his heart. He was sorry that she had mentioned her husband, even the unpleasant and possibly drunken ghost of her husband, since now the dream was broken and the problem had entered in. She had confided a very ordinary, a very usual nervous imagining; Sparhawk had had to deal with many such harmless delusions. Hysteria does not always manifest itself in shrieks and the shedding of tears. This lovely woman was too much alone, and too proud, too decent, to complain of a husband who permitted it. Why in God's name couldn't the fellow take her with him! Unless, perhaps, she preferred solitude to the company of a man she hated. . . .

"You think I'm a coward," she said suddenly. "But you can't imagine how—terrible—" She brushed away the memory of that vision with a pretty gesture of both hands. "I shouldn't have bothered you. . . . You'll stay and have something to drink? Please, please do. . . ."

"Thanks, no. I'll be getting aboard."

"It's not late. See. Only nine o'clock." He stayed, of course.

While she was in another room, cracking ice and mixing cool drinks for them both, he surveyed the room, cautiously, without seeming to. He did not want her to think him curious. But, in the manner of men who are much at sea, he was keenly aware of the atmosphere of dwellings ashore. And this was not a room occupied by a happy woman: there were no flowers, no pretty, frivolous cushions, no photographs of a man in uniform set in conspicuous places. Clean, yes—spotlessly clean. The waxed floor was devoid of rugs. The chairs were placed stiffly, away from the lamp and the table. Slatted blinds were drawn across the windows, and now the door stood open, framing the tangled darkness of the garden and a star or two, low in the sky. . . .

An unhappy woman, or he had never seen one! A woman any man in his right senses would die for—or, better, live for. And there was something confoundingly wrong, or else would she be urging a stranger to stay beyond the moment when he should have gone? Yes, decidedly, he should have gone. He had always imagined that women like Mary Carford were the fabulous creations of poets and novelists—his own dream had been as improbable. He had never seen, in the flesh, such transparent skin, such a grace and flexibility of body, so glamorous, so cool, so seductive a glance—All at once he hated Carford for not being there, and in the next breath hated him for existing at all. . . .

Mary Carford came back carrying a tray and two glasses, a plate of cakes, sugar, and silver spoons that had long, twisted handles. The deliberation with which she moved suggested to Sparhawk that she was afraid he might hurry away and leave her alone again. Her eyes met his with a sort of entreaty, but her lips were steady, smiling.

Sparhawk thought it best to be jovial. "I have never seen an apparition in my life, Mrs. Carford. And I've been in some queer corners of the earth. I've been in India. And Africa. And in Borneo. Places where strange things are supposed to happen. The fakirs never succeeded with me—perhaps because I don't believe in their unholy quackery! I've dealt with black boys and voodooes and bad ships and haunted houses. But ghosts keep away from me. . . . Don't imagine for a moment that I'm laughing at you. What you saw *looked* real, but it wasn't real. Your mind was playing tricks. . . ."

She gave him a look that went to his heart. "Ah! The mind. I have wondered. . . ."

Sparhawk put the drink aside and, leaning forward, touched her hand. He was about to say something comforting. He had no flirtatious intention; his feeling was too deep, too genuine for flippancy. He saw her eyes look beyond him and her whole body stiffen. Her hand was lifeless, frozen, beneath his. Without warning, she shrieked: "Philip!"

Sparhawk spun around. That scream hung in the air, penetrating, terrible—she kept on, a long, shuddering treble, as if she were singing—

and Sparhawk's spine crawled. A man was standing in the doorway, just beyond the circle of lamplight, looking in.

Sparhawk saw the service jacket he wore, then his face, yellow, sharp, and light blue eyes beneath black brows. "Hush!" Sparhawk cried.

He rose, kicking his chair over backwards, and putting his arm about Mary Carford, shook her. Suddenly she was silent. The thin, high-pitched, appalling scream snapped off in the middle.

And the man in the doorway, as if released, moved and came forward.

"What an outrageous noise!" he remarked. "The neighbours will think someone is murdering you."

Mary Carford whispered: "Philip?"

"You didn't expect me? Evidently."

Then, and only then, was Sparhawk sure that here was flesh and blood, not a shadow. The two men faced each other, and both were alive, and both wore the uniform of the Triple Star Line, and both had the same number of stripes on their coat-sleeves. Philip Carford glanced at his wife, then at Sparhawk, and then at the open door of the bed-room.

"I must have startled you," he said. His smile might have meant anything. It was carefully calculated both to arouse and disarm resentment. "I haven't the pleasure—"

"Captain Sparhawk."

They clasped hands across Mary Carford. She sat, huddled in her chair, her face drained of colour and of life. Sparhawk had to leave her there.

He went down the steep hill to the town cursing Carford aloud. All the magic had gone out of the night for him. He stumbled through the shadows in a desperate hurry to find out whether the *Ariel* had entered the harbour. If not—then he had abandoned that woman to her horrible imagining. . . . Sparhawk's nerves were steady, but they had been rasped by the senseless terror of her shriek.

When he at last came out from the maze of little streets into the square, he saw the outline of the *Ariel*. She had slipped past the *Conch* and lay close inshore, not a stone's throw from the Customs wharf. She seemed attached by wavering ribbons of light to the town itself, and Sparhawk could see a stir of figures along her deck. Carford must have been in a devil of a hurry. . . .

"D——!" Sparhawk's cigarette described an arc and fell with a slight sputter in the black water. Now he knew what Carford was driving at! He was the sort of liverish bully that feeds on suspicion. In all probability he would put Mary Carford through the mental torture which is particularly stimulating to his sort. Indifference. Sarcasm. Insinuation. Abomination. Everything except actual whipping. The obnoxious tragedy of suspicion and accusation. Galled by her silence, her whiteness, he would flay her with questions she could not answer. . . . Sparhawk lifted both arms in a gesture of helpless rage. He couldn't defend her. He couldn't open his mouth. . . . The man's manner had been too perfect, the situation too extraordinary. Of course, Carford thought that. . . .

"Oh, d—— him!"

Sparhawk flung away from the water-front, up again between those high, white walls, to the gate of Mary Carford's house. He stood there until dawn. But though he saw nothing, heard nothing, he thought a great deal.

When dawn came, a fan that opened across the sky, a clamour of birds, a sudden warm, roseate flush, he knew that he loved Mary Carford, and that never, as long as he lived, could he tell her so.

He did not see her for three months. In the meantime, the *Conch* completed two voyages. Then she came again to Saint Hubert, and Sparhawk presented himself to Pease. And again, over a glass of rum, he listened with strained, painful attention for news of Mary Carford. He had had for some time an uneasy suspicion that all was not well with her. She had entered so surely into his heart that he was never wholly unaware of her. Being aware of her, he had listened to gossip which, otherwise, he would have let pass unnoticed. Casting about for some way to start Pease off, Sparhawk mentioned the *Ariel*.

"Left day before yesterday. Carford was furious. Mrs. Carford is sick and he couldn't get a soul to care for her. The niggers won't work up there. They say the house is haunted."

"Sick?" Sparhawk demanded, conscious of a thickness in his voice.

"Some sort of fever. Queer thing." Pease refilled his glass.

"I don't believe Mrs. Carford's happy. Carford's all right—But——"

Both men stared at the floor, held by a tacit agreement, a professional restraint. Pease glanced up again. "Have you ever seen a ghost, Sparhawk?"

"No," Sparhawk smiled. "Have you?"

"There's something in this ghost at Carford's," Pease said slowly. "I think Mrs. Carford is scared to death."

Sparhawk maintained his attitude of polite indifference. Inwardly he trembled. "Who is with her?"

"Mrs. Friedman, the doctor's wife."

Sparhawk asked no more questions, since it was evident that Pease was already alert. But that night, with his heart in his mouth, he climbed the hill again and rang the bell beside the gate. It jangled somewhere within. Then, a hurried patter of steps, and Mrs. Friedman peered out at him.

"Oh, Captain Sparhawk! I'm so particularly glad—will you sit with her while I fetch my husband? She's worse——"

He followed her, baring his head. Again the empty, clean room. . . . He crossed it to the bed-room door. And there, pillowed high, with

her short, blonde hair spread out and her hands clasped lightly together, lay Mary Carford, as if she were asleep. Sparhawk sat down beside the bed, disposing his height and weight carefully, holding his breath. He dared not take his eyes away from her face, for fear she would die.



A man was standing in the doorway, just beyond the circle of lamplight, looking in.

He thought: "I will make her know, before she dies, that I love her. She will know. She must know." And he sat there, watching her.

It did not occur to him that what he was doing might be open to question. The supple flow of her body beneath the bed coverings was beautiful, but he could see no beauty now. Love had taken him, had flowed through him, like fire, burning out all the tormenting desires.

Two lamps, one on a table, the other in the window, picked out the white fineness of her features, the line of her throat, her delicate, rather long hands. He felt a profound and penetrating tenderness, a wrench of self-pity—this woman had come too late. A warm wind, heavily scented, leaned the flame of the lamps down, and the shadows expanded, shrank, expanded again. Mary Carford opened her eyes.

Sparhawk leaned forward with his hands on his knees. He felt empty and sick and afraid, because he thought that she was going to die. Instead, she smiled.

It was evident to Sparhawk, in that still, prolonged encounter of their eyes, that she was not surprised to see him there. She might have expected him—looked for him, even. There passed between them a sort of recognition, an acknowledgment, as if they had cried aloud to each other.

It was a thing too evanescent, too fleeting, to tie down with words. She closed her eyes again, sighed, relaxed and slept, leaving Sparhawk in possession of her love. There was no doubt of that. She loved him. She looked to him to protect her from whatever it was that had "frightened her to death." Sparhawk flung himself down on his knees and got hold of her hand and put his lips against it. He remembered what he had tried to forget—the rumours he had heard of Carford's dissensions.

Carford was no saint. At Port-au-Prince it was pretty generally understood that he had betrayed Mary Carford for a woman known as Belle, a yellow-skinned beauty, half-English, half-native, who held Carford by some spell of her own—had held him, Sparhawk heard, two years or more. For such beauty as Mary Carford's, Carford had had no understanding. Sparhawk pitied him. He tried to penetrate the mystery of Mary Carford's smile—in sleep, she was at peace. And it came to him, with the shock of a revelation, that she was no longer afraid, because she loved.

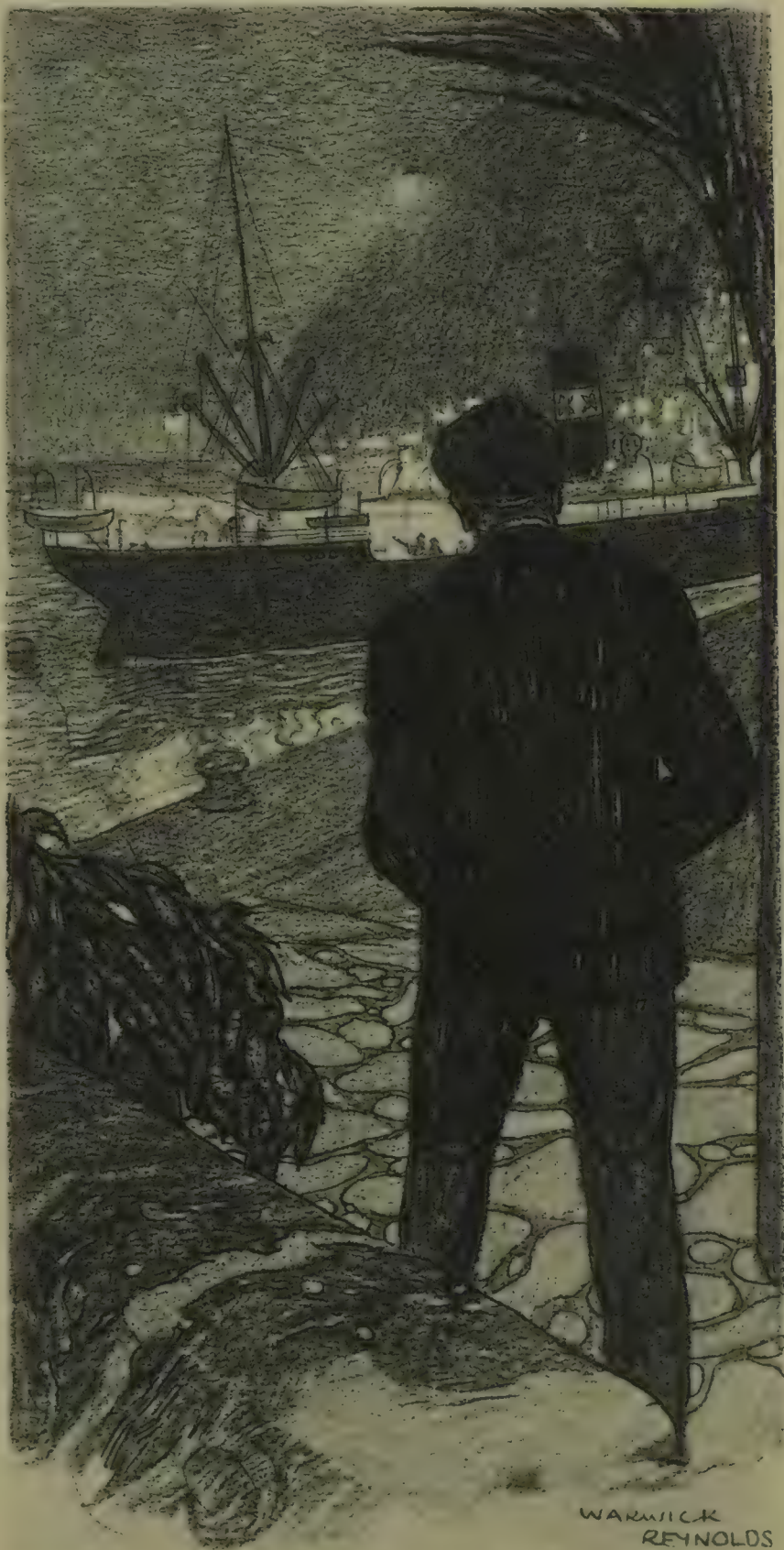
When Mrs. Friedman came back with the doctor, Sparhawk was sitting by the bed, upright, expressionless, hiding his secret.

"She is sleeping," he told them. "The fever is broken."

He tried, after that, not to see Mary Carford. Whenever the *Conch* put in at Saint Hubert, he hurried ashore, hurried about the business of the cruise, and hurried aboard again. It was not a part of his philosophy to make others suffer simply because he did. Yet a stranger could have told that his heart was breaking. He was as thin as a fever victim, as dry and brown as dust, as burned out as a twist of charred paper. Only his eyes were alive, and they were too bright. He was subsisting on a memory, and it was pretty unsubstantial fare for a man like Sparhawk. His arms ached to hold her. At night he would lie with his face pressed into his pillow, groaning, remembering her. . . . She was alone, up there on the hill, and it wasn't likely that anyone in the islands would tell her what manner of man she had married. . . .

Sparhawk would fling himself out of his bunk, and, in his pyjamas, bare-foot, pace the deck.

"God save me! Why this place, of all places? I might have been put on the outside route. I might never have seen her! What good



The *Ariel* . . . lay close inshore, not a stone's throw from the Customs wharf, . . . and Sparhawk could see a stir of figures along her deck.

does it do? She knows. I know. We've spoken! And she's tied to that stinking coward, that lover of half-breeds. . . . Tied to his ghost—tied to his dirty shadow. . . ."

One day McAvoy, the *Conch's* first officer, brought a letter to Sparhawk.

"It's from Mrs. Carford, Sir. She wants you very particularly to see Captain Carford in New Orleans and give it to him."



Mary Carford opened her eyes. Sparhawk leaned forward with his hands on his knees. He felt empty and sick and afraid, because he thought that she was going to die.

It seemed that McAvoy had met Mary Carford on the Customs wharf. "You're from the *Conch*?" McAvoy had touched his cap smartly, impressed by her bearing. It wasn't usual to meet pretty white women in Saint Hubert. "Give this to Captain Sparhawk, if you please—for Captain Carford." She was gone, hurrying back along the wharf, her white dress blown about her. . . . "I'm sorry for her, Sir—knowing what I know about—" He caught himself. "That's that, Sir."

Sparhawk went on deck. He fancied that he saw the white flash of her dress passing in and out of the palmetto shadows along the waterfront. But he could not be sure.

That night the *Conch* left the harbour and slipped out into the black, untroubled waters of the open sea. Sparhawk wondered whether Mary Carford, in her house on the hill, listened for the Customs siren, the *Conch's* brazen blast of farewell—whether she watched that double string of lights move forward, shift, turn, disappear, appear again, fading into the sky, into the low-hung stars. . . .

For a fortnight he cherished her letter, taking it out of the safe a dozen times a day to scan the firm, upright hand, the thick pen-strokes which had inscribed "Captain Carford, SS. *Ariel*, Triple Star Line, New Orleans." What had she said? What message could she be sending, by him, to a man she feared and hated? Sparhawk was not jealous, but he suffered an obscure, an ignoble emotion. This letter had somehow broken the spell—he had been living with intangible things, and here was reality. It came to him with a shock of disgust that perhaps he had imagined too much—that perhaps, after all, she did not hate Carford, or fear him. . . . The letter held the key to the riddle, but he could not open it. He was surrounded by mysteries, held captive by a web of uncertainties; he was the victim of feelings he could not control. The world, existence, was held together by his faith in Mary Carford.

As soon as the *Conch* docked in New Orleans he delivered the letter. The sister cargo-ships lay side by side in the yellow river. Electric cranes, precise, tireless, reached into the holds, groped, emerged with great clusters of crated fruit. . . . ships were not ships, but warehouses, in port. Sparhawk disliked the noisy business of unloading. At five o'clock he went aboard the *Ariel*. A black boy ran forward to meet him, and informed him with a smirk that the Captain was ashore.

Sparhawk hesitated. He decided, finally, not to leave the letter, but to take it away with him. He had turned, when he saw Carford coming down the deck toward him, coatless, smoking a cigar. The boy ducked and ran, grinning, and Sparhawk said: "Ah, Carford! Glad to find you aboard, after all! I have a letter for you, from Mrs. Carford."

Carford's expression changed. He turned a shade yellower and his lip curled in that habitual sneer, that mocking smile. He did not offer to take the letter, but stood with his hands clasped behind his back, rocking on his heels. "Very good of you, I'm sure. I think I understand. . . . But you won't find what you're looking for—not by a d—d sight! Neither of you!"

Sparhawk got control of himself with an effort. Again he extended the letter. His face flushed and he repeated: "From Mrs. Carford."

"Read it!" Carford ejaculated. "It is meant for you. Read it!"

"I don't know what you're talking about." Sparhawk's teeth snapped together. "Watch out. I'll knock you down. And it won't be good for you."

"Or for you. Remember our position—where we are."

"You don't deserve to be considered."

"And you?"

Sparhawk still held the letter. Carford snatched it, slit the envelope, and read the enclosure. "Just what I thought! She sends you to see what you can see! Both of you be d—d! Go back and tell her so."

Sparhawk's clenched fist shot out and caught Carford under the chin. The Captain stepped back, swayed, sagged against the rail, went down on his knees. . . . Sparhawk felt an uneasy wonder. He had never before had to knock a man down; there was a tingling satisfaction in it, a reversal to the primitive; yet he was ashamed. Carford crouched by the rail, spitting and groaning. A trickle of blood ran down his chin, stained his shirt. . . . He got up, dazed, and turned his clouded eyes on his assailant.

Then, and only then, Sparhawk saw that someone had come up behind them. A small, honey-coloured woman with a mop of short black hair stood in an open door. She wore a kimono of red silk, and heelless slippers into which she had thrust her bare feet.

"Wha's the mattah?" she demanded, in the soft, blurred speech of the Islands. She turned her eyes from Carford to Sparhawk. "Wha's the mattah?" Her lips parted, and he saw her teeth, white, sharp, like the teeth of a cat. And he saw a picture, a flash—a clear, sharp vision of a blonde woman lying asleep, her hands clasped together. . . .

He got out from there. Quickly, without lifting his hat, he left. And from the corner of his eye he saw the honey-coloured woman put her arms under Carford's arms, and half-lead, half-drag him through the open door into the cabin.

The *Conch* lay over in New Orleans for three days. But Carford did not leave the *Ariel* or show his face. McAvoy reported, with a smile, that someone had "pasted Carford good and proper."

He hung a moment in the doorway, staring in at Sparhawk with a



McAvoy had touched his cap smartly, impressed by her bearing. It wasn't usual to meet pretty white women in Saint Hubert. "Give this to Captain Sparhawk, if you please—for Captain Carford."

curiously triumphant manner. "They say he's got that yellow girl aboard, Sir. Pity the office don't hear of it. It's common talk."

"You're probably mistaken."

"I hope so, Sir," McAvoy said, with a shrug. "I hope so, indeed."

"Don't say anything to anyone, McAvoy."

"Not I! But between you and me, Sir, he isn't white. There's a dash of sanguinary ochre in him, somewhere. He gives me the creeps."

"How's that?"

"There's something not *right* about him. He's seen things—he's done things—well, he's *outside*, Sir. I don't know how to put it otherwise."

Sparhawk knew quite well what McAvoy meant. He had known, all along, ever since Mary Carford's frightened confession: "It is enough to drive me mad!"

McAvoy came in and closed the door. He leaned forward to whisper: "You and I know it isn't so. There's no black magic. No practices. . . . But Carford has played about with the voodoo doctors. If there *are* tricks, he knows them. Congo stuff. . . . That girl is one of 'em. . . . It makes me boil, Sir! He isn't fit to command a ship. He's doped half the time. Snake soup and witches' brew!"

McAvoy met Sparhawk's eyes and grinned. "Well, what if it is so! I pity anyone he's a mind to hate." . . .

mare, like a ship possessed. The *Conch* seemed to lag, as if the sea were clogged with weeds. . . . Sparhawk grew haggard with impatience. He forgot to eat; sleep was impossible—at best he dozed and woke with frantic leaps into a tormented consciousness. He saw pictures, as real as photographic projections, pictures of Mary Carford's meeting with Carford, of Carford kissing Mary because she hated him. . . .

It was hot and calm in the Gulf. Portuguese men-o'-war sailed like opalescent bubbles across the unbroken, polished surface, and dolphins pin-wheeled, over and over, piercing the water without a ripple.

The President, a complacent man fond of cigars, played poker with the lesser dignitaries in the forward saloon. A rattle of coins and a clink of glasses rose to Sparhawk on the bridge. It seemed to him, during those first days, that the *Conch* stood still, that she was suspended in an arc of dazzling emptiness. This was a personal, unshared torment, for she did move. The sun rose and set behind curtains of mist, and the *Conch* passed through the straits into the Caribbean. Then it was that Sparhawk could bear it no longer. He presented himself



Sparhawk felt an uneasy wonder. He had never before had to knock a man down; there was a tingling satisfaction in it, a reversal to the primitive; yet he was ashamed. Carford crouched by the rail, spitting and groaning.

Sparhawk's orders were explicit. They came from the President of the Triple Star Line, who was to make his annual inspection aboard the *Conch*.

Sparhawk cursed the luck which had forced him, not Carford, to be the unwilling Virgil to the chief's Dante. Carford would have relished the cruise, with its small, attendant festivities. To Sparhawk, the delay was maddening, since it was inevitable that the *Ariel* should arrive first at Saint Hubert. For Mary Carford's sake he was tempted to surrender his command; for Mary Carford's sake he couldn't. It would not do, at this stage of the game, to trifle with duty.

He watched the *Ariel* drop down-stream with a feeling of helpless anger and bitterness. He did not believe in ghosts, and he took no stock in the hysterical imaginings of a woman beside herself with fear and dread. But he knew Carford to be a particularly noxious beast, a dabbler in forbidden pleasures, a soiled, debased white man masquerading in the garments of decency, hiding behind the record made by other men. That he should have married a woman like Mary Carford was an abomination. . . . Sparhawk prayed for her with an unfamiliar belief in prayer, a new faith in a power he had never, consciously, called upon since he had learned to rely only upon himself—"God keep her safe until I get there."

The *Conch* entered the Gulf and headed south. The *Ariel* was gone, over the horizon, spinning down a white wake like a ship in a night-

mare, like a ship possessed. The *Conch* seemed to lag, as if the sea were clogged with weeds. . . . Sparhawk grew haggard with impatience. He forgot to eat; sleep was impossible—at best he dozed and woke with frantic leaps into a tormented consciousness. He saw pictures, as real as photographic projections, pictures of Mary Carford's meeting with Carford, of Carford kissing Mary because she hated him. . . .

Shifting his cigar from one corner of his mouth to the other, the President reminded Sparhawk that such was far from his intention. They were to put in at St. Lucia, Kingston, and Grenada. . . . "As usual, Captain."

Sparhawk took his medicine with a grim smile. Later, the President found him on the bridge, in the breathless dark of midnight, and took the subject up where it had been dropped. He seemed to be gathering himself for an attack. The glowing tip of his cigar described an arc. "You are very anxious to get back to Saint Hubert, Captain! Is there a personal reason?"

Sparhawk was far too simple to think before answering. He said: "Why, yes; there is."

"Are you married? I mean to say, is there an attachment?" His voice tightened. He removed the cigar and held it suspended. "An officer should never be unmindful of his obligation to the Line. Duty first. I thought it best to tell you that we have had complaints."

"Complaints?"

"I can't be more specific."

"Why not?"

"The remarks made to me were confidential. . . . Don't be in too much of a hurry, Captain." The cigar was replaced. It burned

a hole in the darkness. "Women are devils. They play the deuce with a man's job."

"Women?"

"You continue to ask questions! I prefer not to answer them."

"I don't know what you're driving at."

"Um-m-n."

With a final, insinuating motion of his cigar, the President left the bridge, and that malignant, accusing spark drifted aft, out of sight.

For the first time in his life, Sparhawk was baffled, as sane and healthy men are sometimes confounded by unhealthy forces. Carford had hurt him in the one way he had not expected. With a dozen words, perhaps less, a shrug of the shoulders, a smirk, Carford had tangled Mary in the web. . . . Sparhawk laughed aloud.

And McAvoy, coming up, peered at his commander through the shadows. He knew that, whatever Sparhawk was laughing at, it wasn't pleasant. So, wisely, he held his tongue.

Sparhawk was in his cabin, and it was two o'clock in the morning, when the thing happened which he had always sworn never could happen. . . .

He was sitting before the table, his pipe going, his elbows spread, staring at the chart and listening with his unconscious mind to the pulse-beat of the ship. He knew about where the *Ariel* would be at that moment. To-morrow, Saint Hubert, unless the hurricane he hoped for struck like a lash. . . . Unless a miracle happened. . . .

"Who's there?" Sparhawk jerked his head around. The door was being opened, but no one had knocked.

"Who's there?" he demanded again.

Then he saw Carford.

At least, he thought he saw Carford, standing there on the threshold and looking in. He had a glimpse, no more, of a man in uniform, soaking wet, tattered, blood-stained, with a face drained of colour. He saw that much. When he started to his feet the man was gone. Wiped out, like a drawing on a slate. The door remained open. But the threshold had been vacated and the corridor was empty.

Sparhawk went back to his chair badly shaken. He refilled his pipe with unsteady hands, reminding himself that he was a fool, a damn fool. He had not seen Carford, of course. He had not seen anyone. He had been asleep.

Yet he knew, with transfixing clarity, that he had, on the contrary, been wide awake. The thing could not be disposed of so easily. It lay as far outside his comprehension as the sun lies beyond the earth. Either he had seen Carford, or he was on the ragged edge of losing his mind. He kept his eye on the door. When it opened again, he was in control of himself. And this time he saw Carford beyond the shadow of a doubt. He even spoke to him: "What d'you want?"

Carford did not answer. He seemed stricken with a tormenting desire to explain himself. There was something that must be said. . . . He wagged his head. His mouth opened and shut again. Where he stood, a pool of water spread.

Then, inexplicably, he was gone again. To steady himself, Sparhawk called the steward, a sleepy, sulky boy of the Islands, who came, barefoot, yawning and blinking.

"Clean up that mess, Joe."

"Yes, Sah." His eyes rolled. He shuffled. "You mean, Sah——?"

"There. Where you're standing! That water."

He went away. Sparhawk waited for his return with a sense of horror that was sickening. This was incredible. Impossible. . . . There was no water on the floor. He had sent that boy on a fool's errand. . . .

He got to his feet again, and when Joe came back with a pail and a mop, he said: "I've done it myself. Go back to bed."

"Yes, Sah."

It was three o'clock. Sparhawk did not sleep through what was left of the night. An ugly, pallid dawn found him on deck. And, before another night shut down upon the *Conch* like the lid of a box, he had argued himself out of the entire affair, had analysed it in cold blood, and had decided that it had never happened. The light of day is wonderful medicine for shaky nerves. He'd been thinking too much about Carford.

He avoided an encounter with the President. The rattle and clink of the poker game went on. There was no difference in the familiar world of commonplace happenings. No difference whatever.

That night, alone again, he faced the door with a sense of triumph. He had himself so very well in hand! If nothing out of the usual took place, well and good. In the meantime, he'd smoke.

At half-past two, exactly, the door opened again, with the same gentle, resistless push, as if a hand were laid on the panels. Carford stood there, as before, gasping and bubbling, trying to say something.

"Well?" Sparhawk demanded. "What do you want? Speak out, man!"

Confronted by the fact of that presence, Sparhawk was not afraid. He was convinced of the figure's reality, absolved himself from the terror of madness. Carford moved forward. He seemed to want to touch the chart, and his hands hovered—like gulls. Sparhawk noticed the white cuff of his shirt, his wrist-watch. He made particularly certain that his visitor had none of the traditional transparency of ghosts; he was solid; he was there. Yet he was not there. When Sparhawk, pushing back his chair with a violent thrust, reached forward to grab him, Carford was gone. The room and the corridor, brightly lighted, showed no trace of him.

Therefore, Sparhawk sent for McAvoy. If McAvoy saw it, it was there. And Sparhawk preferred to know the truth, even if it lost him his ship.

McAvoy listened, and his face went dark with anger. "He's trying to break you, Sir. It's one of their pet tricks—scaring the life out of their enemies. I take it you're his enemy. . . . Oh, I've heard! The steward listened in on that poker game in the saloon; Carford dished you, good and proper! That's what you get for hitting a coward and then turning your back on him."

"The *Ariel*'s already at Saint Hubert," Sparhawk reminded him.

"Maybe not, Sir. I'll ask the wireless operator. Half a minute, Sir——"

He was gone, eager, fearless and young, hot on the trail of mystery. He came back, panting, his eyes alight. "No word from the *Ariel* for twenty-four hours, Sir. The operator had her, right along, until Wednesday night—until last night—at eight o'clock. Not since."

McAvoy closed the door sharply and came over to the table. With both palms laid flat on the outspread chart, he leaned down to whisper: "Has it struck you, Sir, something might have gone wrong with the *Ariel*? You say he was covered with blood. . . ."

"By God!"

Sparhawk glanced beyond the first officer to the door.

There was a sound of the knob turning, the door opened, and Carford stepped into the room. The light from the corridor fell full upon him. He was a grotesque apparition. He had lost his coat, and his thin yellow arms showed through the rips in his shirt-sleeves. His feet were bare; his trousers rolled above the knee. His hair was matted on his forehead, and moisture ran down his face.

He said nothing. But then, neither McAvoy nor Sparhawk expected speech. They waited, in rigid attitudes, with startled, white faces; for some solution of the mystery, some explanation of this oppressive presence.

"The chart!" Sparhawk said. "Get away from the chart, McAvoy." McAvoy moved aside.

"He wants the chart."

Someone was coming along the corridor. A shuffle and flap of feet approached, accompanied by the sharp, joyous trill of a whistle. Before their eyes, Carford vanished.

Where he had been a moment before, he no longer was. And Joe stood on the threshold, bearing a tray, a bottle, and a tumbler.

"Compliments of the gen'men in the saloon, Cap'n Sparhawk, Sah."

Sparhawk's taut nerves snapped. "D—— you, Joe! Whistling in the corridor at this time of night. Put the tray down. Here! And get to bed."

"Yes, Sah."

The negro's eyes strayed to the left, to the right. He seemed to sniff the atmosphere, charged with suspense and dread. The tray rattled as he set it on the table. Then, very nimbly, he retreated.

Before dawn, a storm broke. The sea heaved suddenly, as if split apart by an earthquake, and a high, thin, shrieking sound of wind passed overhead and was gone, as if snatched away. The steamer seemed to come alive. She crouched in the white welter, shivering and groaning. By noon, the sea was climbing over the stern, and the *Conch* seemed stationary. Squalls burst, sharp, violent, like arrows sent from ambush. The poker game in the saloon was suspended by the tacit consent of the players. The President took to his berth, and Sparhawk found it in his heart to be glad. All through that crowded day, between the sharp confusion of the bridge and the creaking, stuffy atmosphere below decks, Sparhawk's consciousness was divided. One part of his mind functioned as it had been trained to function, and the *Conch* staggered towards St. Lucia. Another part of his mind struggled with the inexplicable, with forces unguessed at, with ominous shadows.

The storm passed as quickly as it had come. A curtain of clouds lifted on the horizon, and the sun, huge, scarlet, like a lacquer disc, slipped into a tossing sea and was gone—the wind, like a super, followed, and the curtain of night fell on a quiet world.

Sparhawk went to his cabin unprepared for what might happen. He had had no time for sober thought. His training, his experience, his faith were opposed to what he termed "the occult." He distrusted people who claimed to have seen visions or to have encountered ephemeral "presences" in old houses or in shadowy crypts. He had an innate scorn of palmists and fortune-tellers, the stuff and nonsense of cabinets, rappings, voices, and messages. He had always been prejudiced and always intolerant. His mind was in broad daylight; there were no shadowy places in it. . . .

McAvoy joined him.

"Well—Sir?"

"He may not come again."

They waited, facing the door.

"Has the wireless operator reported?"

"Yes, Sir. Saint Hubert says the *Ariel* is overdue."

A shiver of exultation passed through Sparhawk. He was ashamed and triumphant. If the *Ariel* had gone down, victim of some obscure accident, an explosion, a collision, Carford was, perhaps, dead. Yet this might mean the sacrifice of others. . . .

In the close air of the cabin, silence weighed against them both. The thin persistent tick of the chronometer crossed the tripping step of an alarm clock on the shelf. It was like the beating of their two hearts. Sparhawk braced himself to endure it, his nerves on edge. Then, suddenly, he was quite cool.

The sound of the clocks vanished, and he found himself listening, listening with the very pores of his skin. McAvoy's face was gray. He leaned forward, his hands straining at the arms of his chair, his eyes fixed and colourless.

Scenes from Biblical History—by Edmund Dulac: No. I.

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THE EXPULSION FROM EDEN.

"So he drove out the man; and he placed at the east of the garden of Eden Cherubims, and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life."

We begin here a remarkable series of Biblical studies by that famous artist, Mr. Edmund Dulac. The first four are included in this number, and we have great pleasure in announcing that the series is to be continued in the current issues of "The Illustrated London News."

Scenes from Biblical History — by Edmund Dulac: No. II.

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THE FLOOD.

"And the waters prevailed, and were increased greatly upon the earth, and the ark went upon the face of the waters. . . .
And all flesh died that moved upon the earth."

Scenes from Biblical History—by Edmund Dulac: No. III.

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THE DOOM OF LOT'S WIFE.

"The sun was risen upon the earth when Lot entered into Zoar. . . . But his wife looked back from behind him, and she became a pillar of salt."

Scenes from Biblical History — by Edmund Dulac: No. IV.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS. DULAC. CHRISTMAS. ANNUAL. THE WORLD, ILLUSTRATED. THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



THE DEATH OF SAMSON.

"And Samson took hold of the two middle pillars. . . . And he bowed himself with all his might, and the house fell upon the lords, and upon all the people that were therein."



A TOY HARLEQUINADE.

FROM THE PAINTING ENTITLED "L'HEURE ESPAGNOLE," BY JEAN COTTENET, EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON
(SOCIÉTÉ DES ARTISTES FRANÇAIS, 1925.)

MEMORIES

BY

JOHN GALSWORTHY

Illustrated by

MAUD EARL



In all the literature devoted to dogs, perhaps the most delightful thing is Mr. John Galsworthy's "Memories" of his black spaniel, Chris. No "friend of man" has ever evoked a more touching tribute from his master. It is at once the most amusing and the most pathetic study of canine character that has ever been written. Though it has already been published in elaborate gift-book form, we have arranged to reprint it here, together with a number of the charming illustrations by Miss Maud Earl, the well-known animal painter, done for an edition published by Messrs. Heinemann.

"Here's your wild beast, Sir!"



We set out to meet him at Waterloo Station on a dull day of February—I, who had owned his impetuous mother, knowing a little what to expect, while to my companion he would be all original. We stood there waiting (for the Salisbury train was late), and wondering with a warm, half-fearful eagerness what sort of new thread Life was going to twine into our skein. I think our chief dread was that he might have slight eye—those yellow Chinese eyes of the common, parti-coloured spaniel. And each new minute of the train's tardiness increased our anxious compassion. His first journey; his first separation from his mother; this black two months' baby! Then the train ran in, and we hastened to look for him. "Have you a dog for us?"

"A dog! Not in this van. Ask the rear-guard."

"Have you a dog for us?"

"That's right. From Salisbury. Here's your wild beast, Sir!"

From behind a wooden crate we saw a long black-muzzled nose poking round at us, and heard a faint hoarse whimpering.

I remember my first thought: "Isn't his nose too long?"

But to my companion's heart it went at once, because it was swollen from crying and being pressed against things that he could not see through. We took him out—soft, wobbly, tearful; set him down on his four, as yet not quite simultaneous, legs, and regarded him. Or rather, my companion did, having her head on one side, and a quavering smile; and I regarded her, knowing that I should thereby get a truer impression of him.

He wandered a little round our legs, neither wagging tail nor licking at our hands; then he looked up, and my companion said: "He's an angel!"

I was not so certain. He seemed hammer-headed, with no eyes at



"We took him out—soft, wobbly, tearful."

all, and little connection between his head, his body, and his legs. His ears were very long, as long as his poor nose; and gleaming down in the blackness of him I could see the same white star that disgraced his mother's chest.

Picking him up, we carried him to a four-wheeled cab, and took his muzzle off. His little dark-brown eyes were resolutely fixed on distance, and by his refusal even to smell the biscuits we had brought to make him happy we knew that the human being had not yet come into a life that had contained so far only a mother, a woodshed, and four other soft, wobbly, black, hammer-headed angels, smelling of themselves, and warmth, and wood-shavings. It was pleasant to feel that to us he would surrender an untouched love—that is, if he would surrender anything. Suppose he did not take to us!

And just then something must have stirred in him, for he turned up his swollen nose and stared at my companion, and a little later rubbed the dry pinkness of his tongue against my thumb. In that look, and that unconscious, restless lick, he was trying hard to leave unhappiness behind, trying hard to feel that these new creatures with stroking paws and queer scents were his mother; yet all the time he knew, I am sure, that they were something bigger, more permanently, desperately his. The first sense of being owned, perhaps (who knows?) of owning, had stirred in him. He would never again be quite the same unconscious creature.



"Keeping me too warm down my back."

A little way from the end of our journey we got out and dismissed the cab. He could not too soon know the scents and pavements of this London where the chief of his life must pass. I can see now his first bumble down that wide back-water of a street, how continually and suddenly he sat down to make sure of his own legs, how continually he lost our heels. He showed us then in full perfection what was afterwards to be an inconvenient—if endearing—characteristic: at any call or whistle he would look in precisely the opposite direction. How many times all through his life have I not seen him, at my whistle, start violently and turn his tail to me, then, with nose thrown searchingly from side to side, begin to canter toward the horizon!

In that first walk we met, fortunately, but one vehicle, a brewer's dray; he chose that moment to attend to the more serious affairs of life, sitting quietly before the horses' feet and requiring to be moved by hand. From the beginning he had his dignity, and was extremely difficult to lift, owing to the length of his middle distance.

What strange feelings must have stirred in his little white soul when he first smelled carpet! But it was all so strange to him that day—I doubt if he felt more than I did when I first travelled to my private school, reading "Tales of a Grandfather," and plied with tracts and sherry by my father's man of business.

That night, indeed for several nights, he slept with me, keeping me too warm down my back, and waking me now and then with quaint, sleepy whimperings. Indeed, all through his life he flew a good deal in his sleep, fighting dogs and seeing ghosts, running after rabbits and thrown sticks; and to the last one never quite knew whether or no to rouse him when his four black feet began to jerk and quiver. His dreams were like our dreams, both good and bad; happy sometimes, sometimes tragic to weeping point.

He ceased to sleep with me the day we discovered that he was a perfect little colony, whose settlers were of an active species which I have never seen again. After that he had many beds, for circumstance ordained that his life should be nomadic, and it is to this I trace that philosophic indifference to place or property which marked him out from most of his own kind. He learned early that for a black dog with long silky ears, a feathered tail, and head of great dignity, there was no home whatsoever, away from those creatures with special scents, who took liberties with his name, and alone of all created things were privileged to smack him with a slipper. He would sleep anywhere, so long as it was in their room, or so close outside it as to make no matter, for it was with him a principle that what he did not smell did not exist. I would

I could hear again those long rubber-lipped snufflings of recognition underneath the door with which each morning he would regale and reassure a spirit that grew with age more and more nervous and delicate about this matter of propinquity! For he was a dog of fixed ideas,



"And alone of all created things were privileged to smack him with a slipper."

things stamped on his mind were indelible; as, for example, his duty toward cats, for whom he had really a perverse affection, which had led to that first disastrous moment of his life, when he was brought up, poor bewildered puppy, from a brief excursion to the kitchen, with one eye closed and his cheek torn! He bore to his grave that jagged scratch across the eye. It was in dread of a repetition of this tragedy that he was instructed at the word "Cats" to rush forward with a special "tow-row-rowing," which he never used toward any other form of creature. To the end he cherished the hope that he would reach the cat, but never did; and if he had we knew he would only have stood and wagged his tail; but I well remember once, when he returned, important, from some such sally, how dreadfully my companion startled a cat-loving friend by murmuring in her most honeyed voice: "Well, my darling, have you been killing pussies in the garden?"

His eye and nose were impeccable in their sense of form; indeed, he was very English in that matter: people must be just so; things smell properly; and affairs go on in the one right way. He could tolerate neither creatures in ragged clothes, nor children on their hands and knees, nor postmen, because, with their bags, they swelled up on one side, and carried lanterns on their middles. He would never let the harmless creatures pass without religious barks. Naturally a believer in authority and routine, and distrusting spiritual adventure, he yet had curious fads that seemed to have nested in him, quite outside of all principle. He would, for instance, follow neither carriages nor horses, and, if we tried to make him, at once left for home, where he would sit with nose raised to heaven, emitting through it a most lugubrious, shrill noise. Then again, one must not place a stick, a slipper, a glove, or anything with which he could play, upon one's head—since such an action reduced him at once to frenzy. For so conservative a dog his environment was sadly anarchistic. He never complained in words of our shifting habits, but curled his head round over his left paw and pressed his chin very hard against the ground whenever he smelled packing. "What necessity"—he seemed continually to be saying—"what real necessity is there for change of any kind whatever? Here we were all together, and one day was like another, so that I knew where I was—and now you only know what will happen next; and I—I can't tell you whether I shall be with you when it happens!" What strange, grieving minutes a dog passes at such times in the underground of his subconsciousness, refusing realisation, yet all the time only too well divining. Some careless word, some unmuted compassion in voice, the stealthy wrapping of a pair of boots, the unaccustomed shutting of a door that ought to be open, the removal from a downstairs room of an object always there—one



"Emitting through it a most lugubrious, shrill noise."



"When he just sits loving."

tiny thing, and he knows for certain that he is not going too. He fights against the knowledge just as we do against what we cannot bear; he gives up hope, but not effort, protesting in the only way he knows of, and now and then heaving a great sigh. Those sighs of a dog! They go to the heart so much more deeply than the sighs of our own kind, because they are utterly unintended, regardless of effect, emerging from one who, heaving them, knows not that they have escaped him.

The words: "Yes—going too!" spoken in a certain tone, would call up in his eyes a still-questioning half-happiness, and from his tail a quiet flutter, but did not quite serve to put to rest either his doubt or his feeling that it was all unnecessary—until the cab arrived. Then he would pour himself out of door or window, and be found in the bottom of the vehicle, looking severely away from an admiring cabman. Once settled on our feet, he travelled with philosophy, but no digestion.

I think no dog was ever more indifferent to an outside world of human creatures, yet few dogs have made more conquests—especially among strange women, through whom, however, he had a habit of looking—very discouraging. He had, nathless, one or two particular friends, especially a certain Member of Parliament, and a few persons whom he knew he had seen before; but, broadly speaking, there were, in his world of men, only his mistress and—the almighty.

Each August, till he was six, he was sent for health, and the assuagement of his hereditary instincts, up to a Scotch shooting, where he carried many birds in a very tender manner. Once he was compelled by Fate to remain there nearly a year; and we went up ourselves to fetch him home. Down the long avenue toward the keeper's cottage we walked. It was high autumn; there had been frost already, for the ground was fine with red and yellow leaves; and presently we saw himself coming, professionally

questing among those leaves, and preceding his dear keeper with the business-like self-containment of a sportsman; not too fat, glossy as a raven's wing, swinging his ears and sporran like a little Highlander. We approached him silently. Suddenly his nose went up from its imagined trail, and he came rushing at our legs. From him, as a garment drops from a man, dropped all his strange soberness; he became in a single instant one fluttering eagerness. He leaped from life to life in one bound, without hesitation, without regret. Not one sigh, not one look back, not the faintest token of gratitude or regret at leaving those good people who had tended him for a whole year, buttered oat-cake for him, allowed him to choose each night exactly where he would sleep. No, he just marched out beside us, as close as ever he could get, drawing us on in spirit, and not even attending to the scents, until the lodge gates were passed.

It was strictly in accordance with the perversity of things, and something in the nature of calamity, that he had not been ours one year when there came over me a dreadful but overmastering aversion from killing those birds and creatures of which he was so fond as soon as they were dead. And so I never knew him as a sportsman, for during that first year he was only an unbroken puppy, tied to my waist for fear of accidents, and carefully pulling me off every shot. They tell me he developed a lovely nose and perfect mouth, large enough to hold gingerly the biggest hare. I well believe it, remembering the qualities of his mother, whose character, however, in stability he far surpassed. But, as he grew every year more devoted to dead grouse and birds and rabbits, I liked them more and more alive; it was the only real breach between us, and we kept it out of sight. Ah, well! it is consoling to reflect that one would infallibly have ruined his sporting qualities, lacking that peculiar habit of meaning what one says, so necessary to keep dogs virtuous. But surely to



"I would I could hear again those long rubber-lipped snufflings of recognition underneath the door."

have had him with me, quivering and alert, with his solemn, eager face, would have given a new joy to those crisp mornings when the hope of wings coming to the gun makes poignant in the sportsman as nothing else will an almost sensual love of Nature, a fierce delight in the soft glow of leaves, in the white birch stems and tracery of sparse twigs against blue sky, in the scents of sap and grass and gum and heather flowers; stivers the hair of him with keenness for interpreting each sound, and fills the very fern or moss he kneels on, the very trunk he leans against, with strange vibration.

Slowly Fate prepares for each of us the religion that lies coiled in our most secret nerves; with such we cannot trifle, we do not even try! But how shall a man grudge anyone sensations he has so keenly felt? Let such as have never known those curious delights uphold the hand of horror—for me there can be no such luxury. If I could, I would still perhaps be knowing them; but when once the joy of life in those winged and furry things has knocked at the very portals of one's spirit, the thought that by pressing a little iron twig one will rive that joy out of their vitals, is too hard to bear. Call it æstheticism, squeamishness, namby-pamby sentimentalism, what you will—it is stronger than oneself!

Yes, after one had once watched with an eye that did not merely see the thirsty gaping of a slowly dying bird, or a rabbit dragging a broken leg to a hole where he would lie for hours thinking of the fern to which he should never more come forth—after that, there was always the following little matter of arithmetic: Given, that all those who had been shooting "were good-fair" shots—which, Heaven knew, they never were—they yet missed one at least in four, and did not miss it very much; so that, if seventy-five things were slain, there were also twenty-five that had been fired at, and, of those twenty-five, twelve and a half had "gotten it" somewhere in their bodies, and would "likely" die at their great leisure.



"Where he carried many birds and hares in a very tender manner."



"Chris."

This was the sum that brought about the only cleavage in our lives; and so, as he grew older, and trying to part from each other we no longer could, he ceased going to Scotland. But after that I often felt, and especially when we heard guns, how the best and most secret instincts of him were being stifled. But what was to be done? In that which was left of a clay pigeon he would take not the faintest interest—the scent of it was paltry. Yet always, even in his most cosseted and idle days, he managed to preserve the grave preoccupation of one professionally concerned with retrieving things that smell; and consoled himself with pastimes such as cricket, which he played in a manner highly specialised, following the ball up the moment it left the bowler's hand, and sometimes retrieving it before it reached the batsman. When remonstrated with, he would consider a little, hanging out a pink tongue and looking rather too eagerly at the ball, then canter slowly out to a sort of forward short leg. Why he always chose that particular position it is difficult to say; possibly he could lurk there better than anywhere else, the batsman's eye not being on him, and the bowler's not too much. As a fieldsman he was perfect, but for an occasional belief that he was not merely short leg, but slip, point, mid-off, and wicket-keep; and perhaps a tendency to make the ball a little "jubey." But he worked tremendously, watching every movement, for he knew the game thoroughly, and seldom delayed it more than three minutes when he secured the ball. And if that ball were really lost, then indeed he took over the proceedings with an intensity and quiet vigour that destroyed many shrubs, and the solemn satisfaction which comes from being in the very centre of the stage.

But his most passionate delight was swimming in anything except the sea, for which, with its unpleasant noise and habit of tasting salt, he had little affection. I see him now, cleaving the

Serpentine, with his air of "the world well lost," striving to reach my stick before it had touched water. Being only a large spaniel, too small for mere heroism, he saved no lives in the water but his own—and that, on one occasion, before our very eyes, from a dark trout

passionately scratching up his bed in protest, till it resembled nothing; for, in spite of his long and solemn face and the silkiness of his ears, there was much in him yet of the cave bear—he dug graves on the smallest provocations, in which he never buried anything. He was not a "clever"

dog; and guiltless of all tricks. Nor was he ever "shown." We did not even dream of subjecting him to this indignity. Was our dog a clown, hobby, a fad, a fashion, a feather in our caps—that we should subject him to periodic pennings in stuffy halls, that we should harry his faithful soul with such tomfoolery? He never even heard us talk about his lineage, deplore the length of his nose, or call him "clever-looking." We should have been ashamed to let him smell about us the tar-brush of a sense of property, to let him think we looked on him as an asset to earn us pelf or glory. We wished that there should be between us the spirit that was between the sheep-dog and that farmer who, when asked his dog's age, touched the old creature's head, and answered thus: "Teresa" (his daughter) "was born in November, and this one in August." That sheep-dog had seen eighteen years when the great white day came for him, and his spirit passed away up, to cling with the wood-smoke round the dark rafters of the kitchen where he had lain so vast a time beside his master's boots. No, no! If a man does not soon pass beyond the thought: "By what shall this dog profit me?" into the large state of simple gladness to be with dog, he shall never know the very essence of that companionship which depends not on the points of dog, but on some strange and subtle mingling of mute spirits. For it is by muteness that a dog becomes for one so utterly beyond value;

with him one is at peace, where words play no torturing tricks. When he just sits, loving, and knows that he is being loved, those are the moments that I think are precious to a dog; when, with his adoring soul coming through his eyes, he feels that you are really thinking of him. But he is touchingly tolerant of one's other occupations. The subject of these memories always knew when one was too absorbed in work to be so close to him as he thought proper, yet he never tried to hinder or distract, or asked for attention. It dinged his mood, of course, so that the red under his eyes and the folds of his crumple cheeks—which seemed to speak of a touch of bloodhound introduced a long way back into his breeding—grew deeper and more manifest. If he could have spoken at such times, he would have said: "I have been a long time alone, and I cannot always be asleep; but you know best, and I must not criticise."

He did not at all mind one's being absorbed in other humans; he seemed to enjoy the sounds of conversation lifting round him, and to know when they were sensible. He could not, for instance, stand actors or actresses giving readings of their parts, perceiving at once that the same had no connection with the minds and real feelings of the speakers; and, having wandered a little to show his disapproval, he would go to the door and stare at it till it opened and let him out. Once or twice, it is true, when an actor of large voice was declaiming an emotional passage, he so far relented as to go up to him and pant in his face. Music, too, made him restless, inclined to sigh, and to ask questions. Sometimes, at its first sound, he would cross to the window and remain there looking for Her. At others, he would simply go and sit on the loud pedal, and we never could tell whether it was from sentiment or

"Chin very hard against the ground whenever he smelled packing."

stream, which was trying to wash him down into a black hole among the boulders.

The call of the wild—Spring running—whatever it is—that besets men and dogs, seldom attained full mastery over him; but one could often see it struggling against his devotion to the scent of us; and, watching that dumb contest, I have time and again wondered how far this civilisation of ours was justifiably imposed on him; how far the love for us that we had so carefully implanted could ever replace in him the satisfaction of his primitive wild yearnings. He was like a man, naturally polygamous, married to one loved woman.

It was surely not for nothing that Rover is a dog's (not our dog's) most common name, and would be the Englishman's, but for his fearing too much to lose something, to admit, even to himself, that he is hankering. A man once said: "Strange that two such opposite qualities as courage and hypocrisy are the leading characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon!" But is not hypocrisy just a product of tenacity, which is again the lower part of courage? Is not hypocrisy but an active sense of property in one's good name, the clutching close of respectability at any price, the feeling that one must not part, even at the cost of truth, with what he has sweated so to gain? And so we Anglo-Saxons will not answer to the name of Rover, and treat our dogs so that they, too, hardly know their natures.

The history of his one wandering, for which no respectable reason can be assigned, will never, of course, be known. It was in London, of an October evening, when we were told he had slipped out and was not anywhere. Then began those four distressful hours of searching for that black needle in the blacker bundle of hay. Hours of real dismay and suffering—for it is suffering, indeed, to feel a loved thing swallowed up in that hopeless maze of London streets. Stolen or run over? Which was worse? The neighbouring police stations visited, the Dogs' Home notified, an order for five hundred "Lost Dog" bills placed in the printer's hands, the streets patrolled! And then, in a lull snatched for food, and still endeavouring to preserve some aspect of assurance, we heard the bark which meant: "Here is a door I cannot open!" We hurried forth, and there he was on the top doorstep, busy, unashamed, giving no explanations, asking for his supper; and very shortly after him came his five hundred "Lost Dog" bills. Long I sat looking at him that night after my companion had gone up, thinking of the evening, some years before, when there followed us that shadow of a spaniel who had been lost for eleven days. And my heart turned over within me. But he! He was asleep, for he knew not remorse.

Ah! and there was that other time, when it was reported to me, returning home at night, that he had gone out to find me; and I went forth again, disturbed, and whistling his special call to the empty fields. Suddenly out of the darkness I heard a rushing, and he came furiously dashing against my heels from he alone knew where he had been lurking and saying to himself: "I will not go in till he comes!" I could not scold, there was something too lyrical in the return of that live, lonely, rushing piece of blackness through the blacker night. After all, the vagary was but a variation in his practice when one was away at bedtime, of

"When remonstrated with, he would consider a little."



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ROYAL FRIENDS

*A special portrait of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and his favourite dog
By John St. Helier Lunder.*

Sparhawk remained on the bridge through the shouting and excitement of the rescue. He watched, curiously impassive. The *Conch's* boat dropped off and brought the other alongside. He saw the flash of oars. He saw a big negro, naked to the waist, lean forward with a satiny ripple of muscles to grapple. He saw, at last, Carford, hatless, burned black by the sun, caked with salt and dried blood, sitting at the tiller, his wide-open eyes fixed in a gaze accustomed to horror. Lying in a heap, five men, in grotesque attitudes of supplication, of dread, of surrender. . . . And in the bow, crouched, her black shock of hair flung over her face, her arms clasped around her knees, Belle, the yellow woman, alive. . . .

"Alive!" McAvoy voiced Sparhawk's thought in shocked, infuriated tones. "You can't kill 'em! What did I tell you? She's a witch-doctor! Voodoo! Conjurer! She's keeping Carford alive——"

"Shut up!" Sparhawk said sharply.

He went down to the main deck to receive these passengers picked up out of the waste. Five of them were dead, stiff, ugly in death. Two of them were alive, and they came aboard first.

Carford's eyes seemed to be glued open. They carried him into the saloon and laid him on a velvet sofa and put pillows under his head. Belle was in no need of assistance. She followed, carrying her head high, walking with that forward thrust of the body at the hips peculiar to her kind. Her expression was one of amused contempt and indifference.

When they questioned her, she told them that there had been a fire and an explosion. The *Ariel's* crew, most of them, were killed outright. A handful, fifteen in all, had had time to take to the boats and get clear before the steamer sank. "Her insides were blown out," was Belle's graphic description. She tossed her head and contemplated the tips of her slender, honey-coloured fingers. "We were four days in the boats, under that sun. The rest of them died."

"What I'd like to know, Sparhawk," the President fumed, "is how you knew all this?"

"I didn't know," Sparhawk assured him. "There are things beyond your comprehension and mine—this is one of them."

"Tha's so," Belle drawled. "Not so funny as you think, maybe."

"What the devil do you mean by that?"

She shrugged her shoulders. The group of men stared at her with a combined disgust and admiration. A malignant and fascinating product, three generations removed from the Slave Coast, inheritor of the superstitions, the cruelties, and the sullen resentment of two races, she was a peculiarly dangerous creature. "You ask him," she said, rolling her eyes in Carford's direction.

Carford made a weak gesture. He whispered, in his weakness, the name "Sparhawk." It seemed that he wanted to be alone with his enemy. The others left, a compact, tense, excited crowd concentrated on the yellow fury who stalked before them, apparently untouched and unharmed by four days in an open boat without food or water.

Sparhawk bent over the skeleton of Carford, a parched, burning, suffering apparition. Detail for detail, he was as he had appeared in Sparhawk's cabin. His wide-open eyes burned with a fever not of the body, but of the spirit. With a painful gesture, he indicated his breast.

"I'm badly wounded," he managed to say. "But I'm going to live. I brought you back, didn't I?"

He raised himself on his elbow and confronted Sparhawk's silence with a grimace of triumph. "I brought you back, you holy man. And now I'll make you suffer."

Sparhawk said: "How are you going to explain Belle? That won't be easy."

Carford laughed, shivered suddenly, and, twisting about on the red velvet sofa, fainted away. As Sparhawk went for help, an incredible idea presented itself. For the first time it occurred to him that he could fight these forces if he recognised them. If Belle were keeping Carford alive, Belle could let Carford go—where he deserved to go. It only remained for Sparhawk to find the way into that savage consciousness and somehow make her see that she was wasting herself on Carford, that she was holding him—whatever her magic was—for no purpose.

He found her leaning over the rail, impassive, smouldering, with brooding eyes on the sea. The mate, the cook, and Joe, the steward, were watching her from a distance. They scattered at Sparhawk's approach.

"In a few days," he said, "we shall be in Saint Hubert. What will you do?"

Her eyes flickered up at him. "That I don't know. Ask Captain Carford."

"What has he to do with it?"

With a flash of anger, she answered: "He do not dare leave me. Wherever he go, he will take me."

"Not to his home," Sparhawk reminded her. "Mrs. Carford is there. She would not be kind to a woman like you."

"His wife?" She was immovable, yet by a flicker in her wide-open eyes she stood revealed. "His wife? Eh? Not so!" Her shoulders rippled. Her lips parted over her teeth with a sort of feline snarl. She made Sparhawk think of a cat cheated of food. "His wife! Tha's too bad—for him."

With a soundless, graceful gait, she walked away. Sparhawk remained staring after her, terrified by the immediate effect of his words. He knew that he had killed Carford as surely as if he had planted a knife in his heart. He thought of following the woman, of denying what he had just told her, and, somehow, stemming the flood of hate and poison he had unloosed in her. But he was held by his pity for Mary Carford, and by the hope, faint, immaterial, but sustaining, that he might rescue her from this particularly ugly menace. Suddenly he hurried after the disappearing figure of the mulatto, determined to keep her pitiless company until he knew the end of the story.

She went to the saloon, and the crowd of men surrounding Carford parted. They had cut Carford's shirt away from his wounded arms and breast. Perhaps pain had restored him to consciousness. Again his wide-open, sun-bleached eyes stared at the curious onlookers.

Then he saw Belle. And it was evident that he was afraid of her—afraid to death. A froth gathered on his lips. He made a pitiful futile effort to ward off the look she gave him. Arms akimbo, she stood with her feet well planted, and her provocative head thrust forward, her face a study of dark hates and murky, crossed motives and lust

and ugliness—a creature from the jungle right enough. She held Carford in the palm of her hand. Between them there were currents beyond the comprehension of the men who witnessed that curious last scene of a drama that had been played in the dark.

Sparhawk understood, perhaps, better than the others. He felt light-headed and abstracted, helpless.

"What's this?" the President demanded suddenly, breaking the silence with a voice like a bark. "What's this? Eh? This woman?"

Carford jerked himself away from the men who supported him and

lifted both hands. "Don't," he pleaded. "Don't——"

Sparhawk felt the utter hopelessness of the struggle. He might have saved Carford, had he known how. But Belle was killing him in her own fashion. She had kept him alive. Now she was letting him go, because he had lied to her. The *Conch* lay idle in a blaze of midday light; everything seemed to wait with concentrated singleness of intention for Carford to die. It was, Sparhawk thought, as if the woman pushed him off the precarious rim of life; as if she cut the bonds which held him there, one by one; as if, making use of an evil knowledge she had, she were simply disposing of him. . . .

"Don't!" Carford cried again. "Don't let her!"

Sparhawk couldn't bear it. He caught Belle's arm and swung her aside. And at the same instant, with a shudder, a sigh, as if he were falling a long way, Carford died.

Again Sparhawk saw the velvet, green folds of Saint Hubert, lifting out of the mist. Dawn, like a shattered crystal, splintered the sky with points of light. Again the harbour, the Customs wharf, the double row of palmettos, stiff and unreal. Again the white town, the white walls, the white road over the hill. . . .

And again the climb to Mary Carford's gate, the bell jangling somewhere within, her feet on the path, running—running. . . . Herself, wrapped in a long fringed shawl. Herself, pale as the morning, but with fearless eyes.

"I've come for you," Sparhawk said.

Then he told her. They stood in the garden, clasped together. A play of leaf-shadows, a shiver of sunlight, like water, immersed them. And presently Mary Carford told Sparhawk what he had wanted to know: "That letter—I told him I was not afraid. I told him I was going to fight him the only way I knew. I'm tired. I've been fighting alone. Opposing his badness, day and night; not letting him come near me. . . . It's over. I'm tired. . . ."

She lifted her face, and Sparhawk knew he had come home at last.

THE END.



They stood in the garden, clasped together. A play of leaf-shadows, a shiver of sunlight, like water, immersed them.

Tyburn Tree

By
Ernest H. Shepard.

On Tyburn Tree they hanged my lad,
So high for all to see;
And now, because I was his love,
They are for hanging me.

Verses by
Barbara Bingley.

The coaches on the Dover Road
No longer ride in fear,
Because there hangs on Tyburn Tree
The body of my dear.

I stood anear Saint Sepulchre's
And waved to him good-bye,
And threw a sprig of lavender
With mint and cherry pie.

So fine he looked, the ladies sighed,
To see the cart go by;
But he who took their jewels brave
Hangs black against the sky.

They saw me throw my posy gay,
Gave me an evil name;
I travel now the selfsame way
The road my lover came.



THE SIGHT OF THE EYES

By Agnes Muir Mackenzie, Author of "The Half Loaf."
Illustrated by W.R.S. Stott.



THE Doctor's story is the one I remember best. Where we were, and how we got him to tell it, doesn't matter. You can picture him, if you like, as a little brown man with a Scots accent that I shall not try to reproduce, and large round tortoiseshell eyeglasses at the back of a straight briar pipe.

Said he: The important part of this story belongs to some years ago—to a time, in fact, that most of us appear to have forgotten. But I only came on the explanation last December, and I am still wondering whether after all it really was one.

My share in it began with ten days' leave somewhere about the January of 'seventeen. I'd got lost in the practical joke they call King's Cross Tube Station, and when I discovered the fact and swung round to go back, I found myself on the toes of a man I'll call Macinnes. I was against the light, and he was passing without seeing me, so I caught his arm and then instinctively apologised, for he had jumped about a yard and had a face like paper. But as soon as he recognised me he seemed glad enough to meet one of the old crowd, and before my train came in I was trusted to dine with him some two days later.

I had been half thinking of looking him up as it was, for we had dug on the same stairhead in our student days, and I had liked the man; but I had not seen him for over a year, since I had tied up his leg in a dressing station in the Ypres salient. He had been invalided out after that, and gone back to his old job on a London weekly. Bar the ten minutes' hurried bandaging, I had very little idea of what he had been doing in the five years since we had gone down, but all Scots hang together in a strange place, and Mac was a pretty good sort anyhow.

I found him quartered very pleasantly in a street off the King's Road, Chelsea. The little flat was comfortable, and the dinner very good indeed for war-time. Mac talked as well as ever, and had a very decent taste in claret—always the Scotsman's wine, though I noticed he himself drank half a glass of it. But his long figure was thin to the very bone, with a stoop it had not had five years ago, and there were heavy lines across his forehead and the marks of reading-glasses beside the bridge of his big Roman nose.

Before the meal was over, I had noticed something else. The man was scared. Every now and then he would give a quick glance sideways, as if he were trying to surprise something, and his long fingers fiddled continually about his glass. I put it down to war, of course, and we talked of this and that, including fishing. He had been a keen fisherman in the old days, and I was rather surprised to be told emphatically he had chucked it. This was when we were having our coffee on either side of his sitting-room fire, and, being full of a contented peace myself, the acid in his tone rather annoyed me, for after all I had only asked him if he ever got a fishing week-end now, and there was nothing in his limp to hinder it.

The acerbity of the answer checked our talk a moment, and I leant back and looked at him through the smoke of our two pipes. He was sunk into his chair with an elbow on the arm of it, and his long fingers playing with the cord of his reading-glasses, that made a fine black line across his shirt-front. They picked at it with a slow dragging movement that brought the glasses themselves travelling up to his hand from the top of his waistcoat, and I watched their progress till the worrying trick of it got on my nerves. I was on the point of presenting him with a little professional advice on the waste of energy involved in these automatisms, when he leant forward suddenly and looked at me in a way that made me sit up in my chair.

"Mitchell," he said, "you saw how much I drank at dinner."

I was naturally a bit surprised, and answered something about not having noticed particularly, adding: "But if you want me to infer that you are sober, have you any reason to believe—I doubt it?"

He grunted. "I thought you'd better be quite sure. I had about half a glass of claret, and nothing else all day, so I suppose we may take it that I can't be drunk. Very well. Either I'm mad—and you ought to be a judge of that—or what I'm going to say to you is true. If I am mad, you can tell me, and I'll make arrangements. If I'm sane—well,

it will be some relief to get the damned thing off my chest. In case you think I'm pulling your leg, I can certainly assure you that I'm not."

My after-dinner peacefulness dissolved. Mad or sane, there was no doubt that Macinnes was in earnest, nor that he was in serious need of help. He was grey in the face, with eyes unnaturally brilliant, and, though he sat still in his chair, the glasses, which had climbed up to his fingers, were swinging like a little pendulum.

I said: "I don't doubt your sincerity, old man. I'm quite sure you are sober; and I see nothing to indicate you aren't as sane as I am. But something's played hell with your nerves. What's up?"

He laughed, not pleasantly. "The devil knows! I fancy he does know, in fact. I'm only paying an old bill, after all."

He leant back, looking into the fire, and was silent for a moment. "You asked me about fishing just now. Well, this began with a month's fishing in the Isles, before the war. I was at a farmhouse on the west coast of South Uist. There was a girl in the place—a slender dark barefooted thing, with eyes like beech-leaves. It's the old story. I was a cad, of course. But you don't know those white summer nights, with a hundred scents in them, and moonlight that's as heavy as the sea."

He broke off, staring at the fire, and then went on again. "It went on for about a week or so, I think. I never thought of the future, nor did she. Then the mail came. We got it and the papers once a week. That week was the beginning of August 1914. I was in the London Scottish, of course—but I suppose I'd have gone anyhow. Still, but for that, I'd probably have stayed till the next boat. As it was, there simply wasn't time to think. I got ten minutes alone with her beside the peat-stack, and I think I told her that I would come back. She made no fuss about it—I remember being rather hurt she was so calm. Then I went back to Lochboisdale with the post."

"Well, we were the first T.F. battalion to go out, and before the winter I had seen some pretty lively fighting. Then I got mixed up with a mine when we were trying to take a place called Houlemonde. That was about Christmas, and I was in hospital till spring, and not particularly active, either. But though I had rather forgotten the girl when I was in Picardy—a Western summer night was not the kind of thing one remembered as being very real that winter, and my mother died at the beginning of my only leave—I thought a lot about the thing in hospital. I couldn't write, because, crazy as it sounds, I didn't know her surname; there's little variety of names in the Outer Isles, and the country folk don't use them but on paper. I knew my landlord's, of course,

but she was only a stepdaughter. However, early in April I got out of the convalescent place in Surrey, and went straight north-west. I'd had no word of her, white or black, since the day I'd said good-bye behind the peat-stack, and—well, I'd thought of several things in hospital. I went out to Mangersta—it was a bright spring morning and the machair beginning to show green, although the crofts were black yet. The tide was just turning from the ebb, and I remember the smell of the naked weed below the sands.

"I knocked at the open door. There came no answer, but I could hear a voice crooning very softly in the Gaelic—an eerie slow sound with a kind of wail in it. I went on into the kitchen. Barabal was sitting by the hearth, and singing to a bundle in her arms. Man, it's a queer thing—" He broke off and changed the sentence, and his voice was colourless as he went on.

"Before I could control my throat, my eyes got used to the dimmer light, and I saw that what she was rocking was nothing but a piece of rolled-up cloth. Then she looked round at me, and her face never changed. She just went on crooning as if I wasn't there, and always she rocked steadily the empty shawl. I couldn't stand it, and I turned and found her mother at my elbow. I can't tell you what she said, though I remember well enough. I was too late, anyhow. Maybe if I'd written—but the child had been born six months after I'd gone. Barabal had lived, though; but that was all.

"The old woman told me this quite quietly, and I hadn't anything to say. But when I did try to speak, she cursed me, in Gaelic first, and



I got ten minutes alone with her beside the peat-stack, and I think I told her that I would come back.

then, remembering herself, in English; and still and on, whenever she stopped for breath, I could hear the girl's voice crooning steadily, and see her face indifferent as she rocked that bundle. At last I just turned and went; there was simply nothing else that I could do. The sound of the two voices came after me till I reached the gate.

"Well, I tried to do what I could, through the parish priest. But the mother refused, and Barabal died about a month after. I was back in France, doing my best to get decently killed; but of course I'd have been safe three feet in front of a machine-gun. At last I got it, in the knee. They had to chuck me out of the Army, so I went back to my old job, and tried to keep my head full of work. But I can't. Pretty story, isn't it?"

His face was composed enough, but his eyes stirred me to attempt an answer. I remembered some of the things he had said, and leant forward quickly. "Look here, Macinnes, you say you did go back to her —"

He nodded, without change of expression, and I went on: "Well, you'd have been—it wasn't your fault you were too late. I mean—of course, the thing was pretty ghastly——"

He laughed, in a kind of snarl. "You needn't, thank you. I managed to believe that, for a while—got to think that the summer part of it was merely 'primitive nature'—the *Cash's Magazine* sort of touch—youth and hot blood and an Island summer—all that sort of thing. Wrong, of course, according to the parsons, but not with a particularly damning sort of wrongness, bar the sheer bad luck. I got quite sentimental over

Macinnes draw a long breath, and they changed place, and instead of the empty stare, they showed malevolent. He stooped swiftly, but they were gone under his hand.

He looked at me as he rose to his feet. "You saw them, then?" His voice was not quite steady.

I said "Yes," and then wondered if the lie would have been better after all.

He threw up his head with a laugh. "That settles that, then. Will you have a drink?"

I thought it over when I got back to my hotel, but for the life of me I couldn't see what I was to do. It wasn't a case for medical treatment, and even if a priest would have been any good, which in the circumstances I was not quite sure of, Macinnes's religion, so far as he had any, was orthodox Presbyterian. So I gave it up, the more as my leave was about over. But I couldn't get those green vacant eyes out of my mind, and the memory of poor Mac's was quite as bad. It was difficult to write, but at last I concocted a letter of sorts, half hospital shop and half—well, I haven't any too much religion myself, but I did hunt up some bits of a Field Testament I thought might possibly have come in useful. In about a week I got back the letter, marked, 'Deceased.' I can't say that I was surprised. Allardyce, the man in charge of the next ward, got leave then, and I asked him to find out for me just what had happened to Macinnes. I had my suspicions as it was, and I wasn't



"Look here, Mitchell," he said. "If nobody but myself can see them, I'm insane. But if—can you see *that*?" I looked at the hearth, and gripped the arms of my chair. Gazing up from the middle were two living eyes.

the affair, and really convinced myself I hadn't been responsible for—the way it ended. Then one night at the beginning of winter, I saw her eyes looking up at me from the hearth."

His voice was perfectly matter-of-fact, but he rather hurried the last sentence, and accompanied it with the queer sideways glance I'd seen him use at dinner. I stared at him, and he smiled grimly back at me.

"You see why I had to make it clear I wasn't drunk. It's just as I say. They look at me from the hearth of an evening.' I glanced with a slight shiver at the warm cheerful gleam of the green tiles. "Not every evening. In fact, I never know when they will come. But they've been there for weeks, off and on. One of the things her mother said was that I'd see them—'see them with no sense in them,' she said. Generally they haven't, either, but there are times when they look angry."

In spite of my profession, I've never ceased to feel the uncanniness of insanity, and I felt my skin begin to pringle. But before I could think of anything to say to him, he started violently, and looked at me with a sort of dreadful gaiety.

"Look here, Mitchell," he said. "If nobody but myself can see them, I'm insane. But if—can you see *that*?"

I looked at the hearth, and gripped the arms of my chair. Gazing up from the middle were two living eyes. I remembered Macinnes's description, "the colour of beech-leaves," and that in fact is what they were; but they had no beauty, only an awful blankness. I heard

particularly startled to hear that his death had been due to an accident—while cleaning a service revolver.

That's all the first part. The war went on, and I stuck to my unit and had good luck in missing things, till in the summer of 'eighteen we got in the way of the big German drive. It was mustard gas, and I had a job and a half getting my poor devils evacuated. I got my mask smashed in the mix-up, and was in hospital for a bit, pretty well blind. I can see all right now, of course, but I'll always have to wear glasses, and by bad luck two different pairs of them, reading and "distant."

Well, one east-windy night some months ago, I was sitting in my sister's, nearly on top of a big log fire. I was idly watching it when suddenly I saw, looking up at me from the hearth, a pair of green malignant eyes. I let out an exclamation, and Jenny, of course, asked, "What's the matter?"

"Look there," I said.

She looked. "Oh, yes. It's horribly like a pair of eyes, isn't it? You can make the expression alter most uncannily if you tilt your glasses."

"My glasses?"

"Your reading-glasses—in your hand. The lamplight is just catching them. I've often noticed it with mine."

I put them in their case, and lit a pipe. Here was the explanation of the haunting that had driven poor Macinnes to his death. And yet, after all . . . precisely how much would you say yourself that it explains?

THE END.



DRESSING DOLLY FOR THE CHRISTMAS PARTY.

Oh!
What a feast
is here!





"JUST LIKE OLD TIMES FOR NOAH!"

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There's a fine old spirit about Christmas time —
Dewar's.



Illustrated by STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.

SHE was born on a wild, snowy day in mid-March. Her mother did not remember which day, being, in the language of the dale, "noan gettin' ower it as weel as she should." There were eight of them by the time Emma Roster was thirty. She gave up the ghost when Barbara was twelve, and the youngest four days old.

"Take care o' my baby, Barbara," she appealed.

"Yes, kiss of me, mother," was Barbara's answering appeal.

"No, you might take of it—"

The worn-out woman thrust Barbara aside impatiently, adding midway in a fit of coughing: "Then what would they all do?" She laid her burden on the thin shoulders of the sombre-faced child.

"The lass shapes very well, Roster," said her maternal grandmother. "Let alone of her; she shapes very well."

This was after Roster had belted Barbara with the buckle-end of his belt for not making the housekeeping money spin out until week-end.

"She is the stubbornest mule ever walked," asserted Dave Roster.

So began Barbara's epic struggle to answer her mother's appeal. At the age of sixteen, by the time little Benjamin was sitting in the village school writing pot-hooks, she was over-tall, and had a prematurely harassed look, which, when it momentarily passed at some kind word which took her spirit by surprise, left her face extraordinarily calm and beautiful. In the night-falls, when the mists swooped down on the sodden bents, she looked like a spirit of lost lands, as she drove her father's lean sheep to the fold.

"All Dave Roster's livestock are lean," said the country folk. "He likes it so weel he could eat it with a knife and fork." Which was another way of saying that Dave Roster would save a pot of brass if he had to starve stock and family to do it.

Roster, indeed, was laying money by. Two of his boys, small as they were, were hired out to a farmer. Barbara ran the house. His was the only smithy on the road to town, and gentlemen had the horses shod by Roster, often bringing them miles for the purpose. He was a fine workman. What he did stood the racket of frost and thaw.

In the dim mornings, when the sun was late rising, they gathered around the table, scrubbed each night by Barbara with sand from the river. Dave Roster shared his egg with the four youngest ones. Barbara ate treacle on dry bread cheerfully. The boy who helped in the smithy claimed a portion like his father's. They ate silently, with Esther kneeling on the fender, blowing the fire with the bellows. Then they would be off to school, smithy, and field, all but the four youngest ones, and Esther would say in a creepy whisper, whilst the shadows danced in the corner behind their mother's empty chair: "I dreamed of *her* last night, Barbara."

"She never comes to me," Barbara would answer. "Never once. She never comes to me."

The dull pain that she was never so visited in dreams by her mother gradually faded. She was oddly lacking in what is called temperament. She had no moods. Her soul flowed calmly like a deep river. That was what astonished everyone, when Harris, who ran a night-school for boys, said she could certainly draw.

She was seventeen then. Roster had denied her dancing. She took the first revenge she could think of. She joined Harris's night-school for boys, and, impervious to the taunts of the farmers' sons sitting behind

her, sat, pencil in hand, her gaze glued to the blackboard and its objects. The first outlines she made were so bold and deliberate and unerringly perfect that Harris asked her if she had a hidden ruler somewhere.

"You certainly have confidence," he told her slowly. "But cannot you soften your outlines?"

Barbara did not understand.

"It is possible to have perfection of line, and no soul to it," said Harris. "However, you can draw."

A month later he made the same complaint. "Try to soften your outlines," he advised.

She lifted her head from her book. The leonine glory of her countenance hurled itself at him—the little drawing-master who was married to a little doll who dressed in frilly frocks. Harris felt strange emotions race through him, meeting the sombre eyes of this gawky girl.

"I cannot soften anything," she confessed sorrowfully. "I see it bold—stark—like it was frozen forever and forever."

"Never mind," said Harris.

The schoolroom was empty. Rain splashed the panes. The pictures of the Armada and of Leicester and Queen Elizabeth loomed large and wooden of form down from the wall.

"Do you know you are beautiful?" asked Harris.

She gaped at him. He suddenly and very softly slid his arm about her waist. She glanced down at his hand then, made no comment, upraised her book silently, and brought it down upon his head. Maddened and surprised, Harris kissed her. She stood gaping at him when he released her.

"I'll tell my father you have kissed of me," said Barbara calmly; "or will you stand and let me hit you?" she asked.

Harris gasped. "I'll murder you if you tell," he told her.

"Or will you stand and let me hit you?" asked Barbara again.

Harris offered his cheek. He did not think she would have struck so hard—if at all.

The flesh rose up from her open hand, hard and sinewy, striking him full across the face.

"You are no artist!" said Harris, in a rage.

Barbara made a grimace. "I'll not tell my father you've kissed of me," she said. "You'd best wash of the blood off at the bowl; you're bleeding a bit. It caught your lip."

Forever after little Harris was afraid of her. She sat immutable amongst the taunting boys. Then one evening she came no more.

"She was no artist," mused the little drawing-master. "I knew she would give it up."

But Barbara sat now, after nine o'clock on the summer night, staring at the world from a high attic window. Heavy rains, after the droughts, swilled the sills with water, splashed and blotched her drawings. She tried to bore holes in the woodwork to let the rain run back again. Sometimes she went to bed with wet hair, when tiny cascades had come through the roof, which was not underdrawn. She was drawing the world as she saw it, through the strange wild eyes of that creature she had subdued within herself—to take up her mother's burden. Stars! How large they looked from here! So she drew them large, and the dark shapes of cows in the half-waste fields very small, as she saw them. She drew herself, a shadowy silhouette sketched from the candle-lit wall of the sloping-roofed attic, and took it down to the vicarage to see what Mr. Hazel thought of it.



"I'll tell my father you have kissed of me," said Barbara; "or will you stand and let me hit you?" she asked.

"What do you want me to say, Barbara?" asked the vicar, humorously kind.

"The truth," Barbara told him, unflinching.

When she had gone, the vicar turned a puzzled face to his wife.

"They are the weirdest things I ever saw," he said. "There is something about them, but, good Lord! Lucy, you can't draw a tree like a mushroom, and the moon like a giant balloon. She has upended perspective. She says it is as things look at certain hours. I suppose she will marry some clod in the end, and forget this mania."

"Much healthier for her," said the vicar's wife, who was headachy.

One evening Barbara went down to the horse-show, and came back with sketches. She worked them out in the attic of the sloping roof. They were bought as curiosities by several farmers who were "drawn," and caused much hilarity in the village inn. All but young Doncaster, who had admired Barbara as she had stood boldly up amongst the merry company, saying, as one who cried "Potatoes": "Home-drawn pictures from the Barbary Show. You're on, Mr. Edwards; and you, too, Jim o' Wilds; and you, Lot o' Bess's. Five shillings each!"

Young Doncaster went down to see Roster one evening. Barbara turned sharply round from the table she was scrubbing, as his speech ended.

"I don't want to go linking up of anyone," she said. "I woan't go linking up of anyone. I've set out to draw on things, an' I'm goin' to draw on 'em."

"You hear of her?" said Roster, phlegmatically.

When Doncaster had gone he told Barbara of the new mother who was coming soon. Barbara went the colour of ashes.

"Her after my mother?" she questioned.

"Don't be silly, Barbara," said Roster. "I told her you'd soon be snapped up, being hearty and handy. She's took a dislike to you, as being of an artist character, and so it may be either Doncaster or lodgings." Barbara fronted him, her eyes boring him through.

"She has a villainous tongue," she told him, "as well as a pot o' brass. It's a poor man turns his children out o' doors for a pot o' brass. Father, it's lodgings. You'll let me see the children—at times?"

Roster nodded. Three weeks later he married the widow. Barbara moved into lodgings. Her father gave her two golden sovereigns. In the autumn she went the rounds of the farms. She shirked nothing, and did man's labour, when there was nothing else. But her hands shook when she sat down with the pencil, trying to draw things as she had seen them. Sometimes she fell asleep, and awoke, the pencil on the floor. Still she persisted. Yet gradually the knowledge was dawning on her that she was defeated. To live she had to work heavily, till her hands shook when she took up a pencil. Sleep-starved, she was running

the hazard of a crash. There were times when she felt the real world strange and unreal. A few people told her she was killing herself—killing herself, she could not assist Benjamin and the "younger end." She was thinking it all out in Restworn Wood, in the winter, when she saw a dim figure at the far end, sketching. She followed the track and paused beside him.

"My name is Weymouth," he informed her, in answer to her question.

"Mine is Roster," she told him in return. "I used to think I could draw, but I know now I can't—you can."

"Could you show me any—?" began Weymouth.

He was a delicate-featured youth with a rather grim mouth.

"Yes; I came down to drown them in the weir," said Barbara.

She pulled a handful of crumpled papers from her jacket pocket, and thrust them at him. Weymouth stood looking at them.

"They are crude, of course," he said at length; "but there's something in them."

She went slowly to an oak nearby, and leaned against it, pale with joy. Weymouth looked at the girl who had created a new art from a juxtaposition of perspective.

"I believe I could place some of these for you," he told her. "They will have to be done all over again. I will alter them, and, of course, I will put your name."

Barbara nodded. Her heart was too full for words. She was not concerned about names.

"Good heavens! The conception!" muttered Weymouth, as he left for London, with fifty of the village girl's pain-born drawings in his valise.

Barbara was down at her old home. She was standing by the table she had so often scrubbed. Benjamin was crying.

"An' I'll take him too, if he's in your way," she shouted hotly.

"An' 'ow'll you keep of him?" asked Roster feebly.

"Give of him to me—an' I'll keep of him," promised Barbara in a quick breath.

"Let her take of him, Roster," urged the widow.

Roster loosened his collar, then he nodded his head. Barbara backed out, with Benjamin—her gaze on her father's face. He sagged before that look.

"She bean't able to keep of him," he said fifteen minutes later.

"She be good-enough-looking to keep three such brats," said the widow.

Roster's hands clenched. He went out into the shed to look at the three new cows bought with her money. That calmed him.

"Roster, what's thy lass a-doin' on?" he was asked about a month

[Continued overleaf.]



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later. "She's a purse full o' money. What be she doin'?" If it was my lass I'd be uneasy."

So he went to see Barbara. Benjamin was in bed. She was drawing by the fading light, in her bed-room.

"What be you doin', Barbara, with a purse o' money?" asked Roster fiercely.

Barbara explained. Roster laughed harshly.

"Think I'll believe a cock-an'-bull story like that?" he asked.

"Barbara, if I catch you earning false money, I'll put a bullet through you."

Patiently she showed him her receipts, and Weymouth's letter.

"'Tis for a further fetch," declared Roster. "Be he young?"

Barbara nodded. A red tide surged suddenly to her brow.

"Barbara, you be in love wi' him!" declared Roster.

"No!" almost shouted Barbara.

"Has he shown you them drawing things he have made from yours?" demanded Roster.

"No!" almost sobbed Barbara.

"He be takin' of you in, Barbara," said Roster. "He be sending you the money for nothin', to get round you, Barbara—that's it. You send the money back to him. Do you hear? Send it back. He be trying to make a Jezebel of you, my girl. I be fond of you, Barbara, in my own way. Ask him for the copies of the papers where he has sold of your drawings? If he does not answer, he be tricking you. Send back the money."

She stared at him in the dim bed-room. The proof of his love lay in the fact that he was asking her to send money back.

Agony at the breaking dream, tired wonder at the revelation in her father, tore at her.

"Doan't. Doan't, Barbara, lass," urged Roster. "Men be not worth it."

He kissed her awkwardly on her wet young cheek. For once in his life he had set something before his craze for money. When he had gone, Barbara wrote to Weymouth, asking for the proofs of the papers where her drawings, as re-created by him, had been taken.

No answer came. Slow days drifted by. No answer came. She collected the money he had sent her, and wrote that she would send the five pounds she had spent, later, after she had earned it.

As stolidly as she had smacked Harris's face, she now smacked Weymouth's—though the striking left a bitter, cruel weal in her own heart.

"Because I be but a country girl, you think I be green," she wrote. "You can keep what you have got. I never want to see of you again. (Signed) Barbara Roster."

Weymouth, blissfully unconcerned about this note, was wandering in the chaotic world of fantasy. Stenway had sent in "Where the Eaves Hang Low," finding Weymouth absolutely as indifferent to its going in

as a man in fever can be. Stenway slept when he could, and struggled with Weymouth when he took himself for lions at bay, or a caterpillar chased by a long-billed cormorant.

Weymouth took the turn in the fine gloom of a February evening.

"Been ill or something, Stenway?" he asked, in a far-away whisper.

He looked at his hands. Something did appear to have happened to them.

"It's all right, old man," Stenway told him. "I've sent 'Where the Eaves Hang Low,' in to the Academy. Finest thing you ever did. Fact, couldn't have thought you could have done it."

Weymouth almost jumped out of bed.

"Glory! There should have been two names to it!" he exclaimed.

"I got the conception from—what's the date?"

Stenway told him.

"Any letters—?"

Stenway brought them up. Weymouth left her letter to the last. Then he found he could not understand it.

"Read it, Stenway," he asked of his friend.

Stenway read it.

"But *what* the devil does she mean?" queried Weymouth fretfully. Then "Where are my clothes, Stenway? Bring me my clothes, and look up a train—"

Stenway stared. "Look here!" he said. "I'll go down and clear the troubled air."

Weymouth considered him. "I'll wait," he said, and collapsed.

Barbara meanwhile had taken an inveterate hatred to art and artists. She had promised young Doncaster, who was "healthy" on horses, to go to the Festival with him. She was hiring out on farms, doing hedging and ditching, and sleeping heavy o' nights. Her face had a look the village could not understand—seeing that the village had "set it out" that Barbara Roster had been mixed up with an artist from London. Roster, too, was ill abed, and denied his pipe. Another of the Roster's "older end" had run away. Emma's little family was running all amok.

Barbara went down to see her father, and smuggled him a pipe, and opened him the window, after he had had a smoke, "so that *she* did not know."

"You be a fine lass, Barbara," said Roster. "I dreamed o' your mother last night."

"She never comes to me," said Barbara.

Down through the wide-eyed, gaping village she walked—defiant, and with her chin up. Young Doncaster waited for her by the stores at the top of the town.

"Evening, Barbara," he greeted her.

"Evening," answered Barbara.

"How long be you going to be afore you links wi' me?" inquired Doncaster. "You be no artist, Barbara. You knows it. You bean't

[Continued overleaf.]



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no real artist, Barbara. Better to marry me. I be good to you, Barbara—and you stop the village talk."

The long rays of the setting sun flooded the narrow street. Barbara stared steadfastly at Doncaster. He had a hearty, human look. There was nothing of the artist about him.

"I'll think of it, John," she told him.

"It'd stop all the village from saying you be pining," said Doncaster.

"Do they say that?" asked Barbara.

Doncaster nodded.

"I be goin' your ways," he said a minute later. "Maybe if I linked you up through the village it would stop their tongues."

She placed her hand stiffly within his arm. John Doncaster towed her triumphantly through the village.

But Barbara was not looking at him. With her arm linked woodenly in his, and her head held up—a little too defiantly—she walked through her native village. At the end of the village they parted company, and she walked stony-gazed towards the little house where she lodged. Old Mrs. Binns was doing her best to comfort little Benjamin.

"I be tir't, Benjamin," she told of him, sitting on the bed with him in her arms. "I be just tir't, that's all. I be goin' to the Festival wi' Johnny Doncaster. I be just tir't."

Thereafter, she bought four yards of pink muslin, and made it into a dress. Old Mrs. Binns stared at her when she came downstairs on a mild spring morning.

"Barbara, I hardly knew of you!" she said.

"I be goin' wi' Johnny Doncaster to the merry-making," Barbara told her. "I'll bring you back goodies and snaps and toys, Benjamin. Be a good boy."

Whilst all the time, as she walked along the glimmering road to meet Johnny Doncaster, who was "hearty and healthy," and straight and honest, and no artist, and therefore a good man, to the crackling of her starched muslin dress over the springtide grass by the wayside, she was thinking of her mother, as she had beheld her in the dream last night.

"Why came she last night, and why came she in tears?" mused Barbara.

Doncaster met her with a flushed face of welcome.

"See you in the papers, Barbara, another artist blew out his brains last night?" he asked.

Barbara shook her head. She never read the papers.

"I be too tir't," she said.

"'Tis gospel," Johnny assured her. "They always comes to a bad end, them artists."

"They go their ways an' we go ours, John," she told him.

Then—she stopped dead. Down the glimmering road a figure was approaching. She looked, and looked away. So many figures had she seen approach so, and seen them fade into other and commonplace forms.

Johnny Doncaster stared at it.

"We go down through the wood-path, eh, Barbara?" he asked. "They go their ways and we go ours."

Pale, heart-suffocated, she allowed herself to be led.

As they stepped into the tangled undergrowth of the wood, Weymouth's voice rang down to them.

"Miss Roster, I have come two hundred miles. I must speak to you."

Barbara stared at Doncaster.

He placed his finger across his lips and shook his head.

"It doan't seem fair, not to answer," whispered Barbara.

Doncaster dragged her along—away.

"Miss Roster!" called Weymouth.

She put her hand across her mouth, chewed at it, and stood staring. Then she heard him breaking through the undergrowth as he ran. Doncaster dragged her along—away—

"Stop!" yelled Weymouth.

He was gaining on them. When he reached them, Barbara was leaning against a tree, and Doncaster was standing near her, possessively.

"What do you mean by this letter?" asked Weymouth. "Look you, I have left a sick bed to answer this. What did you mean by it? Why did you send the money back? Out with it. Speak. Be as truthful in yourself as you are with your pencil. The pictures have come out as by us both. They were by us both. We call them collaborations. In what way have I robbed you?"

She shrank away from him. How could she tell him that she had thought there was nothing in her pictures, and that his sending of money was to delude her into some moral ruin?

She rolled her handkerchief round and round in her hand.

"I be goin' to the merry-making with Johnny Doncaster," she said stubbornly. "I be no artist. I be goin' to marry Johnny Doncaster. I be kept busy then—as women be. I be goin' merry-making—"

Doncaster linked her arm in his. Weymouth called his parting shot.

"You will find her an artist, Doncaster," he shouted, white to the lips. "You are a swine! Just a swine! You know—"

But Doncaster dragged Barbara on. She collapsed midway in the road.

He took her in his arms, but she struggled away, and said she was all right, all right. Weymouth went on to the village. He also was going to the merry-making. Barbara Roster had gone merry-making with a man who knew he would marry an artist who would provide him with rivers of ale, and excursions amongst horses. Weymouth also told himself he was going merry-making, as he jogged to it—on a spring-cart.

"Half o' the matches i' the neighbourhood are made at the merry-making," said the driver. "The girls they lives bottled up, as you might

[Continued overleaf.]



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say, all the year, sludging about, then they comes out in their muslins, and drinks some mulled ale—and jigs to the fiddlers, and starts off where their mothers did. An' it goes on and on forever. Life be terrible queer."

Weymouth answered the rural philosopher nothing.

He felt it in two ways. Barbara Roster, the woman, was drifting down the eternal track of the pent-in woman who would "sludge" about to their graves. Barbara Roster, the artist, was going to be warped and wasted. Jog—jog—jog! The pulsations of movement gave him that queer pain in the side which had been his ever since his illness. He clenched his hands at the thought of her drifting down the maelstrom of loveless passion, perhaps even as he sat there—jog—jog—jog. The warmth of the earth rose up at him like a menace. Mulled ale and heat, and the dance under the trees, became webs spun by Nature, who became to him a great Spider, dragging women to their doom, to the eternal creation of life, most of which lived and died negatively, passive and deluded. Dew shaken from old hawthorns fell on him as they brushed along. He wanted to urge the driver to go faster.

Through the miles they journeyed he sat like a mute at a funeral. He took out his note-book and scanned the words written months past, just to see how they looked.

"Barbara Roster Weymouth."

Through them he had drawn a line, wondering if he were crazy, to have passed through an avenue of beauty and talent, and to have come at last to a country girl who spoke the vernacular and upset perspective—and came to him like a draught of pure well-water in drought. He closed the note-book.

"Yonder be the merry-making," said the driver.

He saw splotches of green through the openings in the trees, and specks of pastel gay figures, and heard the jumbled strains of the fiddlers. When he got out he sought for the two figures everywhere, but could not find them. The din and hilarity, the heat, confused him.

"It be like looking for a needle in a haystack to find anyone at the merry-making," an old yokel told him, noticing his anxious searching.

He recalled now that he had seen the same yokel in the village. "Have you seen Barbara Roster?" he asked.

"She and Johnny Doncaster were nigh the swing boats," said he, gaping.

So Weymouth went round to the swing boats. She was not there.

He cared nothing for the babble of villagers.

"Have you seen Barbara Roster?" he asked.

He asked it of the young dancing, and of the old drinking their mulled ale under the trees. Nobody knew. Then a country lad turned round and said casually: "Johnny Doncaster has taken her to the booth. She was tir't."

He walked over to the booth.

"So many girls are in pink muslin," said the girl in the booth, who also wore pink muslin. She set her gaze on Weymouth's fine face. He eyed her casually and passed on. He drifted to an inn, and sat in a quiet room.

"No. There be nobody there but a gentleman asleep, with the heat," he heard.

He closed his eyes as they came in.

"I be tir't," said Barbara, flopping down. "Johnny, I be going back."

"We just take a glass o' wine, to revive us," said Johnny. Then Barbara rose to her feet. She placed her hand to her mouth.

"It be—him," she said to Doncaster.

"Bother him! He be asleep," urged Johnny.

Weymouth stretched his arms, opened his eyes, yawned, then sat up and regarded them. Barbara, in a crumpled muslin dress, flushed of face, and with something in her manner that told of mulled ale, stared at him like a frightened rabbit.

"So you follow me and my girl to the merry-making?" queried Doncaster, loweringly.

"Nonsense!" Weymouth answered. "You know you will never marry Miss Roster. Miss Roster, you know you will never marry this fellow. Miss Roster has work to do."

Barbara sat down heavily.

"What be it to do with you?" she inquired heavily.

"What'll you 'ave?" inquired the landlady.

"Wine for three," ordered Weymouth.

She brought the glasses in and set them down. Weymouth paid.

"Now, we better be going, Barbara girl," urged Johnny. "Good-day to you, Mr. Weymouth."

"I be goin' too," said Weymouth.

Johnny started. Almost it was as though Weymouth deliberately cast off the artist and the "veneer" of "gentleman" and said to Doncaster: "We be two males—stalking one female. One of us conquers."

Barbara gaped at them. Her head was heavy. She wanted to cry. She was vaguely afraid of trouble between them.

They steered her out between them, and took the way through the wood. They helped her across a stream. Half-way up the bank Doncaster's fist shot out.

"I teach you to mind your own business," he told Weymouth.

Weymouth staggered, then landed Doncaster a blow. Barbara opened her mouth to scream for help, then changed her mind—her impulse.

"We be fighting for the lady," said Weymouth.

"Hit him, Johnny! Hit him!" called Barbara.

All her village blood, touched by her mulled ale and the red wine, ran fever heat of patriotism.

(Continued on Page 5)

RHEUMATIC TORTURE DURING COLD WEATHER

READER EXPLAINS AMAZING RECOVERY AFTER MONTHS OF AGONY.

For many years I suffered the excruciating pains of articular, muscular and acute inflammatory rheumatism. These pains were especially severe during cold and damp weather, due, as I afterwards learned, to the fact that the skin contracts at such times, so the pores close and do not eliminate acidulous impurities as they normally should; therefore additional work is thrown on the kidneys. After consulting numerous specialists and trying various advertised remedies without benefit, I was very much discouraged, until one day a friend advised me to flush out my kidneys by drinking twice daily a tumbler of water containing about a level teaspoonful of Alkia Saltrates. After following this advice for two days my lumbago and sciatic pains had entirely vanished, my swollen joints were less painful and greatly reduced, and I felt better than in several years. I continued the treatment two weeks longer, and in more than three months that have passed since then, not a trace of rheumatism has returned, even my formerly gouty foot being now in perfectly normal condition. This remarkable compound, which, as pure refined Alkia Saltrates, can be obtained from any chemist, consists of the deposits or precipitates from certain natural curative medicinal spring waters, and it is not at all expensive. Only a few ounces will be required, and in its pure, refined state it is practically tasteless to drink, yet as a uric acid solvent and eliminant its powers are astonishing, almost beyond belief. C.N.H.

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Red Riding-Hood and the Grinning Willow.



"CHAPERON ROUGE, RUN HOME!"

Three times she knocks, and three times more,
Yet no one stirs within;
Who can have barred that stubborn door
And drawn the wooden pin?
Although the shutter, gaping wide,
Is thrust against the wall,
She cannot reach to peep inside,
Because she is so small.

Chaperon Rouge, you must not try
To reach that narrow pane;
The willow tree could tell you why;
Child, do not knock again!
The willow shakes his tresses grey
Above his mossy brows;
He knows what came at break o' day
Unto that silent house.

He saw that when the morning broke
In pomp of cloudless gold
Yon chimney bore a plume of smoke;
Why did the hearth grow cold?
Why did the clatter of the pot,
The swishing of the broom,
The hiss of bacon crackling hot,
Die in that unseen room?

Since Something moved the inward latch
With uncouth touch and slow,
The frightened roses on the thatch
Sway trembling to and fro:
The willow grins to see their fear,
Like some old mocking gnome;
Chaperon Rouge, run home, my dear—
Chaperon Rouge, run home!

D. M. S.

"GRISELDA."

FROM THE PAINTING BY FELIX DE GRAY.



"SHE IT WAS WHO IN TIME RESTORED HIS TRUST IN WOMAN."

We give here a modern artist's rendering of the familiar story of Patient Griselda, told in Boccaccio's "Decameron" and in Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales." A note with the artist's picture puts it thus: A young and valiant Prince, who was of a melancholy nature, and had little faith in the virtue of women, once lost his

way in a vast forest. Riding forward at haphazard, he discovered in a clearing of the woods a charming and modest shepherdess, of whom he enquired his direction, and she aided him to find the way back to his palace. She it was who in time restored his trust in woman, and at last became his well-beloved wife.

RIQUET WITH THE TUFT.

FROM THE PAINTING BY FELIX DE GRAY.



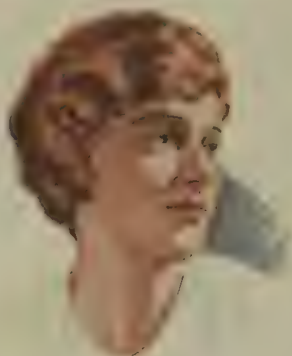
"ALL IS FAIR IN WHAT WE LOVE, ALL WE LOVE POSSESSES WIT."

The tale of Riquet with the Tuft is well-known from the pages of Perrault, but our readers may be interested in this new version of the old story in artistic form. The young Prince's cleverness was only equalled by his ugliness. One day he met a young Princess, and marvelled at her exceeding beauty; but, unhappily, the poor girl was as foolish as she was fair, and this made him

very sad. Riquet with the Tuft fell in love with her, and straightway the maiden became highly intelligent. Some time afterwards the Prince came back to wed her, and she in turn loved him, whereupon he grew as handsome as his bride was beautiful. Love alone can work these miracles, and, as Perrault says: "All is fair in what we love, All we love possesses wit."

Skin health the foundation of beauty

*Mother—
the health doctor*



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THEY are daughters to be proud of—those quickly-growing, energetic girls. Their sparkling eyes, supple carriage, skins lovely with the clear flush of radiant health, are messages of cheer to the mothers who watch their development with anxious care. The vigorous outdoor sports of to-day, which have ousted the embroidery and sampler making of yesterday, mean health and beauty to girlhood. One sees few complexions of the hot-house type to-day. Exercise means skin health. Yet that healthiness is a challenge to the germs of disease and impurities that are ever waiting for a congenial resting place to work their mischief.

Guard their skin health

Mothers! See that these dangerous impurities do not work

havoc with the fresh beauty of your girls' complexions. Guard their skin health, for it is in the pores of the skin that harmful germs find a lodging. See that their daily bath is taken with Lifebuoy Soap. Give them a tablet each week to keep in their school lockers. It will mean a clear, radiant skin when they attain womanhood.

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Amid Snow and Ice: Christmas Among British Game Birds.

FROM THE WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS BY J. C. HARRISON (COPYRIGHTED). BY COURTESY OF THE ARTIST AND MESSRS. VICARS BROTHERS, 12, OLD BOND STREET.



CHRISTMAS
MORNING:
"PARTRIDGES
IN THE
SNOW"—A
WATER-COLOUR
DRAWING
BY
J. C. HARRISON.



IN BLEAK
AND
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"JACK SNIFE"—
A WINTER
STUDY IN
WATER-COLOUR
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J. C. HARRISON.

Mr. J. C. Harrison's charming water-colours of British game birds in winter are particularly in keeping with the Christmas season. This artist's beautiful work, we may note, has been exhibited at the galleries of Messrs. Vicars Brothers, in Old Bond Street.

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*O, Lavender is still as sweet
As when in Islington,
Round Old St. Paul's or by the Fleet,
They cried in every quaint Old Street,
"Lavender! Sweet Lavender!
Who'll buy my Lavender?"*



There's Magic In It.

Copies of this picture carefully printed in full colour on Art paper may be had from A. & F. Peart, Ltd., Soapmakers to Their Majesties, The King and Queen, 71-75, New Oxford Street, London, W.C. 1. Price 2s. post free.

Christmas a Hundred Years Ago.

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

They hope that they may be in time;
They hurry through the crunching snow;
Those hoarse old bells began to chime
A little while ago.
What is more disconcerting than
To hear, as tardy stragglers do,
The Parson's "When the Wicked Man" . . .
Hurled at your rustling pew?

Papa is thinking of the port
Which he will sip when dinner's done;
He trusts the sermon may be short,
But dreads a lengthy one.
Mamma, while listening to the bells,
Hugs close her muff of modish size;
The boys can think of nothing else
But pudding and mince-pies.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.

At any other time of year,
Papa is to his trembling boys
A figure fraught with fame and fear,
Remote from nursery joys;
All things he knows that *can* be known,
Most things could do, had he the mind;
He leaves the King upon the throne
A hundred miles behind
But now "Sir Roger's" jiggling tones
Make this grave autocrat unbend;
His children find him, for the nonce,
No parent, but a friend.
Now to and fro, and up and down,
He trips, and hums the tune the while,
And never once is seen to frown
And many times to smile.

DOROTHY MARGARET STUART.



Christmas a Hundred Years Ago.

SNAPDRAGON.

Though plums be good in cake and pie,
 (Jack Horner knew it well, I ween),
 They are still better when they lie
 In flames of blue and green.
 Blue is "Papa's majestic nose,
 Mamma has blue and purple hair,
 When from the bowl Snapdragon throws
 Its weird and wavering glare.

And sometimes, as they rise and fall,
 Those flickering points of coloured
 flame,
 You'd think the portrait on the wall
 Was stirring in its frame.
 Poor ancestor! He wants to come
 Once more beside the bowl to stand,
 And catch a brown and flaming plum
 In his pale, painted hand.

STORIES BESIDE THE FIRE.

Dessert is done, the small boys drowse,
 Papa fills up Grandfather's glass;
 "Without a tale from you," he vows,
 "No Christmas, Sir, must pass.
 A tale to make our pulses stir." . . .
 ("Pray, do not frighten us too much!"
 Mamma will interject). "Come, Sir,
 You know a dozen such!"

"'Twas in December, 'eighty-nine"
 (The elders know this tale oft-told),
 "The moon was up . . . the night was fine,
 Although uncommon cold." . . .
 While the long story jogs its way
 The little boys are filled with dread—
 Lest ere it reach its climax they
 Should be condemned to bed.

DOROTHY MARGARET STUART.



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PLAYER'S

NAVY CUT

TOBACCO & CIGARETTES

Continued from Page 52.]

Johnny heard the call as a fighting bull sees the red rag of the toreador's challenge waved at him. He saw the pink flame of Barbara's rumpled muslin on the heights above him. She was sitting down, chin on her hand, her bonnet on the back of her head, her flushed face wilder than ever he had seen it, a light in her eyes which might be either of feminine delirious joy to be fought over, or the flame from an artist soul, liberated by a cup of mulled ale.

"Come on, whipper-snapper of a bloodless artist," bellowed Johnny.

Barbara laughed. Her laughter travelled over the cowslips and primroses, and struck Weymouth like fire. But Doncaster got his blow in first.

"If I win—I see you home," shouted Weymouth to Barbara.

"Hit him, Johnny! Hit him!" called Barbara. Almost a note of panic was in her voice. She watched them.

"Hit him, Johnny!" she almost sobbed.

Johnny grunted. He rushed at Weymouth, and Weymouth's foot slipped.

"Let him go—into the river," called Barbara frantically.

But Weymouth looked up from the edge of the river, deep and heavy, and then came rushing up at Johnny again.

It was over inside two minutes.

"I give up," said Doncaster. "I be beat."

Weymouth stood panting over him. Then went to lean against a tree. Then he walked over to Barbara.

She stared at him, stammering—face aflame.

"You thought," said Weymouth, when he had explained what "collaboration" meant, "that I was pretending you had genius? That I was fooling you. Well, in some measure you were right. I saw the woman first, the artist after. It will always be like that, Barbara—see!"

He opened the note-book.

"I wrote that months ago," he told her.

She stared at the words. "*Barbara Roster Weymouth.*"

They danced suddenly before her eyes, a cotillion of letters, in which the name Roster became suddenly a symbol of a crude, starved life.

"Kiss of me!" she cried suddenly, of Weymouth

She clung to him. Then she recalled the mulled ale.

"No, no!" she said, protesting. Weymouth's arms closed about her.

He had found the tragic lady of his dreams, at a country merry-making. He had saved a woman and an artist. At the moment when he was most right, old Roster had been most wrong.

The Roster-Weymouth pottery, the Roster-Weymouth pictures, after many years, have come down, in cheap make and reprints, to the toiling masses. She has been a widow these many years. In her eyes



Barbara laughed. Her laughter . . . struck Weymouth like fire. But Doncaster got his blow in first.

"I take you home," he told her. She frowned at him.

"So long as you take Johnny with us," she said. Weymouth laughed.

"I knocked him out so that he couldn't come," he told her. "I have something to tell you, Miss Roster, and I've got to get a train just after tea."

"Is he hurt much?" asked Barbara.

Johnny was groaning most abominably.

"No. I took care not to hurt him too much," said Weymouth.

"Would you mind lending me your handkerchief? Mine is messed up!"

She handed it to him and he cleaned his face. Then he took her hand and placed it within his arm, returning her the blood-stained handkerchief.

They walked off—through the glory of the wood, leaving Doncaster groaning abominably. The vapours were clearing away from her brain. She experienced a drooping sense of shame.

"Our picture is hung in the Academy," Weymouth told her. "That brute knew. Our picture. Do you understand? Ours. We can do nothing alone. And he knew."

She stood looking back at Doncaster.

"No," protested Barbara.

"He asked me, months ago, if you would make anything out of drawing," said Weymouth dryly. "Now tell me the meaning of this letter."

are the gathered memories of rich and fruitful days, where she grew and helped Weymouth to grow—where they wrangled in studios, he expostulating against the starkness of her conceptions, she protesting against the mirage-like vagueness of his. Out of them emerged their creations.

But it is of their son she is most proud.

At times she leans upon him, her whitening hair blown by the winds, standing on the heights where the stacks of the Roster-Weymouth factories are turning out their wares.

"Your father was a great man, Roster," she tells him. "But he never saw the folly of beauty emerging from such ugliness."

She points at the jumbles of factory stacks. Her face grows dreamy and wild and tragic and joyous, all in a breath.

"Life and art will some day be one," she tells him; "and not a contradiction. Oh, Roster, there is no beauty but life. It is so small, we gather it up in our hands, and fling its star-dust to a starved, ugly world. Roster, perhaps some day life will be all beautiful, and its reflection all beauty also."

Then, in the dusk, she seems to stare starkly into the smoke-pall.

Latterly, in the lighter sleep of middle-age, Barbara Roster dreams of her mother, and sometimes she draws near as though "to kiss of" her child. "Perhaps it is because Benjamin was married from the house," thinks Barbara Roster gratefully.

[THE END.]

THE WHITE BISHOP'S MOVE.

By E. WINCH.



IN some ways the trip had been unfortunate; Carruthers, the Bishop's chaplain, had been left, with fever, in Tulem, on the White Nile; Bimbashi Bone, the District Political Officer, had been called away by an urgent message at the last camp; even Hassan, the suffragi, had been picked up at Kodok to replace a man from Cairo who turned homesick.

"I'm awfully sorry, but if you don't mind my leaving you," Bone had said, "I can overtake you before you reach Seresor. Though my Shilluk only speaks his own lingo, you will find him a good guide and trustworthy. He owes me some gratitude, for I rescued him from slavers."

"Slavers?" repeated the Bishop, startled. "Surely, here, under British rule—"

"Oh, there are none working in British territory, but very occasionally they come out from Abyssinia, smuggling ivory to the Congo, and try to catch slaves in here on the homeward journey. We've a biggish frontier to watch, and the price in Abyssinia is high, particularly for young boys and girls, so they find it worth the risk. Don't look so surprised."

"It does seem strange—after England," said the Bishop. "Slavery is one of the things that belong to the Middle Ages—or 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'"

Bone smiled and spoke in a lowered voice.

"Between you and me," he said, "I am off after a slaver now, a fellow called Hammad Ibn Nasri, an Arab, of course. He used to be a terror at one time, but he hasn't tried it for several years; one of his men has been seen near Kodok with a string of Dinkas—all mere children. Hope you don't mind my dashing off like this, but I happen to know this Hammad Ibn Nasri by sight, and may be useful."

"I don't mind at all," said the Bishop emphatically, "so long as you catch the scoundrel."

Now, outside his tent, the Bishop sat and watched the sunset. He was in a happy mood, for in spite of heat and inconvenience he was enjoying the experience of this trip to the Sudan. The doctors had ordered him a rest from the work of his Midland diocese, and, seeing that he was not a rich man, the Bishop had been delighted with the offer of this "visit to the Missions," which would provide him with a complete change without expense. Certainly, nothing could be more different from the grey cathedral town set in green pasture-land than this Southern Sudanese plain of bare, black soil, dotted here and there with low sage-coloured shrubs and bathed in ochre light by the setting sun.

Only one thing marred the Bishop's contentment with his visit—the number of Christian converts in this region was deplorably small. Rightly or wrongly, the Government discouraged proselytising among the Mohammedan subjects, and missionary enthusiasm and self-sacrifice made little impression upon the fetish-worshipping negro.

The sun slipped swiftly below the horizon, leaving a trail of copper, rose-red, and palest green; the Bishop's eyes turned from the dazzling brilliance to the fires where dinner was being prepared. Black porters, dressed only in native aprons of leather, were gathered about the blaze making their arrangements for the night; on the outskirts of the group crouched the Shilluk guide, a long, thin negro, with hair dyed yellow, ashes smeared upon his body, and a scant yard of calico, assumed by order of the Bishop, round his loins.

Hassan, the butler, headman and interpreter, white-robed, with a tiny white cap on his head and the tribe-marks of the Berberine on his cheek, watched the workers and criticised without helping their endeavours.

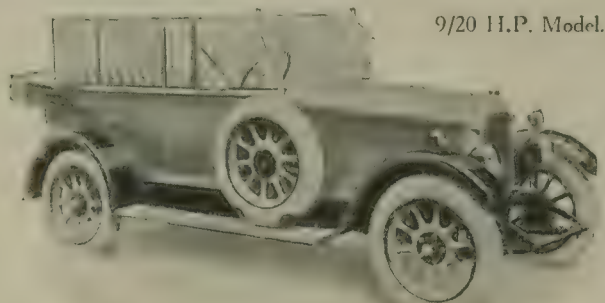
"An excellent man and an earnest Christian," ran the letter which was in Hassan's possession. "Speaks very good English, used to English households and thoroughly understands his work. Known to his Christian fellow servants as 'the father of converts.'" The letter was signed by a well-known missionary in a district further east, and it had satisfied the Bishop. Bimbashi Bone had been more suspicious. "I don't like Mohammedan converts," he had said, "they are rice-Christians as a rule. And that letter is worth nothing. Why, they sell chits openly in the bazaars." The searching questions, however, that he put to the man had been answered well, and there were no other applicants for the post, so Hassan came on with them. He proved an indifferent servant, but his management of the black porters was beyond all praise.

Nevertheless, when the Bishop rose from his chair and made his toilet, in the gathering darkness inside his tent, with a sand-filled, damp sponge, he regretted the loss of Bone. Seresor was twenty miles distant on the Blue Nile, a tiny settlement with but half-a-dozen officials and only two whites; between the Bishop and this shadow of civilisation lay a country full of naked warriors, who were kin to the porters outside, and who had been known to attack travellers. For a fraction of a second the Bishop's thoughts wandered to the revolver which Bone had left as protection, but he sternly turned his mind to the Ninety-first Psalm as a more fitting refuge than the secular weapon.

Outside, Hassan served dinner on the tops of boxes—antelope steaks and tinned fruit. The light of two candles inside glass globes threw a tiny ray, like the arm of a frightened child, towards the larger glow of the fires.

"Saat-el-Pasha," said Hassan, bending over to fill the Bishop's glass. "I have great news."

[Continued overleaf.]



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I Will Tell You Free How To Reduce Your Weight.



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"News of what?" asked the Bishop, surprised.

"Of my brother, Saat-ak. He is humble native Christian missionary in country further south," stated Hassan glibly.

"Really?" said the Bishop, with interest. "I didn't know that."

"It is true," said Hassan. "To-night he sends me messages."

"How did he come to know you were here?" asked the Bishop sharply.

"The fame of Saat-el-Pasha is everywhere, both on heaven and earth," returned Hassan uneasily. "The position of his servants is as clear as the stars that are round the moon."

"What did your brother want?" put in the Bishop, unimpressed.

"He wished me to tell the Saat-el-Pasha that the Gospel has been spread in dark places," said Hassan, with a lyrical note in his voice.

"Oh!" said his lordship, wondering what reply was expected. "I am glad to hear it."

"That we knew," said Hassan with conviction, "but owing to delayed ordaining and lack of water during dry season, baptisms are not forthcoming. Wherefore converts are dissatisfied, and have followed him to camp of fountain-head for admission to Church and for salvation's sake."

"Do you mean they are here?" asked the Bishop incredulously.

"They await the Saat-el-Pasha's orders outside the camp," Hassan assured him, waving one hand towards the darkness.

"Good heavens! Where is your brother?"

"Ola! Hamd!" cried Hassan, by way of an answer.

From the blackness of the night a black figure detached itself and came forward into the lamplight, where it stood revealed as a man, hook-nosed and handsome, of a pale golden complexion, and draped in a putty-coloured burnouse and head-dress. He stood, with patient dignity, looking at the suffragi.

"You wanted to see me?" asked the Bishop.

The man shook his head, and Hassan interposed: "My brother is blessed of no education, he speak only native tongues."

"Ask him, then," commanded the Bishop, "where these converts are, and how many want to be baptised."

Hassan spoke in Arabic, and the man answered in the same language.

"Thirty, within a short distance," the suffragi translated at last; after what sounded like an argument.

"All wanting to be baptised?" cried the Bishop in astonishment.

Hassan nodded. "Baptism, Saat-ak, and also shelter from lions for the night," he confirmed.

The Bishop considered. "You had better put them with the porters," he said at last. "We will discuss the question of baptism in the morning."

Hassan conveyed this message to the still figure by his side; with a superb gesture the man touched his head, lips, and heart, then silently as a wild animal faded into the night.

For half an hour after dinner had ended the Bishop smoked and considered the situation. Looking towards the fire he noticed that the porters were crouching in speechless clusters round it; the Shilluk had disappeared. He was still smoking, when a curious and motley collection of natives filed into the lamplight and stood round him in a semi-circle, Hassan at one end, the man who called himself his brother at the other. Each of the converts wore a covering, but the garments varied from a strip of orange muslin round a boy of about eight, to a pair of pyjamas worn by a girl not more than seventeen years old, and the eldest of the group.

The Bishop, one hand shading his eyes, let his glance travel slowly round these new additions to the Christian faith until it rested finally on the pink coat and trousers of the girl. No ripple of laughter twisted his well-schooled lips, but there was a faintly humorous expression in his gaze as it returned to Hassan.

"Do any of them speak English?" he asked.

"None, Saat-ak. These are from the far south."

"Ask them, then, if they want to be baptised."

Hassan spoke to his brother, who, in turn, rapped out some sharp monosyllables to his followers; with one accord they nodded.

"Some of these are surely a little young. Do they—ah—understand the tenets of the Christian faith?" protested the Bishop.

"All these are Christians," declared Hassan stoutly. "They speak catechism in native tongue, and will pay offertory at baptism, if the Saat-el-Pasha will extend protection against wild beasts until the river is reached."

"Ah!" said the Bishop thoughtfully, as if struck by this remarkable inducement to proceed with the baptismal rites. "Well, I will see about it to-morrow."

"Then you will save their souls, Saat-ak?" asked Hassan, with genuine anxiety.

The Bishop's impersonal gaze rested lingeringly on his headman before he answered, "I hope so—I sincerely hope so."

He watched the converts being marched towards the camp fire, then turned to his tent. "I wonder if I could trust any one of those porters," he muttered as he went in. Before he settled down to sleep, he wrote a letter and addressed it to Bone, putting "Very urgent" across one corner.

Towards two o'clock in the morning he awakened with a start. Something was creeping about in the tent, and a strong, acrid smell made

[Continued overleaf.]



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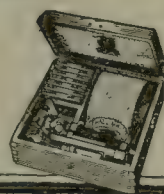
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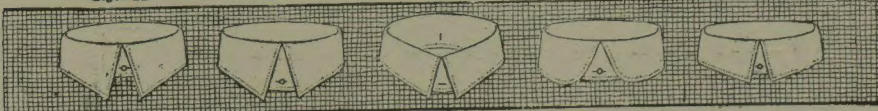
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the place seem stifling. An electric torch lay near the Bishop's hand, he switched it on and met the rolling eyes of the Shilluk guide. "Ah!" he said. "It's you!"

The man was lying flat on the earth, in such a fashion that the side of the tent concealed him from anyone near the camp fire. He was in obvious distress, and gestured many times, first to the fire and then towards the west; he spoke in his own language.

"Quite so," said the Bishop, and switched off the tell-tale light with a suddenness that made the dark seem solid. There was a rustle as of paper changing hands.

"Bimbashi Bone," said the Bishop, and again, more clearly, "Bimbashi Bone."

No answer came, but the acrid smell grew fainter until, after many minutes, it was no longer perceptible upon the hot night air. Early in the morning, when the first grey dawn tinged the sky, Hassan brought tea. The Bishop drank it and watched the man lay out his clothes and put the tiny cup of hot water, a mere drop in this waterless land, into the canvas shaving-bowl.

"You can tell your brother," said the Bishop, as his servant turned to leave, "that I cannot baptise here." Hassan looked troubled, but before he could protest, his master went on. "We have only the water that we carry, and there is no well; but if he and his converts are coming to the river, I can baptise all these people there. We shall get there, I understand, about four o'clock this afternoon."

With a satisfied smile, Hassan bowed and went away. It was not until the mules and porters had been loaded that the Bishop called him up once more.

"Where's the guide—the Shilluk?" he asked sharply.

"He has left," said Hassan.

"Why?"

"How should I know, Saat-ak? Perhaps he had business in his village; perhaps a lion has dragged him away," said Hassan.

"We ought to go and look for him, then," objected the Bishop.

"We are short of water," urged Hassan. "If the man is alive, he runs too fast for us to find him—or he is already eaten."

"But we can't go on without a guide," declared the Bishop.

"My brother knows the country well," said Hassan eagerly. "He will lead us himself."

Apparently convinced, the Bishop gave the signal to start, and the long procession began to move, in a thin cloud of black dust, towards the rising sun.

But, in spite of all the arguments that Hassan could put forward for haste, they moved slowly. Twice the Bishop stopped to take photographs of herds of antelope; at twelve he lunched; and it was past five when they reached the shrunken stream running between steep banks,

and knew that they were beside the Blue Nile. Sand, a few clumps of water reeds, and to the south some elephant grass nine feet high; behind them lay the black plain, and eastward, in the distance, a range of hills that marked the Abyssinian border. Rather anxiously the Bishop looked north and south, while men and beasts watered themselves at the river. But when Hassan and his brother rose, their eyes turned to the east, and it seemed to the Bishop that they, too, were anxious. He glanced at his watch.

"I will baptise now," he announced.

With much fumbling, scattering of loads and execration of the porters, Hassan unearthed the prelate's books and vestments; dishes were laid out with water, and duly consecrated; the congregation, arranged by the Bishop in a horse-shoe with the two leaders well to the front, faced to the east, and the service began. Hassan interpreted, smiling; but his brother seemed disturbed, and kept mumbling to himself in Arabic, and spitting on the ground. Without heeding the behaviour of the native missionary, the Bishop went deliberately on his way, and certainly no Bishop was ever more deliberate; every question was translated singly to each convert; every statement was repeated thirty times; and, before the Bishop reached his address, the single sponsor and interpreter was hoarse, and the sun was low in the west.

Suddenly and without any warning, the Bishop broke off in the middle of a sentence and yelled aloud, full-throated and jubilant. For a second Hassan and his brother stared, then, following the Bishop's gaze, they swung round to the south.

The line of elephant grass hung like a silver wall lit by the vertical rays of the sun, and against this background moved armed men, led by two white officers and Bone.

Hassan and his brother, in obedience to a sharp command, flung up their hands. They were swiftly surrounded and disarmed.

"Many thanks, Bishop," cried Bone, trotting forward over the broken ground. "The Shilluk found me this morning, and delivered your letter. That message to me was a blind, probably fixed up by that fellow, Hassan. The other is our man all right—Hammad Ibn Nasri. How did you get on to him?"

"It was something you told me about slavers getting a good price for very young boys and girls," explained the Bishop. "That and his mistake in clothing his converts." He waved his hand at the children, who were clinging to one another.

"Surely the missionaries would have dressed them?" protested Bone.

"Possibly," admitted the Bishop, "but not in the pyjamas of a visiting Bishop." He looked blandly at his late congregation, and added: "Baptism by force is not recognised by the Church, but I am still inclined to believe that I have saved thirty souls to-day."—[THE END.]

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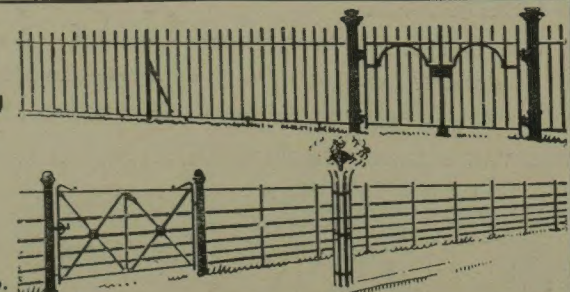
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